



GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN

Recovered Poems

THE RECOVERED POETRY, 1899–1927

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

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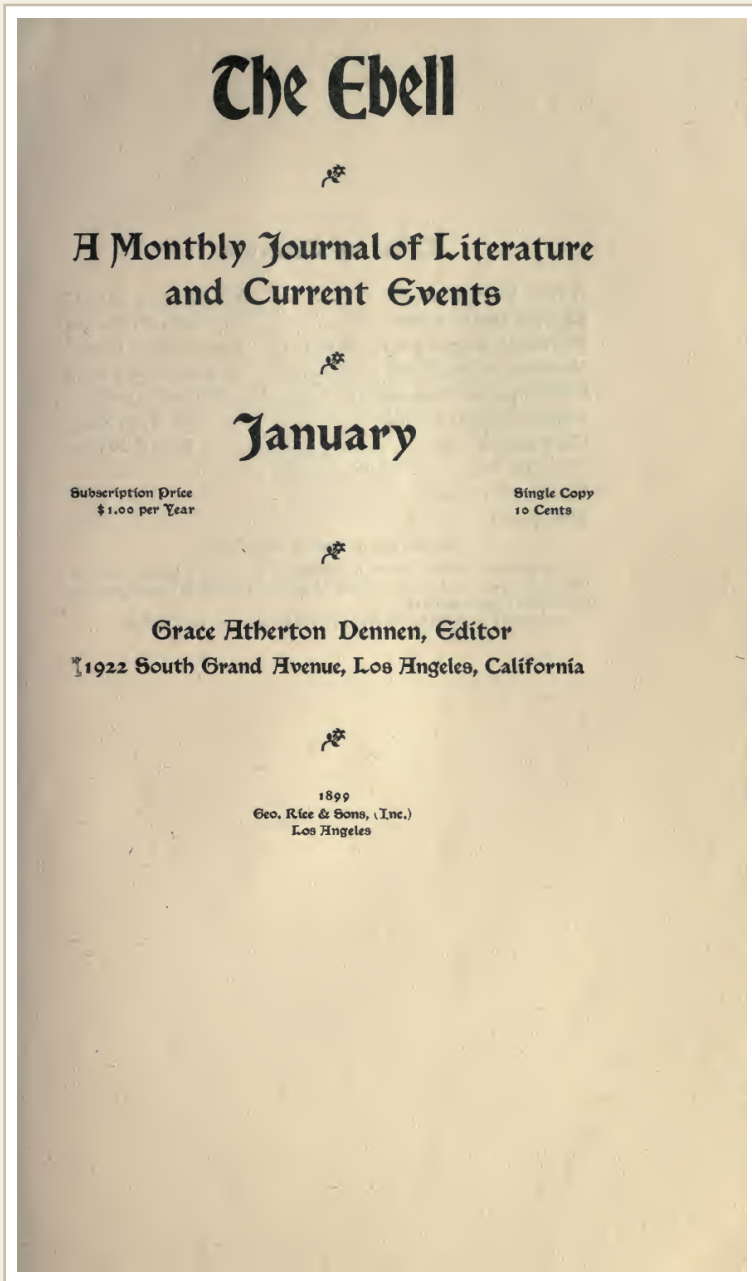
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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

A short, selective record of the books and life



Title page of The Ebell, the Los Angeles journal Dennen edited in 1898–1899.

794 THE

HOME-PRODUCTS DAY

By Grace Atherton Dennen



HORNS, blare of trumpets and the big bass drum,

"Home-Products Day," says one and claps my shoulder.

"That's the procession coming and the floats.

We'll teach you much before the day is older.

For every product of the town is here,

And of the country round a famous showing.

Farm, orchard, dairy—we may well be proud.

No finer crops on record to my knowing.

Then the store windows, full of shine and color

And hung with streamers—there's a brave array,

Most of it made right here, a bustling centre.

We challenge all on our Home-Products Day."

But I was looking at a carriage full,

A man of strong, bronzed face, a smiling woman,

Children with yellow heads and round blue eyes.

Here were home products, rosy, warm and human.

"That keen-eyed man," the garrulous voice went on,

"Who's riding with the mayor at the rear,

See him? That fine, silk-hatted gentleman?

We sent him on to Washington last year.

He put a bill through not so long ago.

'We've a great town,' he tells them, and they know it.

So clever-spoken—he's our product, too.

The people like him, and they're going to show it."

But I was looking at that other face,

Chiseled to glowing bronze by healthy labor;

The glance that met his fellows unafraid,

The willing smile that hailed him a good neighbor,—

Product and master of the soil was he,

No politician, just a man set free.



The complete 'Home-Products Day' column in The Youth's Companion, 23 December 1920, cropped from the full newspaper page.

DEATH ENDS LIFE WORK OF TEACHER

*Grace Atherton Dennen
Was Thirty-four Years
With Girls' Collegiate*

Grace Atherton Dennen, for thirty-four years head of the department of English at the Girls' Collegiate School, died yesterday at the Pasadena Hospital after an illness of several weeks. In the course of her teaching at the school she was instructor to several thousand girls, most of whom are now well-known Los Angeles matrons.

Miss Dennen was born at Woburn, Mass. She was a graduate of Smith College, where she later took the degree of master of arts. She was one of the founders of the Ebell Club and one of its first officers.

She was the author of one published novel, "The Dawn Meadow," of many short stories and of hundreds of poems. Several years ago she founded the Lyric West, a magazine devoted to the presentation of western verse, which she published for two years. Her poem, "Gold of Ophir Roses," was included in the famous anthology of verse by Clarence Edmund Steadman and several poems have been included in Braithwaite's anthology. She was one of the two western women who were members of the New York poetry society of America.

She is to be buried Saturday after a service at 11 o'clock at 630 Venice Boulevard.

Miss Grace leaves a sister, Miss Jeanne W. Dennen, one of the principals of the Girls' Collegiate School; two nieces, Mrs. Ruth Dennen Garner and Virginia Dennen, and a nephew, William C. Garner.

The Los Angeles Times obituary of 10 June 1927, cropped to the original clipping and stripped of the modern download interface.

INTRODUCTION

Life, work, and the shape of this edition

From New England to Los Angeles

Grace Atherton Dennen was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1874, the daughter of the Baptist minister Stephen Rollins Dennen and Clara Whitney Ludwig Dennen. She attended schools in New Haven and Concord before graduating from Smith College in 1892, then studied English composition at Radcliffe. Smith later awarded her an A.M.; surviving catalogues disagree whether that degree dates from 1894 or 1895. She also studied and taught at Stanford around 1900–1902. The combination of New England schooling, religious culture, and western migration shaped a career that joined education, literature, clubs, and public service.

Thirty-four years in one school

By the early 1890s Dennen was teaching at the Girls' Collegiate School in Los Angeles. Her 1927 obituary credits her with thirty-four years there, much of that time as head of English, and says she instructed several thousand girls. Teaching was not a background occupation passed over on the way to the poems. It was her longest work and the base from which she lectured, edited, judged contests, built clubs, and encouraged women to speak and write in public. Her sister Jeanne Whitney Dennen was also associated with the school, and the obituary's roll of surviving relatives points toward a family archive that has not yet been found.

