## CALL CONTINUES FOR FAVORITE BALLADS OF THE OLDEN D

NCE this page was begun in Feb-ruary, we have published several hundred old favorite peems, and are still receiving requests for . One of our readers wrote that ad constructed a scrapbook from o'd poetry' pages and had in it is of poems that she had heard in milidhood, but had never been able to in printed form. The the contributions to the page nue to come in steadily, there is reaponding flood of requests for favorites, among which are some

the contribution the contribution the contribution a to come in steadily, there a more steadily, there and eronance, And if those stears, in their trans-course, Don't batter you both to pieces at once, goodby, With a quickening kiss, and long-drawn sigh, a more stear at and the open sky. the Rio Grande.

e stars and stripes forever."
we Turney, of Linnton, asks if of our readers can supply "Twe Been Down to the Chub." She asks for "The Dying Cowboy."
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
An the open air and the open sky. In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
The cattle were gaining, and just as ished a few weeks ago on this ished a few weeks ago on this which she gives.
Late Compositions Are Barred.
With a quickening kiss, and long-drawn sight, An the open air and the open sky. In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
The cattle were gaining, and just as I felt
For my good six-shooter behind in my belt.
Down came the mustang, and down came we, clinging together.
What was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast.

Which are stread. Inter Compositions Are Barred. arles W. Buell, asks for "Life's inny Proposition After All." This song of comparatively recent ap-ance and can be purchased at al-any music store. We cannot re-it on this page. Another poem which he asks, however, contains ollowing lines: llowing lines:

walk with myself, talk with myself, d myself said unto me: sware of thyself, ke care of thyself, r no one cares for thee."

. H. A. Dyer requests "The Exile's n," which breins: "

ed, my boat, swiftly, the shore is

wind sits fair, we will anchor tonight;

at sunrise again I will stand the sea-beaten shore of my native land."

e poem containing the following is requested by Mrs. H. M.Palmer, bany:

as but a child over there, ting my name in the sand; ow I am laden with chre, alone in a wearlsome land."

Miner's Plaint Wanted. Miner's Plaint Wanted. om Corvallis comes the request of Grugett for the old San Francisco running: Another favorite sent us by Clara D. Mitchell is "The Halloween Trick," whech we reprint here:

miner, poor miner, hungry and cold, igh poor, I'll return to my home

far away, rewell to the land of gold."

out 15 years ago, there appeared port 15 years ago, there appeared Portiand paper a poem entitled Portiand Jall, written by O'Duno-Roesa, the Irish partict, who has died." writes J. C. Cooper, of Bi Lake, and asks if some of the soft-And stow it in Deacon's loft.

Lake, and asks if some of the butors to the page can supply it. s requests have come from Dr. Pelham, of Union. One is the ong of Caroline of Edinborough which begins:

e all young men and maidens and listen to my rhyme; ell about a maiden, a maiden in

E. Belew, of Everett, remembers there was a reply to the poem rk Me to Sleep," and asks that it upplied if possible. It begins: ty child, O, my child, I am weary e request the

request that was made a few ago for "Lasca" has been met contribution from J. C. Albright, rtland, who has furnished the

we reprint here: LASCA. BY FRANK DESPREZ. Int free life and I want fresh air. I long for the canter after the cattle, orack of the print for the canter after the

crack of the whip, like shot in battle; melee of horns and hoofs and heads Like to help an old man like me."

wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads; green below, the blue aboveash, danger, live and love and-

And when I could rise, Lasca was dead.

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep, And there in earth's arms, I laid her to

sleep, And there she is lying and no one knows. And the Summer shines and the Winter

SHOWS

For many a day; the flowers have spread A pall of petals over her head; And the little gray hawk hasgs aloft

in the air, And the sly coyote trots here and there, And the blacksnake glides and glitters

slides Into a rift into the cottonweed trees, And the buzzard sails o'er and comes

and is gone. Stately and still, like a ship at sea. And I wonder why I do not care For the things that are, like the things

that were. Does half my heart lie buried there In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

A HALLOWEEN TRICK. Yes, he has laughed a thousand times-Genial, kind old Deacon Grimes-

Telling over with rare delight The trick we played on him that night

tell about a maiden, a maiden in her prime—"" How we panted and pushed and tugged. How we lifted and pulled and lugged. Reaching at last through effort hard Old Deacon Grimes' stable yard.

