

READERS REQUEST AND OFFER MANY OLD FAVORITE POEMS

THE past week has been a week in which most requests than contri- butions have been received for the page of favorite poems in The Oregonian.

Among these requests have come some that call for the explanation that the page is intended to be devoted chiefly to the old favorites or semi-obscure poems of other days rather than to poems that have become popular in modern days and are at this time easily within the reach of all.

Several requests have been received for poems that have been published within the past few years or which are still enjoying a current popularity, but it is the intention to give requests for the older ones preference over these.

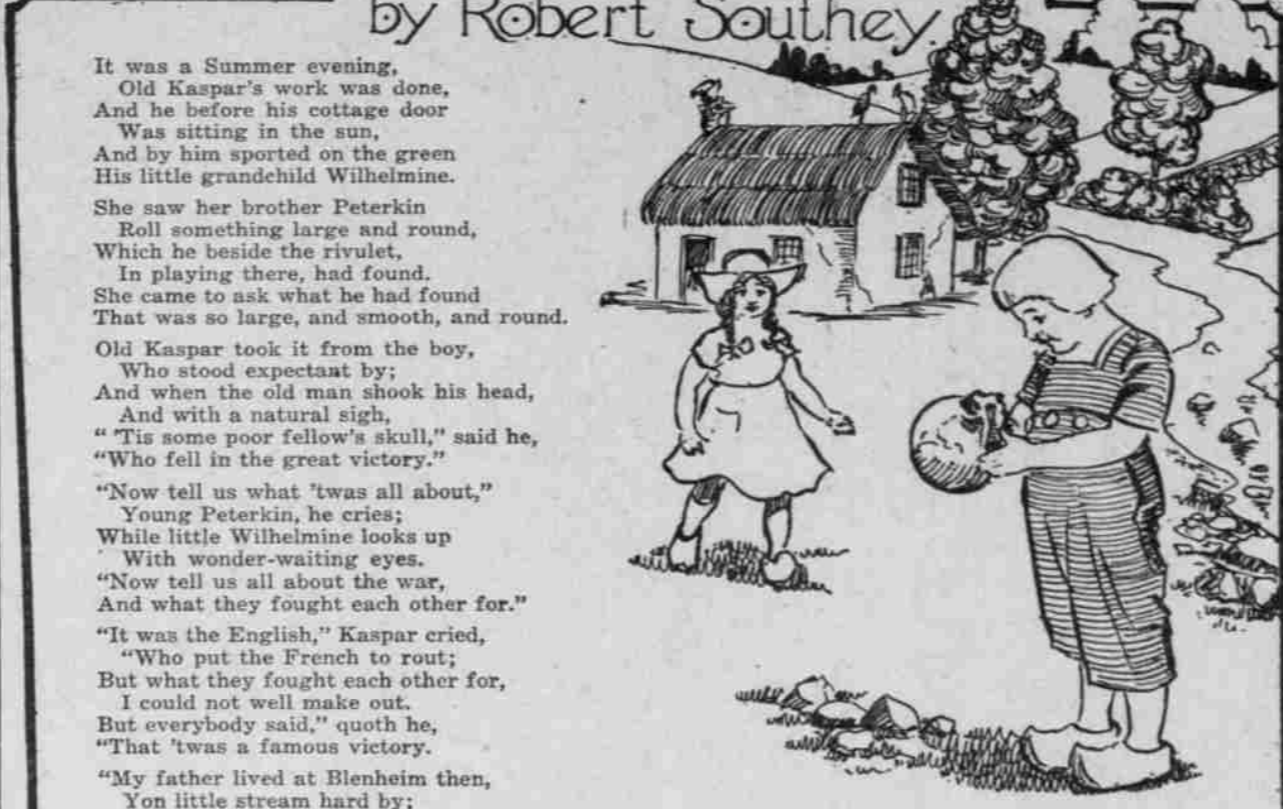
Som explanations have been received asking explanations why poems that have been requested have not yet appeared. Efforts are being made to answer requests by the publication of the poems desired as rapidly as possible, but the limits of the page make it possible to reprint only a small number each week.

It appears necessary to call attention to the fact that a manuscript sent in written on both sides of the sheet will stand no show for immediate handling and that a manuscript legibly written or typewritten on one side of the sheet only will receive the most prompt attention.

Among the requests received in the past week is the following from Mrs. H. Luce, to whom we are indebted for a number of contributions to answer the requests of other readers. Mrs. Luce wants the full text of the poem which contains the following: "This weary watching wave on wave, And yet the tide heaves onward; We build like corals, grave on grave, But have a pathway sure and true, We're beaten back in many a fray, But ever strength we borrow.

For where the vanguard sleeps today The rear shall follow in the day. J. D. Kandy, of Ariel, Wash., requests the poem "Porto Rico," which he says was published in some of the Eastern papers in 1898.

The Battle of Blenheim by Robert Southey



It was a Summer evening, Old Kaspar's work was done, And he before his cottage door Was sitting in the sun, And by him sported on the green His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

They burned his dwelling to the ground, And he was forced to fly; So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to rest his head.

the past week, Mrs. D. Irons, sending a copy of "We Are Seven," which has already been printed and contributed also Tennyson's "May Queen," which she first found in Wilson's Fourth Reader.

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun— Forever and forever with those just souls and true— And what is life that we should mourn? Why make we much ado?