The Ebell as an editorial apprenticeship

Dennen helped found the Ebell Club of Los Angeles and served among its early officers. In 1898 she began editing *The Ebell: A Journal of Literature and Current Events*. The magazine grew from a club bulletin but aimed at a wider Pacific Coast readership; it was copyrighted in Dennen's name, and her home at 1922 South Grand Avenue served as its editorial office. Its pages show her managing publication while contributing poetry and fiction. More than twenty years before *The Lyric West*, she had already learned the practical work of solicitation, scheduling, printing, distribution, and building an audience around women's cultural institutions.

Two early dramatic poems

'By the Sea' and 'Moonlight on the Terrace' make the early Dennen a more complicated poet than the familiar flower lyrics suggest. The first stages a suicidal crisis, an inward answering voice, and a return to life at dawn. The second is a long one-sided monologue in which a prince presses Lady Idalia to flee with him, interprets her silence for his own purposes, threatens force, and finally renounces possession. Rows of asterisks in the original are not random decoration: they mark turns, pauses, and the woman's unheard replies. This

including 'It is not long,' that control the dramatic pacing.

Fiction, lectures, and a public writing life

Dennen lectured on American literature at the Long Beach Chautauqua in 1899 and later directories named work in *Munsey*, *Pictorial Review*, *The Youth's Companion*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. In 1911 she published the novel *The Dawn Meadow* and the *Boys' Life* story 'Hard Luck Pete.' Both are narratives of crisis and ethical choice, and they help explain the dramatic skill of later poems such as 'The Frost,' 'The End of the Feud,' and 'The Riding of Peaceful Henry.' The surviving record identifies her not only as poet but as novelist, short-story writer, lecturer, teacher, editor, and organizer.

The making of *The Lyric West*

Dennen founded *The Lyric West* in April 1921 and served as editor and publisher through its first major run. The magazine tried to create a professional audience for western verse while maintaining national connections. It reviewed books, ran prizes, sought subscriptions, paid contributors when it could, and printed both established and emerging writers. Smith alumnae publications promoted the venture, and *Poetry* noticed its suspension in 1924 as a genuine loss. Dennen's success in launching it makes more sense when *The Ebell* is recognized as her first editorial laboratory rather than an unrelated youthful episode.

Women, work, region, and refusal

The recovered poems range far beyond a single regional manner. 'The Widow Barker Votes' turns women's suffrage into rural comedy and historical rebuke. 'The New House and the Old' values inherited labor over polished novelty. 'Home-Products Day' tests booster language against agricultural and domestic work. 'The Frost' gives crop loss, marriage, and pregnancy to a farmer's speaking voice. 'The Riding of Peaceful Henry' begins as a horse-breaking story and ends when the rider refuses mastery, sacrificing money and romance to preserve the animal's freedom. Other poems move through Pacific ports, opera, science, friendship, faith, flowers, and mortality.

Institution and controversy

Dennen belonged to the Poetry Society of America, appeared in William Stanley Braithwaite's anthology network, and helped judge the California state-song lyric contest. Her magazine also entered a literary economy shadowed by disputes over contests, fees, subscription drives, and vanity publication. A hostile 'poetry racket' article belongs to that history, but it cannot by itself define the enterprise. The available issues show a magazine that published, reviewed, paid when possible, and connected writers. A full judgment will require the missing correspondence, account books, subscription records, and editorial files.

Death and a dispersed reputation

Dennen died at Pasadena Hospital on 9 June 1927 after several weeks' illness. The *Los Angeles Times* remembered the teacher first, then the novelist, story writer, prolific poet, founder of *The Lyric West*, anthologized author, and Poetry Society member. It credited her with hundreds of poems. After her death that integrated career came apart: libraries kept the novel, anthologies kept a few lyrics, club and college records kept fragments of biography, and the magazine kept traces of her editorial labor. No single archive preserved the whole person.

A recovered rather than complete corpus

This volume replaces a thin six-poem production file with every complete poem presently located in the project archive and fresh research. The claim is deliberately limited. Hundreds of poems and many stories were reported, but fewer than two dozen poems have yet been verified in complete text. The edition is exhaustive about the evidence now in hand, not falsely complete about a dispersed lifetime corpus. Its sources remain attached to every poem so later discoveries can enlarge or correct the record.

Editorial Note and Sources

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. It uses complete periodical, anthology, and archival witnesses wherever available. Every poem opens on a new page; titles, lineation, stanza divisions, subtitles, and section headings are retained; running heads, folios, scan noise, and obvious OCR damage are removed.

The *Lyric West* texts were taken directly from the complete issue archive and tagged page transcripts, not from the thin earlier Dennen PDF. ‘The Bee Ranch’ and ‘Home-Products Day’ were checked against their anthology and original-page witnesses. ‘Gold-of-Ophir Roses’ was checked against both *The Ebell* and the 1917 anthology. ‘Spring in the Westland’ remains an online-only textual witness and is labeled accordingly.

The early dramatic poems ‘By the Sea’ and ‘Moonlight on the Terrace’ were recovered through new high-resolution OCR and then collated line by line against the complete *Ebell* page images. False blank lines, joined words, damaged punctuation, running titles, author bylines, and folios have been removed. The original rows of asterisks are meaningful pauses: in ‘By the Sea’ they divide the crisis, inward answer, and dawn; in ‘Moonlight on the Terrace’ they register Lady Idalia’s unprinted responses within a one-sided dramatic monologue. They are represented here by centered ornamental rules rather than literal asterisk strings. The inset ‘It is not long’ and other structural line positions are retained.

1. *The Ebell: A Journal of Literature and Current Events*, vols. 2–3 (1898–1899), edited by Grace Atherton Dennen.
2. *The Youth’s Companion*, 23 December 1920, ‘Home-Products Day.’
3. *The Lyric West*, complete local issue archive and tagged transcripts, 1921–1924.
4. William Stanley Braithwaite, ed., anthologies of magazine verse for 1921 and 1923.
5. Edwin Osgood Grover, ed., *The Nature Lover’s Knapsack* (1927).
6. *Golden Songs of the Golden State* (1917), ‘Gold-of-Ophir Roses.’
7. *Los Angeles Times*, 10 June 1927, obituary of Grace Atherton Dennen.
8. Woman’s Who’s Who of America, Smith College catalogues and alumnae publications, Who’s Who in the Pacific Southwest, census, and club records.

RECOVERED EARLY AND ANTHOLOGY POEMS

The Ebell, Youth's Companion, anthology, and web witnesses

By the Sea

Alone, all alone,
On the shore of the infinite sea.
Alone in the grasp of a great despair
With thoughts that are more than the heart can bear,
Surging and beating on me.
All, all alone,
Ah, who so alone as I?
With naught so far as the eye can rove,
Naught but the sea and the sky.

