

**Only Poets  
Should  
Write Verse.**

In spite of our gentle hint, the other day, that more people were sending to this office verses on the Titanic than were qualified as poets worthily to treat a subject so large and difficult, the flood of these contributions continues. No longer, indeed, are we getting a hundred or so a day, but they are still coming in by the dozen, and though they all get a reading as patient as circumstances will permit, it does seem time to say again that to write about the Titanic a poem worth printing requires that the author should have something more than paper, pencil, and a strong feeling that the disaster was a terrible one.

Ignorance of that fact, or failure to remember it, has caused many worthy and well-intentioned people to ask—often with pathetic confidence—the publication of verses which, had the request been granted, would have caused cruel humiliation for the authors. For it is no exaggeration to say that a large majority of these offerings have been worthless, and that not a few, judged by any standards of literature and taste, have been intolerably bad. Many of them, had not the subject been so serious, would have been

amusing, and might have been printed for that reason.

In this case, as always, so far as our experience goes, the very worst of these "poems" were upon lined paper. We do not remember ever to have found "available" any verses written on that sort of stationery. Why this should be so is a question for the new psychologists to decide.

That some of the Titanic poems had one or another merit, in our opinion, is shown by the fact that we have printed something like a dozen of them. Those accepted, however, have all been from women or men who are practiced producers of verse, who know what can and what can not be said about such an event as this. No masterpiece has yet come to us and we do not expect one. Some day somebody may write a really good ballad on the loss of the Titanic, but such a happening does not lend itself readily to poetical treatment of any other sort, and in attempting another sort even a genius could hope for only a qualified success.

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