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orderly work and organization of political parties. The primary system is the new principle employed to create an old condition of confusion and indecisive contest. It is of course practicable to utilize the primary principle in a sensible way. That will have to be done if it is to acquire the virtue of permanence.

THREE PRESIDENTS. The forced parallel between Washington and Wilson and Lincoln and Wilson—popular just now in certain quarters which are for Wilson first, last, and all the time, and were never for Lincoln till a half century after he died—are interesting but not convincing. We hear that Washington defied Congress in order to keep the peace with Great Britain, and Lincoln ignored his advisers in the Mason and Dixon affair, and that they were kept out of conflict with England. Now it is said that Wilson has, like Lincoln and Washington, refused to heed the clamor of the jingo, and has been able to steer the ship of state peacefully through the troubled waters of the European war and has served humanity by declining to intervene in Mexico.

There has seldom been a more violent twist of the plain facts of history. Can anyone by the most extreme stretch of the imagination put Wilson in Washington's place, a soldier, a foe of jingoism, a revolutionary leader, an unrelenting and undaunted fighter, a resourceful and resolute general, a great strategist, a man of deeds and not of words, a President of a united and grateful people who had received largely through his personal courage the early days of the country produced the National party convention as a means of relief. The National party convention is largely the outgrowth of individual state nominations for President which threatened to nullify party government, throw the electoral college into desuetude, and put the selection of President invariably into the hands of Representatives.

Some of the modern Presidential primary laws apparently are drafted on the theory that the nomination of Presidential candidates is more of a state party function than the selection of delegates from the various states under the law of that state vote for the state party's choice, "as long as his name shall be before the convention." Ohio goes further. The party there names both first and second choice candidates for President. The delegates from Ohio must vote for the first choice candidate until he is nominated or withdrawn. If he withdraws they must vote for the second choice candidate until the second choice candidate's name may not then be before the convention.

Wisconsin and Minnesota must send instructed delegations. California requires her delegates to support the state party's choice to the best of their judgment and ability. Oregon may send some delegates who are definitely instructed and some who are not. A few more such laws and the National convention will become an irreconcilable aggregation of independent units. The country will have the equivalent of separate state nominations for the Presidency—the identical thing the National convention was created to avoid.

In the form in which some states have adopted it, the Presidential primary is a sort of legal interference with an extra-legal body. Acceptance of a National convention's nomination for President is but a common law of political parties. The convention might overthrow all Presidential primaries by refusing to send delegates elected by that method. But the convention is never likely to do, unless the primary system so develops that the life and the purpose of the convention itself are threatened. The party convention method of nominating Presidential candidates originated in 1832. In the first three years it was an inconspicuous detail. The Presidential electors were real officers with discretionary powers, as seemed to be the intention of the framers of the Constitution. But in 1830 the Congressional caucus system was devised. Party members in Congress met, first in secret, and later in public, to select the electors. The Congressional correspondence committee was appointed to urge upon state caucuses, which were generally held, the advisability of accepting the recommendation of the Congressional caucus. The Congressional campaign committee of today is the successor of this system. It is the outgrowth of the old caucus corresponding committee.

The Congressional caucus nominating system remained in existence until 1824, although in that year its influence was still. In 1816 a legislative caucus in New York had been the first to be held. The caucus system was introduced into the Congressional caucus, and had introduced Clinton. Opposition to the system had also arisen which had been partly met by caucus resolutions to the effect that the members acted only in their individual capacity. Various state legislatures soon assumed the function of nominating electors and instructed their Representatives and Senators not to attend the Congressional caucus. The last Congressional caucus held in 1824 occurred at a period when party lines had been practically eliminated. Only sixty-eight of the 255 members were present and the nominating election developed into a personal contest among John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and Crawford. The electoral college failed to make a choice and the election was thrown into the hands of Representatives, where Adams was elected.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER. Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, has delivered himself somewhat frankly and succinctly in a current publication of the subject of Congressional pork, its why and wherefore. He directs attention to the fact that the Congressman's district looks to him to bring home the bacon, so to speak. Local interests must be taken care of. He gets little or no credit for those undertakings which may have a purely national importance. This is a new idea, but it is one that will bear frequent repetition. It is rare that a Congressman speaks so frankly of the pork barrel and why he delves in it. And, even after hearing this full confession, we must bear in mind that Congressmen are human and not blame them too severely. They are elected from districts in which their interests lie. Their retention in office depends upon the whims of the electorate in that district. If they do not bring home the new postoffice or the particular thing that are desired by the community, they are certain to remain at home, no matter how conspicuous their services may have been to the country as a whole.

order the citizen soldiers out for any duty within or without the continental limits of the United States. The War Department must be given authority to indicate what troops shall be organized, how they shall be trained, how the officers shall be selected, and how the discipline shall be preserved. This authority must be final and absolute. Such an end, if it has been contemplated, may be effected by offering Federal co-operation, but fixing the requirements and compelling the states to accept the bargain on terms so much as would blame ourselves. And if we would reform Congress we first must reform the National mind, of which Congress is the mere reflection. When the average American community can learn to say "America first" to its Congressmen then Congress will be washed of its sins and shortcomings. Not until then.