Next morning early a few of us Came straying around to see the fuss: Deacon Grimes, with a beaming smile (Just as he wore it all the while).

And ever since, if you want to hear The Deacon's laugh ringing loud and

12. 11:1 (The publication of a famous old poem made up of single lines from various standard poets a few weeks ago, on this page, brought the follow-ing contributions from Gudrun Dahl. The mosaic poem here reprinted has been famous among poems of its typ o for some time. The names of the authors of each line are given opposi to the lines.) I only knew she came and went -Lowell

Like a troutlet in a pool; -Hood She was a phantom of delight -Wordsworth And I was like a fool. -Eastman

"One kiss, dear maid," I said and sighed "Out of those lips unshorn." She shook her ringlets round her head. And laughed in merry scorn. -Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, Ten You hear them, oh my heart? "Tis twelve at night by the Castle clock, -Coleridge Beloved, we must part! -Alles Cary

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief, Campbell "My eyes are dim with tears; "How shall I live through all the days "All through a hundred years?" -T. F. Perry

"Twas in the prime of Summer time, She blessed me with her hand: Hoyt We strayed together deeply blest, -Mrs. Edwards Into the Dreaming land. -Cornwall

The laughing bridal roses blow, -Patmore To dress her dark brown hair No maiden may with her compare, -Brallsford -Bayard Taylor Most beautiful, most rare! -Read

I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand, Browning The precious golden link; -Smith I calmed her fears and she was calm. "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" -Wordsworth

And so I won my Genevieve, -Coleridge And walked in Paradise; -Hervey The fairest thing that ever grew Wordsworth Atween me and the skies. -Oszood

.

(Th)

Walt

Sleep, little baby, sleep; Not in thy cradle bed, Not on thy mother's breast Henceforth shall be thy rest, But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,

I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute: From the center all round to the sea. I am lord of the fowi and the brute. O Solitude, where are the charms That sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms Than reign in this horrible place.

to be in one of the school readers of Canada, 50 years ago? It goes like this, as much as I can remember of it: TO A DYING INFANT. Sleep, little baby, sleep; A determined and there is none to dispute: Nor talk to him of aught save daffy that country's function of the school readers of ago: ALEXANDER SELKIRK. I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to dispute: Nor talk to him of aught save daffy have been written by J. L. McCreery, author of "Songs of Toll," which was published in New York in 1883. There is no death! the stars go down

To rise upon some other shore, And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore. There is no death! the forest leaves

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XIN

its threats Would terrify. Its flag be trailed in

Such direful imprecations shocked the

ears Of those who heard; and ere the speech-less group Recovered from their blank amaze, a young Lieutenant felled the speaker senseless

The deck, then quick before the officer Commanding, preferred the charge of

treason. Court-martial trials are speedy in re-

The senience, novel in its terms, was

heard With unfeigned haugtiness and scorn

Whom it deprived of country: "The prisoner, hence, for life, shall be consigned To vessels cruising in a foreign sea: No tongue to him shall speak his coun-try's name.

try's name, Nor talk to him of aught save daily

And native home, the years passed slowly on; But pride and stubborn will did not

This strange misguided man; his fate he second

to

sults;

desert

In Norfolk Hay, long years ago, where waved The Nation's flag from minzen gaff Of frigate, shoop and other warlike craft. A group of naval officers, assembled On the flag ship's quarter deck, dis-cussed. With earnestness, the act by which the State Oh, love of country, thou art lasting as The faith of childhood, thou art strong-er than The love of life, the fear of death. This exiled penitent, this prodigal Without a home, would prove himself

readers several weeks ago. We reprint | The foe-his name it mattered not to

And sinking to his knee, was soon dis-armed. But spared the murderous stroke by ment. Ignore the rights my native state has held supreme." Then, drawing forth his rapier. As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my My heart is lowed."