That I should do this thing that I have done!
That I should live the hours of such a day!
To find this end to all that was begun,
In hope and happiness! Now men will say,—
“He has forever stained a spotless name,
His—to shield from blame.”

A trust betrayed—an hour's mad, brief delight—
And here I stand beside this lonely sea.
Ah, how it grows and widens on my sight!
The very vastness of it quiets me:
All human woes must shrink from great to less
At sight of this unfettered mightiness.

Ah well, what matters one more soul's despair?
A leap, a plunge, and I shall cease to be.
The winds will scatter my last frenzied prayer,
The placid depths of the untroubled sea
Will close above me—who is there to care
For a soul's despair?

The wind is rising high,
Oh listen to the moan!
I am all, all alone—
Who so alone as I?
O God, is there none to care
That I suffer, that I die?
I call upon the Heaven
And the Heaven is like a stone.
Only the awful moan of the weary, restless sea.
To die—to strangle beneath its waves!—
Yet to live is agony!
Let me go! I can not stay alone
On the shore of the infinite sea!

Listen! Whence comes that whispered thought,
In the air or in my heart?
“’Tis the fear of yourself that drives you mad.
To despair is a coward's part.
There is nothing in life or death to fear
For the man who liveth well,
Is God to blame, dare you rail at Him
That you make of your heart a hell?
Be still, wild soul, and hear Him speak,
For to one who stands alone,
Face to face with himself at last,
The voice of God shall come.

The wind is dying in the south,
The stars are sinking low,
Upon my soul there falls a peace
As the day begins to grow.
Life seems again a precious gift,
For there comes a strength with sorrow,
And better than all my yesterdays
Shall be this sombre morrow.
For he who hears the voice of God
From himself is forever free.
'Tis a wondrous thing to be alone
On the shore of the infinite sea.

Publication. *The Ebell* (October 1898).

Provenance. Fresh high-resolution OCR checked against the complete journal page images.

Moonlight on the Terrace

Lady Idalia, is it you indeed!
You and no other? But what need to ask!
Only for you could this upleaping heart
Beat such wild rapture. What eternities
Have passed since that brief moment in the hall,
When, 'mid the torches' glare I sought you out
And whispered, "I await you on the terrace!"
You answered not, save by that one, swift look—
It meant—what? I have grown old since then
Trying to read the meaning of that look—
But that is over—you have come at last—
See how the moonlight floods the happy world!
(Was the moon shining so a moment since?)
Sit where the light shall fall across your face
And touch the dusky softness of your hair,
Here, on this terrace step, while I shall tell,
(Heaven teach my faltering tongue!) the reason why
I urged your presence here.

It is not long
If one counts time by suns, since that May morn
When the fair Princess Katherine and her train
Rode in the sunshine to the palace gate
And I saw you. Yet in that very hour
I first began to live. Nay, start not so.
Is confirmation worse to bear than doubt?
For you have guessed this, sweet, you are a woman.
Let me but say it once, 'tis not so strange.
I love you! Tell me, does it frighten you?
Why I could shout it to the very stars
And hear my own words echoed back to me
With a wild rapture in their utterance.
I love you! Heaven only knows how well.
May Heaven grant me power to tell it you!
Why do I love you? Can you ask me that?
Ask of the earnest, fevered artist-soul
Beating its life not blindly, what it feels
When, for the first time, o'er its quivering sense
There steals the mystical, bewildering pain

Of the passionate violin. So felt my soul
On that May morning when the sunshine cast
A halo of soft glory 'round your head
And drew my wandering gaze. Why do I love?
Because I must. 'Tis what I waited for,
But knew it not all through my careless youth
On into manhood. That deep want I felt
And wondered at, when life else seemed so full.
But all that kept me restless, ill at ease,
Found utterance when I looked into your face
And read its fragile loveliness. That face
Had looked across the mist to me for years.
Blindly I'd striven towards it, yearned to it,
Held out that little best of me, hard snatched
From the giant world that would have claimed it all.
Till on that summer morning shrank the mist,
Sun-pierced, away. There shone the face, revealed.
Speech is too poor, too cold, too colorless
To tell you of such love. Can woman know,
Or does she ever fathom to the end
The deeps of such a passion in a man?
So, beyond speech, I love you.
What is't you'd say? Catherine? Too well I know
All that one word contains! My promised bride,
The regal daughter of a line of kings
To whom my faith is pledged with knightly oaths,
Whose presence in the palace even now
Means their fulfillment, she waits me within
And half her brilliant world is gathered there
To celebrate the approaching nuptial day.
(Oh, 'tis a brilliant match,—so I thought too,
Till I had seen your face!)

And I, the unworthy hero of this hour,
Steal from her side into the moonlight gardens
To pour my heart out at another's feet!
I know it all!—O heaven, I know it all!
All you would say—and they, her friends—and she!
My vows to her made false—her trust abused—
And why, forsooth? Because of one pale face
Belonging to—who knows?—who cares?—has flashed

Some ray of—who knows what?—mere coquetry
Into my eyes and I can see no farther.
Well, 'tis the truth. You should forgive, at least.
Yours is the face that robs me of my honor!
And I have struggled to resist its spell
These many weeks, till pride and strength and will
Totter and fall and lie beneath your feet.
You raise your eyes. Lady, what means that look?
Can you then think that I have brought you here
Only for this, to tell you of my love,
To thrust upon you, thus, and all unsought,
The burden of a helpless, hopeless passion,
To free my heart and so degrade us both?
No, not for this I came, but overfull
Of an unflinching purpose. Let me tell it,
This is my plea. Oh, put away all fear,
Or tremble if you will, so you but listen.
Come with me! Leave the palace now, ere yet
Any have time to miss us. Ride away
Under the cover of protecting night,
Across yon hills, along the river-bed,
To where the mountains rise. There in a gorge
My castle stands, the village neath it mine.
The castle priest, my subjects loyal all,
Shall at my word our marriage solemnize.
Once in that castle, I can hold my own
Against an army, brave with ease the storm
That swift would follow on an act so bold.
Then let affronted royalty enlist
The world in its behalf! The gates secure,
You by my side, my own to hold and guard—
What care I for the world when you I love
Were safe within the compass of my arms!
We two, with just our love against so much,
Shall taste life's full perfection till the years
Shall bring forgetfulness of all that now
Seems so o'erwhelming. Time will soften down
And custom dull reproach, until at length,
The wonder over, I shall bring you back
To rule, a queen within that brilliant court

I mean to win for you. Yourself shall teach
Those who would blame, to justify my deed
When they have seen and known you.
This is my plea. Now you have heard it all.
Speak! For my soul is hanging on your words!

Will you not answer me? Is it not clear
What I would have you do? The burning hope
With which I called you here—for which I plead
With all the eloquence that strongest love
And deepest need, and heaven pitying
My tortured heart can give me? Must I then
Plead all in vain? Let the world talk at will!
Shall I not wed the woman whom I love?
Not earth nor heaven
Shall keep you from me—only your own word!
Then, speak! For I am mad with this suspense!