UTILIZING CITIZEN SOLDIERS. There is rather a touching note in the story of Secretary Garrison's burning the midnight oil nightly in pursuit of military lore. It is recalled that he directed his splendid abilities as a corporation lawyer into these new channels of thought with diligence and persistence, familiarizing himself with the military history of the United States, as well as the details of tactical organization, strategy and military policy. No doubt he studied military science in much the same manner that he had studied law and he went about the solution of National defense problems in the same manner that he would have proceeded with the conduct of some well known law case. That his efforts met with failure, that his solution was set down as impracticable, must be ascribed to the fact that he persisted in reaching his own conclusions, and in formulating a programme for strengthening American land forces which he refused to alter or modify, and which, in his own department Mr. Garrison had the expert advice of many well qualified officers. That he had the benefit of their experience and advice in formulating his continental plan cannot be doubted. But these officers who favored an enlarged continental army were, so far as their names have been revealed, members of his own official family in the War Department, who, being human, might be affected to a considerable degree by their chief's own ideas and ideals.

So far as the College was concerned it ignored the Garrison plan entirely while the various United States service journals were more or less open in their opposition to the proposed Garrison force. General Leonard Wood, former Chief of Staff of the Army, and one of the most distinguished Eastern department was among the most outspoken Army officers in criticizing the continental army before Congressional committees. It was the National Guard, however, which offered the most formidable opposition even after being warned that Mr. Garrison would oppose the National Guard legislation if the citizen soldiers proceeded against his pet scheme.

The plan to which Mr. Garrison was so thoroughly committed called for raising a force of 400,000 citizen soldiers in annual installments of 132,000. He divided the country into military districts each of which was to be placed under an Army officer of suitable rank who would be provided with a staff of junior officers. They would enlist, equip and organize the new army for two months each year during three years. After three years the so-called continentals were to be furnished for three years subject to war duty only. This plan was designed to cure all the defects of the militia system, such as state control, political influence in the appointment of officers and possible refusal by Governors to respond to Federal standards.

Splendid plan on paper, but where were the men to get it? This was the question raised in the National Guard after the plan had been digested. And when it was considered that the Guardsmen themselves were the ones most keenly interested in raising the standards of service and bringing about a general reorganization of the National Guard, the question raised in the National Guard after the plan had been digested. And when it was considered that the Guardsmen themselves were the ones most keenly interested in raising the standards of service and bringing about a general reorganization of the National Guard, the question raised in the National Guard after the plan had been digested.

JOHN MASEFIELD'S MUSE. Seemingly, modern life has ceased to produce great acts. Many explanations are offered and the blame is fixed in many places, but the principal charge is that the competitive stock company having passed, there remains no medium for molding the soul of historic genius into heroic form. Poets, however, continue to recur in the face of a similar state of non-completion. Poetry is in relatively small demand these prosaic days and it is next to impossible to find sale for a book of poems even if of real value. Yet it is a rare generation that falls to yield its poet and our attention is called from time to time to the work of some new lyric or rhymer whose performance gives promise of future greatness. Important as they are, but it was ever thus; yet the modern poets are more than meteorites in the literary heavens and they shed a radiance which should persist far beyond their time. Beyond the time, in fact, when any but the greatest genius of the stage is forgotten.

John Masefield is one of these lately arisen singers who has fairly forced a busy world to pause and listen to his fine-toned harp. The world has taken a lot of interest in this young English man of letters, much of this interest being explained, no doubt, by the fact that he writes in a simple, direct, and unadorned English, manly letters. A lot of glamor and rough romance has been thrown about John Masefield, sailor-poet, bartender-poet, farmer-poet and many other romantic varieties of poet. He caught the popular fancy by his first carefree songs of the sea, "The Water-Ballad." There was an irresistible spirit in these little verses which was recognized at once by discerning readers. And as soon as it became noised about that he was a ruddy sea-dog poet, a wandering vagabond of the deep who dashed off his complete works by way of reeling and staidly soaring.