As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my own. My heart is loyal to my native state: And here I swear, this blade shall ne'er But in defense of rights this tyrant thing Called Government usurps, and those its threats

 Would terrify. Its may be trained in dust:
 THE SUICIDAL CAT.

 The fate of Carthage be its cursed doom:
 There was a man named Ferguson. He lived on Market street;

 The memory of its present acts, with those
 He had s speckled Thomas cat That couldn't well be beat;

 Who give them shape, go down in blood and shame."
 He'd catch more. rats and mice and sich Than forty cats could eat.

it herewith

AN AMERICAN EXILE. In Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where

a man! . He cried for help to free him from his With earnestness, the act by which the State Of South Carolina annulled The tariff laws of Congress. The Nasion's heart throbbed anxiously with fears Of what must follow such a deed por-tentous. The President's prompt act. Despatching Scott to Charleston, order-ing

Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul With fire.

bonds; He tried to burst the door, with frantic yells He shricked for those above to lead him

forth To grapple with the foe. But all was vain.

Despatching Scott to Charleston, order-ing The execution of the laws by force, Had thrilled the nerves of those who bore Their country's arms. The naval service boasted many men Who travel through velns as chival-rous as their sires The blood of Sumpter, Pickens, Hayne And other Revolutionary patriots. From those who gave the grand repub-lic birth. Their minds were often filled with poli-tics A tearing shot That ploughed through side and prison

Their minds were often filled with poli-tics Of state; and thus the acts of courts And legislatures oft became their thame In time of peace as much as warlike deeds. Of Neptune,

Of Neptune. Of Neptune. One of these in this debate. A handsome, dark-eyed officer of most Commanding mien, became conspicuous In warm approval of his state's rash act And congress. While his flashing eye hetrayed The flerce emotions of his soul, his voice Rang fearful maledictions: "Curse Rang from yonder missen floats: the men Be cursed, who in the name of Govern-ment. Ignore the rights my satisfy entries. And chewed his way among the pri-vatoers. Where'er he struck the way was cleared of men Like wheat before the blads. His strange demean And annique sarb annæed the foe until is seemed he'd drive the boarders to their ship. At last his wounds o'ercame his mad-dening strength, And sinking to his knee, was soon dis-armed. But spared the murderous stroke by one who knew His cleare and story from a child.

favorite, is also a contribution from Ruth Luce, of this city,

THE SUICIDAL CAT.

This cat would come into the roam

And climb upon a cheer, And there he'd set and lick hisself And purr so awful queer That Ferguson would yell at him, But still he'd purr severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence.

And then he'd chims the mount tence, And loaf about and yowl, And spit and claw another cat Alongside of the jowl; And then they both would shake their

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's Was fearful then to see: He'd yell procisely like he was In awful agony. You'd think a first-class stomachache Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street, Waked by the horrid din, Would rise right up and search their

babes To find some warring pin. And still this viprous cat would keep A hollerin' like sin.

cat.

And as for Mr. Ferguson, 'Twas more than he could bear, And so he hurled his bootjack out,

Right through the midnight air; But this vociferous Thomas can Not one cent did he care.

"And jump around and howl.

talls.