You will not! Nothing more to say than that!
No word of explanation, no attempt
To soften your refusal? Oh, I see!
Now 'tis too late—you do not love me! No!
'Twas my mad folly thought it read your love
In look and turn of head and tone of voice!
O heaven to madly force on you
An interview like this! Ah, you have turned!
Those wondrous eyes—surely the heart speaks there!
The flush unwonted—even in this light
I see it plain—why are you so much moved
Unless—I cannot doubt—your eyes speak truth!
Oh, to forever hold you thus, the light
Falling across that passionate, upturned face,
Wherein the heart's true color, love's protest,
Flashes and trembles like the sunrise glow
Athwart the sky! You love me! I defy
Time or eternity to work me ill!
Now I am deified, I am a god!
I can create! You love me! In the strength
That surety gives me I can form a world,

A world for our two selves, where love shall be
The only law. Sorrow nor age shall touch us
Nor earth's alloy have any power upon us.
Come then with me! One step across the turf
Into the shadow, and that full, new life
Enters our souls, claims us forevermore.

Catherine! Yes, true.—My honor? Yes.
Duty cannot be lightly set aside.
I, a prince, to whom my country looks,
Uphold the wrong, 'stablish a rule for all
To flee their post, obey love's call at will!—
Our right another's wrong!—tell me no more!
I will not hear it even from your lips!
What law is there for us, what duty more,
Beyond our soul's stern need of one another?
Or how shall you and I be justified
If we let mere conventions, time-worn props
Of all that's artificial, doomed to fall,
Hold us from realizing to the end
Life's possibilities, from reaching out
After our full perfection? Ah, no.
Yours is no dwarfed nature. Think again.
We love. Each needs the other. Each alone
Fails of the highest and so robs the world.
There's cause enough why we should disregard
Established custom. Come. Make but the plunge
Your woman's nature shrinks from! Future years
Will prove the deed well done.
Come! Time is passing. Oh, delay not till
We lose our golden opportunity!

You still refuse! Yet said you not but now
You love me? 'Tis because you love? Strange cause,
And stranger love! Where is your woman's faith?
Have all my pleadings yet availed no more?
Oh, who can understand a woman's nature!
It grounds itself not upon large issues—
Even her faith is small!

Ah, I have hurt you! Cruel I am, and yet
You drive me to it! It is life or death
Hangs on my words, and shall I weigh them all
Lest they should wound? Idalia, look at me!
And let me find your soul deep in your eyes!
Now come out into the sweet, new life,
For the old is past.

Oh, could I find a way to make you feel
Something of what I suffer! I, a prince,
Young, rich, successful,—dream not that this act
Makes me aught less when once the storm blows o'er—
Is it a little this prince should kneel
And pray you as I pray to wed with him?
A crown!—bethink you well, the highest gift,
So says the world, that life can offer, this
Is what you are refusing! You are poor,
Obscure, unknown—How scornfully you turn!
I've wholly missed the key-note of your nature!
How, then, discover it when time so presses?
Oh, come! I love you so! forgive my words!
They were mere madness! Everything is false
But just our love! Come, 'tis our love that pleads!

Lady, beware! You try me overmuch!
This hour is mine, 'tis you remind me of it!
We are alone, one signal for my carriage,
My arm thrown 'round your waist—the order given—
The door fast closed—where are your scruples then!
Who blames a prince too harshly for such a fault?
So simple 'twere to make you mine by force—
So simple—yet I cannot!
Those steadfast eyes—could I face them again
After such deed? No. 'Tis not thus I love you.
With your own lips shall you pronounce my fate.
I will endure, submit to your decree
As to a saint's, even though it whisper death
To all my glowing hopes. But ere 'tis said,
The word that shall condemn or save, once more,

Only this once I promise, hear my plea,
My soul's last plea—then give me your decision.
I cannot live without you. God, Himself,
Who sent this passion so to master me,
Knows how the best, the purest, most enduring
Of all my nature rushes forth to you!
My man's soul that till now had spent itself
Playing with shadows, wasting all its strength
In empty aspirations, lacked the aim,
The one great aim that should have called to light
Its hidden power. But now all that is changed.
On that May morning when I saw your face
Then my whole nature suddenly cried out,
And stilled at last in perfect harmony!
I knew for what I waited all those years.
Then stirred within my drowsy consciousness
A fine, new energy. Then I stood forth
A man, stripped of all outward accident
Of birth or office, with a man's broad work—
A destiny to shape with great, strong blows
Such as my soul, new waked, panted to strike.
What hours were those! full of that mighty strength
Which comes to one when he has found his place
And sees his work, his only, clear before him.
That something worthy of him, which to do
He was created, just to fill this gap
And make the great world-fabric by his life
So much the more complete.
Idalia, I had so near missed my work!
You showed it to me and I understood.
This is my task. I will accomplish it.
You say, not thus, not thus, but I know best.
Grant me but this, my star to shine on me,
So will I do all things!
Can you now rob me of your guiding light?
Condemn me to the old, false, struggling life,
To see my best self die and say no word?
For I am weak, not strong, all motive gone
For noble action. No, you set a task
Too hard for one before whose yearning eyes

Heaven has wide opened! Can he turn away
And feed his gaze on earth, or satisfy
His starving soul with fragments of the clod?
Oh, let my weakness now, not my strength
Plead for me! Of what worth to me
Are high birth, right of office, hope of power,
Wealth, gratified ambition, life itself
Without my love! I care for nothing, nothing!
I want you! you! my soul cries out for you!
Idalia, see!
I cast my pride, my future hopes, my life,
Myself here in the dust at your feet!! Choose!

Speak! Oh, this is past endurance! Speak!!
Say even the worst then, if it must be so.
In some way I shall bear it, bear it better
For not enduring longer this suspense.
What!—Am I mad, indeed? Can it be so?
That word I caught—or fancied—was it fancy?
You will go with me!! Hillo, without there! Ho!
My carriage, Jean, at once. Be quick with it!
Prepare to drive yourself. O dearest one,
Not now will I say aught of what I feel
Lest I unfit myself for what's to come.
You need some thick, warm cloak to wrap you safe
'Gainst the damp and chill of night. This cape lies here,
Let me wrap this about you. Ah, not yet?
Well, as you will. Then in this moment's time
That's left us, lift your sweet face up to me
That I may read, if I shall dare, the truth
Of all this wonder, deep within your eyes!
And let it sink far into my craving soul
Before the need for action. Ah, you shrink.
Grant me this boon. Do you still fear me, then?
I ask too much?—O God!! is that the face
Of one who loves!—will leave home, kindred, friends
For the sake of him who needs her?—why the face
Of a pure angel, stricken for man's sin
Might look like that!—that look—'twould follow me

