the way its sides stand as upright piers gracefully vaulted. The slight ornamentation of this building is appropriate while the arrangement of its windows gives it character and finish.

Since the erection of the Flatiron there has been no more widely discussed skyscraper than the Woolworth Building, rearing itself above City Hall Park. Its tower appears like a campanile, a bell tower of some old city. Colossal in its proportions it yet gives no suggestion of heaviness, but lifts itself airily toward the sky without heed or regard to its neighbors, standing close beside it in a scene of vivacity, of unusualness and modernness the like of which cannot be found on the globe. Architects like to work out these wonderful skyscrapers hoping always to go many steps farther in their development. Their lines are well and severely defined and they are distinctly buildings of exact measurements from which variations are not tolerated; they are besides the expression of architecture in which Americans excel, the one unborrowed from older countries. Moreover, they are in their strong youth, their ripening and perfection still a dream of the future.

**SONG OF THE VEERY THRUSH**

If through gray dusk there come to thee
From poplar-spire or cedar tree,
A little agile melody
With winged feet, like Mercury.

O let thy spirit follow where
It flits into the upper air!
For only so may mortals dare
Ascend the twilight’s mystic stair.

The veery pondering alone,
Devises magic of his own,
And wings with many a gleaming tone
His messengers divine, unknown.

. . . . It is the moment! Now behold
The swift flight—ere the world turn cold!
Those notes like feathers of thin gold
Awhirl in spirals manifold—

O still thyself to hear them, ere
There be no singing anywhere,
Nor echoes even, for a stair
Of music up the serene air!

**Grace Hazard Conkling.**