It was Mr. Masefield's second series of poems that brought him fame, however. In "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street" he spoiled the illusion that he was an old, far, and weathered man. His other story poems dealt with landlocked peasant life and revealed an intimate understanding of the primitive mind. In the midst of the discussion over these works fresh reports came that John Masefield was a reformed New York bartender. There were those who testified to the quality of his complete works which can be proved to each field of operation. The Teuton powers may now have actually in the field as many trained and tried men as their enemies have. They fall short in the number of reserves to draw upon. Britain, Russia, and probably Italy can add miles to the length of their lines. The number of men Germany has lost and the war's cost to her; also Japan's national debt and the interest she pays on it.

discern a very good poem from a very bad one who yet may be thrilled by the romantic tale of a farmer boy turned poet. Or of a bartender putting aside the production of lags for the production of epic poetry. It is recorded that Masefield did "tend bar" in New York, did work on a Connecticut farm, did sail the bounding main and again did toil in a New England carpet factory. All of which goes to show that there is no telling what conditions of existence may serve to bring out their latent powers.

Perplexity grows when one scans Masefield's latest book of verse and when he makes his own appearance before the Authors' Club in New York. Taking those events up in the sequence of their occurrence, Masefield, bartender-poet, sailor-poet and farmer-poet, has lately written "Good Friday and Other Poems" in which no trace of former associations may be discerned. These verses smell of the library if we may view that for a moment as to their technique and literary qualities. "Good Friday" is presented in the form of rhymed couplets and comprises a poetic drama in which all the proprieties are duly observed. It is written with artistry, dramatic force and dignity. The sequence of sonnets which follow is written in the true Shakespearean combination of three quatrains and a couplet, a form which the most gifted of modern writers have not felt the courage to employ. Nor does he seek to present deepest philosophy of life, any higher purpose or any solution of profound problems. He is, in fact, a starved and hungry man, his muse leading him in search of poetic beauty wherever it may be found, whether in Oriental fatalism or Christian idealism.

A disillusionment, indeed, for those who looked for picturesqueness and romance in the author rather than the stark realism of his work. The disillusion was made more complete when he appeared publicly in New York, for it is recorded by the press chroniclers that he is now a quiet, tranquil man of studious mien and no affectations. It is surprising that he failed to seize an opportunity which no literary character might have overlooked—that of rolling sautily into the room and delivering himself of barroom slang. It is apparent that his economic struggles had little if anything to do with his muse. He worked at those odd jobs, he doubt, to avoid starvation while he hid his head. The fact that he declines now to profit by their showy press-agency possibilities and persists in displaying his talents in a serious vein augurs well for his future poetic estate.

MARS IN THE CLASSROOM. The observations of Dr. Lowell, president of Harvard, are interesting and profitable, if not vital. Dr. Lowell. It need not be said, is far from being a militarist. He is a plain, if profound, American citizen, attached to the ways and pursuits of peace, yet he does not permit the ideal to blind him to the fact and he expresses freely, frankly and courageously the need of preparedness in a recent report. It is characteristic that Dr. Lowell should confine his remarks to the relationship of military training to the schools. Contrary to the practices of a majority of those who take up the subject of preparedness, he leaves the Army, Navy and Marine Corps to their own devices in such matters. Assuming that a country which has no form of universal service and must depend on hastily raised volunteers will be most sadly in need of officers, Dr. Lowell suggests that no better place can be found for developing the officer material than in the college. No other better time, in no other period of adult life, he suggests, does a man who is not a drone expert to spend between three and four months in recreation. What more valuable to the student or of greater service to the community than the college student should spend his vacation in one of the student camps studying the profession of arms?

So far as military training in schools is concerned, Dr. Lowell takes a most sensible view. Civilian colleges should leave military drill severely alone. In the first place, the ordinary campus are tedious and tiresome. These drills constitute a very small part of the necessary military training. "Therefore," the doctor concludes, "it had better be taught under military conditions like those in a camp or in the militia. His decision in this respect is identical with that reached by the Portland School Board which encouraged high-school boys to enlist in the National Guard rather than form cadet companies.

He would, however, include military instruction in the curriculum, although in the colleges during the school year he would have the instruction consist of elements of military science, such, for example, as military history, including the changes in tactics caused by the increased range and precision of weapons; the functions of infantry, cavalry, artillery and aircraft in modern war; the study of the use of topographical maps; the construction of field defenses and the methods of attacking them; the collection and distribution of supplies.