To heaven's very gate, 'twould turn me back!
That face—the face I love—to see it so!!
Help me, O heaven, hear what I must say.
It is all over and I yield at last.
I cannot snatch my bliss at such a price!
You suffering for my weakness!!—you, alone,
Bearing through life the brand I would not bear,
Letting your soul grow sick and faint within you,
Complaining not because I willed it so!!
That were too hard to see, though you shrank not,
Does one permit an angel to endure
One's weakness for him? Some men may, I cannot!
Mine is the fault, all mine. Take courage, then.
For I will pay the penalty, not you.
How you are trembling! Oh, my storm-tossed soul
Should never touch a thing so fine, for harm
Must come of it! I, all unheedingly
Have let this passion-tempest break in full
Upon your unresisting heart. Yes, I,
Who would have given my life to keep all breath
Of pain and sadness from you, I myself
Have grieved and tortured you beyond the power
Of woman's gentleness, even yours, to bear!
Be this my punishment!
'Tis over now, I will not hurt you more.
Heaven—and there is a heaven—will give you to me.
Meanwhile, my work remains—the work you showed me.
I'll find my strength in that till it is done.
Look up now—fear no longer, raise your eyes!
See, for the first, last time I kiss your hand.
Henceforth you are to me not flesh and blood,
But my perfected soul whom I shall find
When from this tangle I have aught wrought out
Not all unworthy you. For it will come
That moment, be it this world or the next,
When, in the sight of God, and our two souls,
I shall be free to seek you, and unfold
My life before you. Then shall we two be one.
And now, until that moment comes, farewell!!!

Well, Jean, what is it? The carriage? Very true,
I ordered it, but 'twas a passing fancy.
Shall we return now, lady?—What—my lords,
Come you to try the freshness of the air
After the ball-room heat? It is a night
To tempt one to forswear a palace roof
And turn a gypsy. Catherine! You, too!
You stray to join us? That is gracious, truly.
These gardens waft their choicest perfumes up
To do fit honor to their visitor.
Come this way but a little. You shall see
The country bathed in glory at your feet.
The view is finer here than where I stood
With your sweet friend a little ere you came
Watching the moon rise from the terrace steps.

Publication. *The Ebell* (January 1899).

Provenance. Fresh high-resolution OCR checked against the complete twelve-page journal witness.

Home-Products Day

Horns, blare of trumpets and the big bass drum.
'Home-Products Day,' says one and claps my shoulder.
'That's the procession coming—and the floats.
We'll teach you much before the day is older,
For every product of the town is here,
And of the country round, a famous showing—
Farm, orchard, dairy—we may well be proud,
No finer crops on record to my knowing.
Then the store windows, full of shine and color,
And hung with streamers—there's a brave array,
Most of it made right here, a bustling centre,
We challenge all on our 'Home-Products Day.'

But I was looking at a carriage full,
A man of strong, bronzed face, a smiling woman,
Children with yellow heads and round blue eyes.
Here were home products, rosy, warm and human.

'That keen-eyed man,' the garrulous voice went on,
'Who's riding with the mayor at the rear,
See him? That fine, silk-hatted gentleman?
We sent him on to Washington last year.
He put a bill through not so long ago.
'We've a great town,' he tells them, and they know it.
So clever-spoken—he's our product, too.
The people like him, and they're going to show it!'

But I was looking at that other face,
Chiseled to glowing bronze by healthy labor;
The glance that met his fellows unafraid,
The willing smile that hailed him a good neighbor.
Product and master of the soil was he,
No politician, just a man set free.

Publication. *The Youth's Companion*, 23 December 1920.

Provenance. Checked against the full-page archival image and original byline.

The Bee Ranch

Over the hills to Tropico
In the light of glowing skies,
And well I know where the canyon ends
And there the mountains rise.
The beckoning road leads on and out
Out to the canyon's rim,
Deep inlaid like a cup of jade,
With morning's gold abrim.

Over the hills to Tropico,
And Elspeth waits me there,
With eyes as blue as the wild buckthorn
And the sunlight caught in her hair.
Bees adrift on a sea of bloom
Gather their sweets for her,
And the orchard ways are a rainbow maze
And a sheen of gossamer.

Over the hills to Tropico
And the world left many a mile.
Only the tender blue of her eyes,
The shy, glad grace of her smile.
Only the sunlit, scented hours,
The murmurous hum of the bees,
The broken speech of each to each,
And the blossoming almond trees.

Publication. William Stanley Braithwaite, ed., *Second Anthology of Verse*; local source scan.

Provenance. Reset text checked against the archived anthology witness.

The Coming of Dawn

Midnight—the black, dead vast of night,
Rain dripping slow on the sod,
Fear of the future, darkness-born,
Doubt of myself and God.

A sudden flush on the face of night,
A veil from my soul withdrawn,
A bird-note thrilling the silence through.
And after that—the dawn.

Publication. Edwin Osgood Grover, ed., *The Nature Lover's Knapsack* (1927).

Provenance. The permissions line misprints the middle initial; the poem and byline identify Grace Atherton Dennen.

Spring in the Westland

It's good to be in the Westland
When the spring is here.
To greet the morn in some rain-washed dawn
Under skies that are crystal clear.
The gold drifts over the hills of green,
The buds are pink on the almond bough,
And the calm Sierras closer lean
In the Westland now.

The air is throbbing with melody,
A thousand free things call.
And all the day like rainbow spray
The bird songs float and fall.
The meadow-lark is April's knight,
He tells her praise from the topmost bough
It is spring, and all is right
In the Westland now.

Publication. Online text witness, Poetry Explorer; original print venue not yet traced.

Provenance. Included with explicit provenance caution; the web page's modern commentary is not used.

Gold-of-Ophir Roses

O flower of passion, rocked by balmy gales,
 Flushed with life's ecstasy,
Before whose golden glow the poppy pales
 And yields her sovereignty!

Child of the ardent south, thy burning heart
 Has felt the sun's hot kiss;
Thy creamy petals falling half apart
 Quiver with recent bliss.

For joy at thy unequalled loveliness,
 He woos with fierce delight;
And thy glad soul, half faint with his caress,
 Yet glories in his might.

Thy sighs go out in perfume on the air,
 Rich incense of thy love,
And mystic lights, an opalescence rare,
 Play round thee from above.

II

So thou dost riot through the glad spring days,
 Sun-wooed and reveling in eager life,
Till all the shadowed fragrance of the ways
 With thy rich bloom and glowing tints is rife.

A joyous smile that hides a secret tear,
 A note of music with a minor strain,
A heart of gold where crimson wounds appear,
 Thou breathest all love's sweetness and its pain.

Yet suddenly, even at thy loveliest,
 Thou palest with thine own intensity.
Ah, Passion's child, thou art most truly blest,
 To bloom one perfect day, and then to die.

Publication. *The Ebell* (1899); reprinted in *Golden Songs of the Golden State* (1917), pp. 90–91.

Provenance. Text checked against both the *Ebell* scan and the public-domain anthology witness.

THE LYRIC WEST POEMS

Complete recovered run, 1921–1924

A Song of Three Harbors

I make a song of three harbors, three harbors that look to the west,
Out to the dim, far places that ancient gods have blessed.
One feels the breath of Arctic seas and one, of the desert sands,
And one has opened its golden gate to the craft of a hundred lands.

The winds that blow from three harbors finish a mighty span,
Bringing the far-led race of men back where the trail began,
And the ships that sail from three harbors, like links of a chain unrolled,
Carry the newest of all things new to the oldest of all things old.

Westward the rush of nations, westward the march of power,
From the first pale dawn of history to the new, prophetic hour;
From the first man-slave begotten to the last man-god who dies,
They have seen the hue of promise in the light of western skies,

Men look to the east for the dawning, to the west for the things that are done,
But where shall we look, my brothers, when east and west are one?
When we've reached the end of the Western trail, and the goal of a myriad feet,
And how shall we read the meaning when the circle is made complete?

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 1 (April 1921).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

The Widow Barker Votes

A score of us were lounging at the polls
When she came there.
Down at Chris Heyward's barn the polling place,
And all the air
Heavy with smoke and talk, the usual din
When the door opened and they brought her in,
No man of us but knew her, on the street
We passed her every day
In customary dress of decent black
And hair of faded gray.
Jed Barker's widow—poor enough to see—
What could the suffrage mean to such as she?

But she came toward us with determined tread
And proudly lifted head,
And in her face a hush, as she were bent
Upon some holy sacrament.
We stared—almost forgot to smoke or talk,
There was a grandeur in her look, her walk,
It stirred dim memories of old pioneers,
Of stalwart Molly Pitcher and the years
Of Valley Forge and the Republic's making.
Strange, sudden memories to come breaking

THE LYRIC WEST ee
Upon our comfortable way
Of managing election day
As we had always done;
The polls seemed such an odd place to remember
Washington
And the frozen horror of that far December.

“What is your party?” So we questioned her.
Putting the ballot in her outstretched hand.
“No party. Just the best man for the place,
We women want the best, you understand.”
We looked each other, doubtful in the face,
As those who hear
Footsteps of some pale portent drawing near,
Though still remote,
Silent, we watched the Widow Barker vote.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 2 (May 1921).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

The New House and the Old

A fine new house is very grand, with smoothly polished floors,
Fresh paint with never a finger mark and shining walls and doors,
The prim, complacent windows, arrayed in well-starched frills,
Extend a decorous welcome across their spotless sills.

But I love most an old house mellowed by sun and rain.
I love to take an old house and make it live again,
To mend the roof and patch the walls and clean the chimney place
And smooth the stains and wrinkles from its kind, oldfashioned face.

It seems to be so grateful for every loving touch,
As one too long neglected whose heart has suffered much;
Refreshed again and strengthened, it learns to laugh and glow,
Forgetting in this glad new life the long neglect and woe.

A fine new house is very grand, but sweeter far to me
To build new fires on old hearthstones and set their memories free;
To learn the wonder and the hope of those who laid them first,
And all the rich experience of hours that blest or curst.

Beneath that roof, before that fire, my spirit is aware
Of kinship with all others who joyed or sorrowed there,
And close around our common hearth the haunted silence clings,
And tells in soft, unuttered speech of deep, eternal things.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 2 (May 1921).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

Moments: Winding the Clock

The silence that had fallen stark between us,
After the heat and flame of hostile words,
Was broken by the striking of the clock:
One-two—eleven strokes it made.
The slave of custom, I arose to wind it.
Then, a wonder!
I was aware of Time's vast cycle flowing
Endlessly, endlessly, through the vibrant night.
My hand upon the clock face seemed to catch
And hold this fateful moment of our quarrel.
There it hung poised between gold yesterdays
And black tomorrows, poisoned, evil thing,
To keep or cast away.
With haste, as one in fear, I seized the key,
Turned, turned—and felt the willing wheels respond.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 4 (July–August 1921).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

The Awakening

“Scientist’s mind unsettled from overwork. Believes
he has found a remedy for death. Child wife offers
herself for the experiment.”——Newspaper Clipping. I

The Scientist speaks. ‘

(ys: now, it is the time. You should remember,
I said three days. This is the third full day
Some hours ago. Oh, you were ever light,
And pleased with any change. I should have used
A stronger soul! You came with such soft pleading,

I shut you out, you said, denied your love.
Here was a chance to give me some great thing—
And so I used you.

Wake, will you hear? Your pale, small hands torment me,
(Lying so idly clasped. You wait too long!)
Come back and tell me
All the marvellous, secret ways of death—
Death—outworn wonder—baffled, broken tyrant,
When you shall lift these heavy-lidded eyes—
Oh, what a moment—none so glorious
Since God first caught the planets out of space
And sent them whirling through the void. Creation
Stands hushed and waiting.

Wake! There are sounds and knocking at the door.
Wake, my heart, you who have grown so dear,
Unutterably dear—you of the pale, pale hands—
Failure—? No! Failure makes this blasphemy—
Makes me a monster—No, the waiting stars
Record no failure here! Open your eyes!
This is the most tremendous hour of time—
An Officer Entering.
Take him. The woman has been dead four days.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 4 (July–August 1921).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

Pastels

I.

Alice and Muriel
Down a dim and woodland way,
Azure and bloom of rose
Bonneted in silken gray.
White arms wound circlewise,
Mist of dreams in wide young eyes.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 6 (October 1921).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

The Frost

THE dawn—cold, pallid, half afraid, it seems.
Within the house she moves about her tasks,
Making the fire burn for the morning meal.
I stand outside like one who fears to enter.
She's singing—I can hear the happy notes—
She has been mute for many months, I think,
And now she sings. O God, delay the dawn,
She sings again tonight after long months!

How the wan sickly light of these gray skies
Reveals each makeshift of our cottage home
As if in scorn. I brought her here to this,
Plucked her with rude hands as one plucks a blossom
Out of a sheltered garden.
'There was to be a new house long ago,
We planned it in those first days of our love.
But each new year, rising with newer hope,
Saw some strange, stern experience forced upon us;
First came the flood,
And countless tons of devastating rock
Crashed down the mountain slopes and carried
My newly planted crops. When with fresh hope
And infinite labor I had cleared the land anew,
Then came the drought.
Each glad green blade became a blackened thing,
Scorched in the burning furrow where it grew.
Tempest and drought—that was enough, you'd think,

Indeed, it seemed as tho the fate that teased us
Had wearied or grown kind. 'There came the spring,
So warm, so genial, such a fall of rain
That all my acres plucked up heart again
And smiled in the sun's good face—the vines hung full,
The orchard laughed with promise.
Then in the vibrant gladness of those days
She came to me, and whispered me her secret
"T was time to build our home, for one would come
To share it with us by another spring.
And so she sings tonight.

There breaks the dawn—and she is at the door,
Has heard my step—now must I tell her all;
Soul of my soul, the frost has done its work.
You sob—and each sob is a sharpened knife
To tear my heart. Creep close within my arms,
And let us talk this over quietly,
With understanding that shall bring us peace.