"All these things," says he, "can be taught like other college subjects by lectures, reading, discussion and laboratory work, the last including problems with maps and, as in the case of geology, field work in the neighboring country." Dr. Lowell's remarks deserve the serious attention of those who are concerned with this problem. It need not be said that he is painstaking in gathering his facts and cautious in reaching his conclusions, no matter what the subject. His conclusions in this case have the ring of depth and wisdom.

RELATIVE FORCES IN THE WAR. Writers on the war continue to base their prognostications of the result upon the number of men which each party can put in the field. They calculate the number, which each of the rival alliances had available at the start, the number lost and the number remaining. They thus arrive at a great numerical superiority for the entente allies and then draw the conclusion that these nations must win. Mere numbers are misleading, for they leave out of consideration the quality and equipment of troops and the rapidity with which they can be moved to each field of operation. The Teuton powers may now have actually in the field as many trained and tried men as their enemies have. They fall short in the number of reserves to draw upon. Britain, Russia, and probably Italy can add miles to the length of their lines. The number of men Germany has lost and the war's cost to her; also Japan's national debt and the interest she pays on it.

to tell until their green men have been seasoned in actual warfare. These greater numbers may, however, be offset by an advantage in number and power of artillery and other weapons. The Russians in Galicia last April may have been as numerous as the opposing Austro-German forces, but they were so miserably inferior in artillery and aircraft that they were driven back hundreds of miles. The allies predict that next Spring they will be superior in artillery and ammunition; if this should prove true, that fact, combined with growing numbers, may enable them to win.

But their greater numbers are offset to a large extent by the necessity of moving troops on exterior lines while the Teutons move on interior lines. How great is this handicap was shown by the last campaign in Serbia. When the Teutons began the invasion, the allies began to send troops to Saloniki, but the former finished their job before the latter had enough men on the ground to withstand them. The short distance over which the Teutons must be transported from one front to another, compared with the long distance allied troops must travel and with the practical impossibility of transferring allied troops from France to Russia or vice versa, may easily render two Austrians or Germans equal to three men of the allies in effective value.

If the allies should succeed in overpowering Turkey, effecting a junction of the western with the Russian armies and closing in on the Teutons, the effective distance over which the Germans must be transported from one front to another, compared with the long distance allied troops must travel and with the practical impossibility of transferring allied troops from France to Russia or vice versa, may easily render two Austrians or Germans equal to three men of the allies in effective value.

However, we opine that our George is too sagacious to accept the War portfolio, even were it tendered him. An unexpired term of five years as Senator is more acceptable than one year as War Secretary; and one year will be the limit for the new official. Now that a Japanese firm has bought a big American merchantman, Richard Pearson Hobson is due to advise us that the vessel is wanted as a transport for an American invasion.

Teddy has gone south in search of pleasure. We suspect that there will be little of it hereabouts for him during the next few months, so it is well that he look abroad. Prohibitionist lost hands down in the Kentucky Legislature. No doubt some of the Kentucky Senators regarded it a studied insult to offer such a bill.

Evidently Mr. Garrison could not stand it when the President deserted the continental army, leaving the Secretary "holding the sack." The debate between the United States and Germany has now turned to the question: "When is an armed ship not a warship?" Congress wants to take in Lower California. We've got more territory already than we are able to take care of in a pinch.

President Wilson went to sea to consider a successor to Secretary Garrison. And avoid the rush of applicants, doubtless. But while there were pomegranates in the prelates' soup it does not appear that there were any files in the applicant. That Doctor Lyman appears to be a sort of "master mind" crook. It will take a Sherlock Holmes to get him.

The Russians are assuming the offensive. But they never succeed in making themselves very offensive. Secretary Lansing has decided not to humiliate Germany. Now isn't he the nice, kind man? A sick park monkey became well after drinking wine. Made a monkey of him, so to speak. The death rate among American Indians is increasing. Another bounty of civilization. Oregon should get at least a brigade out of the proposed citizen force of 400,000. Anyway this promises to be the longest February we have had in several years. Japanese soldiers may be sent to aid Russia in the Caucasus. Banzai!

Gleams Through the Mist By Dean Collins. I have sent my soul a-hawking through the greenwood of the east. I have counted all the trophies as but things of little worth. For I was but in idle play. That I love the few, away. And I launched my falcon flying at the birds of plumage gay. For my flight is swift as breath, and his troop is sure as death, and how easy to my hand the tattered, brilliant quarry lay.