The man who plants his acres in full faith
Has God for partner. Nothing is more near
To the Eternal Heart than that a man
Should help the barren earth to flower and fruit—
And fill the world with plenty. Such a man
Becomes High Priest to all the growing plants,
For this the summer skies, the winter storms,
Rainbows and friendly stars have said to me.
I find Him here in every springing blade—
I hear Him speak—But in the city streets
There are so many voices, can a man
Be sure of what he hears? I must be sure.

What, then, if such eternal partnership
Requires eternal patience? All the forces
That work with God are patient—love, pity,
Remorse for wrong and fuller understanding.
And when the child shall come, he'll find his home
Within the loving shelter of our hearts.
You smile—there's hope—there's courage both at once.
So we take up our gracious task again.
Shall we go in? For the new day is here.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 1, no. 9 (January 1922).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

April Magic

APRIL

Riot of gold and green and rose
Illumines and then overflows
The costly chalice of the year.
Hidden by winter's icy brim
No hint of glory could appear,
Waiting its hour, suppressed and dim—
Till over the edge one bubble crept,
A wave of yellow sunlight curled,
Till the whole spring time overflowed and swept
The world.

April, and a holiday—one day
One flower, culled from the wreath that April wears,
And thrust in the cap of youth. In brave array,
Fresh from a winter on the ranch he fares
And seeks the town. Twelve flaming hours ahead!
He means to cram them full of every pleasure
The roaring streets afford him without measure.
Rampant desires, of the long winter bred,
Hunger of youth that clamors to be fed.
And will not be too nice about its feeding.

Then he sees her beside a gate,
Wind-blown and ruddy, never heeding
That April sun has kissed her brow,
Or bosom curving white as snow.
She wears the look of those who wait—
Wait for the call of life that passes,
Waiting too long and longing over-much,
A wakening flower that opens at a touch.

One look at her, and all the spring.
Comes flooding through his heart.
He knows the one un-looked for thing:
The wild, the mad, triumphant thing
To set this day apart.
He wheels his lean brown horse about
And down the street with sudden shout
He rides to meet her where she stays.
Youth rides to youth.
O April days!
O flame of spring that sets the heart elate,
He comes to pause beside her at the gate.

He bends to read within her eyes
Her glad confusion and surprise.
For life itself is calling now,
She meets it with uplifted brow.
Her face, her form are rapt and glowing,
As one whose waiting finds an end,
A lovely, inner radiance growing, growing—
He stops abashed, while heart and brain contend
To solve the mystery. For her wonder look
Passes him by as though he had not been,
She has not known him there nor felt nor seen.
A fast closed book,
Whose pages never should be his to read.
For just beyond him, where his baffled gaze
Follows her own, the village postman stands,
Handing to her a letter, and her hands
Flutter to meet it. All his length of days
He'll go remembering her uplifted face,
Never for him its sweet ineffable grace,

Sanctity like a veil
Covers the pure brow pale,
And love so deep, so holy and so tender
That back he shrinks, half blinded by the splendor,
And turns away.
The boistrous passion of his holiday
Falls from him. Troubled in his soul is he,
His crude young soul, that stands abashed to see
The veil lifted from love's sanctity.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 2, no. 1 (April 1922).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

The Riding of Peaceful Henry

I AM the son of the wind and the plain,
 Long and lean and tawny of hide.
Steer and stallion have known my will.
One horse there was that I did not ride.

Spring in the country of the sky
And the great shan khive, the Indian feast,
Games and races and feats of strength—
The bucks came herding from west and east.
Booths and trinkets, glitter and dust,
Crowds who jostled their way along,
In from the ranches, in from the range,
A shouting, hilarious, holiday throng;
Every man of them brought his girl
And I brought mine, brown, wilful Sue—
Eyes as deep as the midnight sky,
Hair like clouds when the sun shines through,
Lips like the scarlet pomgranate flower,
Never a ranger of them all
But envied and stared and pressed us close
Little cattle that crowd at the evening call.

For she was queen of the Ninety Mile
And I as proud as a crested hill.
I meant to dazzle her eyes and heart
And tame her wilfulness to my will,
We followed the lure of the glittering booths,
I gave her all of my pay to spend
Like a comet's trail on a windy night
We swept the shan khive from end to end.

The fun grew furious and fast.
Now they were bringing the horses out.
And up from the crowded, clamorous place,
Beating the heights, rolled shout on shout.
Out came the horses, twenty or more,

Nostrils aquiver—eager to run.
Lean and hardy and nimble-hoofed—
But the clamor and shouting were all for one.

There like a star in the midst he stood,
Black as the night, with his lines of wonder,
Mighty shoulders, sinews of steel,
Proud neck lifted and arched with thunder.
Peaceful Henry was what they called him.
Him—this marvel of grace and fire,
No man had ridden, no man could ride him.
Buck or rangeman, son or sire.
Every year from the range they brought him
With a bag of gold to his saddle tied,
Much good gold for the one who'd win it,
But no man rode him, no man could ride.

"Peaceful Henry" they hailed him madly.
"Here's your horse, boys, come and try.
Five thousand cash for a trip to heaven,
Five thousand gold for a chance to die."
Brown Sue's eyes went aflame with light.
Her lips sought mine, for the world to see,
"Ride him!" she said, "for this kiss—and win
The gold—and Peaceful Henry—and me!"
The fire of her eyes scorched through my veins,
I went clear mad with her sudden kiss—
Moon-dazed and mad with the glorious stake.
It was life to win, it was death to miss—
I seized the saddle, amid their shouts,
The bit, the bridle—I cinched him fast—
He whirled, he struggled, he lashed, he reared—
Missed by a foot—I was up at last!

I clawed and clung like a demon rider.
Steer and stallion had known my will.
I gripped his ribs with knees of iron,
Gripped him tighter and tighter still.
Here I was astride of a comet,
The earth was turned to thunder and flame.
I cursed my folly, I cursed the Wonder
And knew his wildness too great to tame.
Then, at the worst, while my straining heart

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Was bursting my ribs—I felt it come.
The sudden slack of his mighty muscles,
His proud neck drooping—it struck me dumb.
He was mine! I had conquered him—mine to ride—
The marvel, with limbs of steel and fire!
From the grace of his head to the flow of his tail
He was mine to ride at my heart's desire!

Mine—and the girl—and the gold—then why
Should my fool throat ache and my eyes grow dim,
And the beat of my madly racing heart
Turn heavy and sick at the thought of him?
Proud and tameless one, there he faltered.
His free born breath was a sobbing wheeze,
Nothing so sad as his drooping shoulders
And the sag of his muscles beneath my knees.

Break him—the bold and beautiful,
Shod with freedom across the range;
Break him—I knew how a heart can sicken,
Strain at life's halter, droop and change.
Hobbled and staked and bitted and bridled,
All that was flame in him turned to clay.
Once, not twice does God make perfection
That men may break it and throw it away.

s

No one guessed but the Wonder and I.
Just for a second my knees went slack.
—The stars shot downward and—well, that's all—
I opened my eyes in the grass on my back.

The girl? She went with a better man—
The gold? It's waiting each year to be won.
Peaceful Henry? He gallops the heights
Where they reach the straightest up to the sun.
And I am the son of the wind and the plain,
Long and lean and tawny of hide.
Steer and stallion have known my will,
One horse there was that I did not ride.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 2, no. 4 (August 1922); checked against Braithwaite's 1923 anthology.

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

The End of the Feud

THE winter of great snows. It came
Out of the north on silent feet,
And every sentient, living thing
Fled to some safe, secure retreat.
So Orlan to the clearing came
And brought his daughter, Angeleme.
After long years he saw again
The cabins at the mountain's foot,
The deep-gashed, stern, tormented land
Where his own life had taken root:
His slow steps led him to the place,
The last man of his hunted race.

Then from their doors they hurried out,
Those who had known him long ago—
“Orlan! and here! What brings you back?”
He spread a knotted hand—“The snow—
It fills the earth—it fills the air—
Caught so, we would have died out there.”
“But here—” “Then Andros lives?” “Not so.
Your bullet found him—But his son,
Young Andros, always waits for you.
He never sleeps without his gun.”
Old Orlan heaved a broken sigh.
“Even the beast crawls home to die.
Ten years of lonely mountain trails,
And now your hands—your friendly speech.”
Their growing numbers circled him,
A nod, a muttered word from each,
Hubbub of voices—and then one
Shattering them all—young Andros' gun.

So his doom found him, and he fell.
The crowd held breath—then with a roar
They turned on Andros where he stood
And dragged him, struggling, from his door
To Orlan's side. They thought him dead.
But now he stirred and raised his head.

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"Boys, no more blood. The thing is done.
His life is mine—I claim—I claim—
And there must be a better way.
Where is my daughter, Angeleme?
What I have told her she has done.
Now she shall marry Andros' son."

They stared in dumb bewilderment,
Then rising murmurs swept the crowd
And roused his failing sense again,
Again he spoke, his voice rang loud:
"Andros, your life is mine to claim,
And you shall marry Angeleme.
Boys, you will see it through?" "We will!
And if the fellow balks"—The place
Filled with a hush, a mystery,
And quiet fell on Orlan's face.
One spoke at last and raised his head.
"Bring parson here. Stand by," he said.

So on this patch of blood-stained snow
Made redder in the setting sun,
Young Andros and dead Orlan's girl
Answered the words that made them one.
Scowling and black, he turned away.
"Get to my cabin, girl, and stay!"
He crossed the square to the public house.
They followed him in dumb surmise,
These hours he panted to forget,
Round-bosomed Sue, her lips, her eyes—
"Fill up," he said—Again, "Fill up!"
Forgetfulness was in the cup.

The girl—what should one say of her at length?
She had just done what she was told to do,
Harsh task that chained her youth and mocked her strength,
Old things to be made new.
She visioned the utmost that her father meant.
No child of her's must ever wait to kill.

The smoking fires of hate to be choked and spent,

No further blood to spill.
But she had learned the patience of wide spaces,
The strength of rivers running to the sea,
And always, as her feet trod distant places,
Dream of a home to be.
She knew the way that led up to the goal,
She knew that she could give all she must give,
She knew that Andros' young, untutored soul
Would wake now and live—
And here was home, and the great sky above.
Here were long days, benignant, healing, kind
Here was white peace and the beckoning arms of love,
New ways to find—

When after bitter hours Andros came stumbling
Across his threshold to his scarce seen bride
His dark face set, his frozen fingers fumbling
About the gun at his side,
He saw a cabin warmed and swept and garnished,
A place of cheer, a lighted, wholesome place,
Where he alone stood soiled and stained and tarnished,
And looked for the first time into her face.

Thus, on the winter of great snows
Slowly the New Year's sun arose.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 2, no. 9 (January 1923).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

I Hope That I Remember

Grace Atherton Dennen

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Upon the altar of the Night it rose,
 Uplifted by God's unseen epic hand,
As though to tell all earth, ere its repose,
 Love's benediction falls on sea and land.

GRAND COTEAU LOUISIANA

The kindly beauty of the place,
 That was my gift each day,
I did not know, nor understand,
 Until... I went away.

DAYBREAK IN THE CITY.

The silence o'er the city hung so deep,
 It seemed as though great Death himself, delayed
 By weariness, his debt to Nature paid,
And lay amid the sleepers, fast asleep.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 2, no. 9 (January 1923).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

Beginnings

THERE are beginnings of tides and beginnings of suns,
And of planets that move in their orbits.
And when their cycle is completed
They enter on their course anew.
There is the beginning of the year, the beginning of the day
The coming of dawn when night is ended

And the stir of life in the city after the silence.

Life moves in cycles.
The least of numbers, increased or divided,
Sweeps on into infinity.

There is the end of joy, the end of hope,
The end of patience and of high endeavor.
There is the end of sin, the end of crime,
The end of history, the end of nations,
Broken nations, broken leaders.
There is the end of life—
And while our lips still murmur, “It is finished,”

Our feet have entered into newer paths.
A child looks up at a statue, struck with awe,
A horse and rider cast in deathless bronze,
Who falter with drooping heads at the cliff’s edge.
He spells the title out—“The End of the Trail.”
“What does it mean?” he questions, and his father answers,
“It means—Earthquakes that crumble cities in ruins,
Great fires that devastate, great frosts
That kill the fruits and crops, great storms at sea,
Great fortunes crashing, and the hopes of men—

It means—the end.”
But the boy looks.
All about him the city springs anew,
And winter passes bringing another spring,
And there are many trials.

There is the end of war, ultimate peace,
And the end of hate which turns to understanding.
This I know.
For every end there is a beginning.
The rest belongs with God.

Publication. *The Lyric West*, vol. 3, no. 9 (January 1924).

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue witness and checked against the tagged page transcript.

AFTERWORD

Biography, recovery, and limits of the present archive

Education and family

Dennen was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, to the Reverend Stephen Rollins Dennen and Clara Whitney Ludwig Dennen. She studied at Smith College, Radcliffe, and Stanford. Her family household and her sisters' descendants remained central to the surviving biographical record; she never married.

Politics, taste, and contradiction

Her work could be civic, progressive, comic, devotional, and regionally proud. It also emerged from institutions shaped by class privilege and from a period whose California writing often carried racial and settler assumptions. A full account must preserve both the enabling work she did for women and western writers and the limits of the cultural world she inhabited.

Death and disappearance

Dennen died at Pasadena Hospital after several weeks' illness in June 1927. The obituary remembered the teacher, editor, novelist, poet, and founder together. Later reference culture separated those identities and reduced the poems to a few anthology pieces. The accompanying datasheet reconstructs the continuous career and identifies the searches still needed in school, family, Ebell, copyright, and periodical archives.

Colophon

Compiled from the complete *Ebell* and *Lyric West* archive, original anthology and periodical pages, the 1927 obituary, directories, census, college records, and newly saved online witnesses, August 2026. Designed to match the Julia Boynton Green volume exactly in trim, typography, palette, cream pages, mirrored margins, archival placement, and poem openings.