A Valentine. I have sent my heart a-hawking, and I cared not for the prizes. For the birds of brilliant plumage plume they were easy to his claw. But, wheeling through the sunshine in, what wonder-irises? It dumbs me with its beauty, and I stare at it in the blue, away. Is you, it is you. Whirling upward in my view; I track the falcon of my heart and on your track I fling. Wild woods-bird, mine eyes. Have beheld at last, a prize That is worthy of my hawk and that is worthy of his wing.

His flight is swift as breath, and his troop is sure as death, and how easy to my hand the tattered, brilliant quarry lay. I have sent my heart a-hawking, and I cared not for the prizes. For the birds of brilliant plumage plume they were easy to his claw. But, wheeling through the sunshine in, what wonder-irises? It dumbs me with its beauty, and I stare at it in the blue, away. Is you, it is you. Whirling upward in my view; I track the falcon of my heart and on your track I fling. Wild woods-bird, mine eyes. Have beheld at last, a prize That is worthy of my hawk and that is worthy of his wing.

I was floating down the old Spoon River in a dugout with the Courtroom Office Boy; and we were fighting for Cosmic Grouches. And finding a good many of them—some of them as fat as guinea pigs, or grumpy bacilli. In the culture medium of verse libra. And I leaned over the boat's gunwale, Albert, 'til a turgid stream for the most part was dead. And I beheld a procession of mermaids and mermen Swimming about, with tails like fishes. For being products of free verse, they had no need of feet.

It was just occurring to me that there must be something. Some inalienable something, to be exact, deeply non-alienable about all this; And I was just preparing to roll up my eyes and go into the Silence, Preparing to doping it out. When the C. O. B. put another aquilum Cosmic Urge on his book. And reminded me that I had promised Judge American. To finish the translation of Gray's Elegy into American.

So I laid aside my fish pole, And picked up my string of Cosmic Grouches And beat it back to the office to fill my promise. And probably I shall never again get around To dope out the symbolic significance of the "mermaids." And the mermaids, with tails like fishes. On that memorable day when the C. O. B. and I Went fishing down the old Spoon River, For their tails were as fat as guinea pigs, or grumpy bacilli. Translations from English Classics. (Editor's note: G. Pythagoras Bimbleck published the first volume of GRAY'S Elegy, translated from English into American, two weeks ago in this column. So GRAY'S Elegy, translated from English into American, is now being published in this installment of the "waxen." "No, you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault, if Memory o'er their tomb no trophies rise, etc.")

You stuck-up guys. Just let the crabbing pass. 'Cause Memory ain't signed up to boost the old Spoon River. With swell memorial windows in stained glass. And antennas that make booster zones sound tame. Can swell ash-can or fancy plaster cast. Set rolled bellows pumping back the air? Can fiddle with a chip from one who's passed? Does a stiff buy when he is called a Lear? Perhaps in this poor tank-tank morgue is ditched. Some heart geared up and oiled for going some. Hands that the dope on Wall street might have snatched. Or made the pinola fairly hum. But Knowledge never spread her dope sheet. Where these poor fisher folk get their lamps on it. The lack of kale beyond the slightest doubt, So chilled their feet, they couldn't make a hill.

There's many a Kobnoor that's soaked away. Down in the briny where the lobster's hatch. And many a first-class pony, I might say is blooming in some Texas cactus patch. Some of the best, like Milton, may be in this place. Some of 'em would have never packed a gun. To a wing the Solon's bracketed applause. To snort when some guy said they'd get in wrong. To fatter hills for all those sorts of laws. That with the voters kept a fellow strong. They had no chance in politics to shine. For he who'd be first to rough staff by, They had no chance to go right down the line. And gouge the general public in the eye. They had no chance to lie and dodge the fine; To see a problem play and not feel mean, No chance to write, as fifty cents a line, Six poems for a modern magazine. Far from the mix-up of the rough-neck Job. Their rube Amblish, it never got a hint Of gay white ways; they kept right on the job. And never tried to Jimmy into print. Yet even these poor old stiffs to give a show, Above the caches where their bones are stowed. Are hand-made tombstones standing in a row. Callign attention to the fact they're croaked. Some lick that never spent much time at school. Has doped out for each rube his pedigree. And on the staves you'll find that some of 'em. Some and stuff from the Sunday school to see. For was there e'er a guy went up the spout Who didn't have a nice hunch, just the same. That on his headstone, nicely whitened out, They'd still leave some few lines to boost his game. Nobody ever cracked who didn't hunk. Someones besides the under-aker'd stick. Around the corner in the court-ah's clock. Even if he was nothing but a hunk. (To be continued.)