green below, the blue above-	The Deacon's laugh ringing loud and	Yes, with the gulet dead,	Annu totan in the orterior protection	There is no death! the forest leaves	he seemed		
lash danger, live and love and-	clear,	Baby, thy rest shall be. Oh, many a weary hight,	I am out of humanity's reach;	Convert to life the viewless air; The rocks disorganize to feed	To cherish for the cause he still be-	For still he yowled and kept his fur	
	Ask him if he has ever seen Boys having fun on Halloween.	Weary of life and light,	I must finish my journey alone: Never hear the sweet music of speech-	The hungry moss they bear.	Would triumph in the end.	A standin' up on end, And his old spine a doublin' up	
ca used to ride on a mouse-gray	-Sidney Dayre.	Would pain lie down with thee.	I start at the sound of my own.	There is no death! the dust we tread	Yet to and fro his narrow bounds he	As far as it would bend,	
mustang close by my side;	Mrs. Matthews sends "The Exile of	Flee, little tender nestling,	The beasts that roam over the plain My form with indifference see:	Shall change, beneath the Summer	Alone amid a frigate's crew of whom	As if his hopes of happiness	
h blue serape and bright-belled spur;	Erin" in response to the request for	ETGE IG GUY MIGHES HOUSE	They are so unacquainted with men,	showers,	Not one could speak to him a friendly	Did on his lungs depend.	
ughed with joy as I looked at her.	"Erin Go Bragh," which was made a	There the first flowers shall blow, The first pure flake of snow	Their tameness is shocking to me.	To golden grain, or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.	word	But while a curvin' up his spine,	
to allo blick of popula of creeday 1	few weeks ago:	Shall fall upon thy breast	marked a supervised and such		Nor tell of that wondrous growth and fame	And waiting to attack A cat up on another fence,	
Ave Maria sufficed her needs.	THE EXILE OF ERIN.		Society, friendship, and love, Divinely bestow'd upon man,	There is no death; the leaves may fall,	That land he curred attained among	man and a second to the second data if a second of the	
ride with me and ever to ride,	There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.	The little mouth half opened, The soft lips quivering.	O had I the wings of a dove.	away and pass	The nations of the earth. No cheering word	"And this here speckled Thomas cat	
m San Saba's shore to Lavaca's	The dew on his thin robe was heavy	As if like Summer alr	How soon would I taste you again! My sorrows I then might assunge	They only wait, through wintry hours,	This yearning heart in time could e'er	Was busted in the back.	
tide, texas, down by the Rio Grande.	and chill;	Rustling the rose leaves, there,	In the ways of religion and truth:	The warm, sweet breath of May.	expect	When Ferguson came home next day	
	For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,	Thy soul were nuttering.	Might learn from the wisdom of age. And be cheer'd by the sallies of youta,	There is no death; the choicest gifts	From stricken mother, weeping wife and babes	There iny his old fellne, And not a life was left in him,	
was as bold as the billows that beat.	To wander alone by the wind-beaten	Labors with shorcening breath,	Mid be cheer d by the sames or youth	That heaven hath kindly lent to	By him made worse than orphans who	Although he had had nine.	
second and second the second s	hill. But the day star attracted his eyes' sad	That heavy tremulous sigh Speaks thy departure nigh,	Religion! what treasure untold	earth Are ever first to seek again	might blush To call him father. Still above, around	"All this here comes," said Ferguson,	
DIOW;	devotion,	where are the damps of death.	Resides in that heavenly word!	The country of their birth.	In aportive play, the flag he madly	"Of curvin' of his spine."	
m her little head to her little feet, was swayed in her suppleness, to	For it rose o'er his own native isle		More precious than silver and gold, Or all that this earth can afford.	and the statement of the second s	cursed,	Now, all you men whose tender hearts	
and fro,	of the ocean, Where once in the fire of his youthful	He took thee in thy innocence,	But the sound of the church-going bell	And all things that for growth or joy Are worthy of our love or care,	In gorgeous folds waved kindly o'er his head	This painful tale does rack, Just take this moral to yourselves,	
each gust of passion. sapling pine that grows	emotion	He fought the fight for thee,	These valleys and rocks never heard	Whose loss has left us desolate	As if forgiving his ingratitude.	All of you, white and black:	
the edge of the Kansas bluff,	He sang the bold anthem of Erin Go Braght	He won the victory,	Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.	Are safely garnered there.	Amon an athin many little was a	Don't ever go like this here cat	
I wars with the wind when the	Dragui	And thou are sanctified.		Though life become a desert waste.	Anon, an other years rolled sadly by, And he was passed from ship to ship, as	To gettin' up your back.	2.5
weather is rough, like this Lasca, this love of mine.	"Oh, sad is my fate." said the heart-	This is all I can remember of it, but that much has stuck in my memory for	Ye winds that have made me your sport,	We know its fairest, sweetest flow-	each	Mrs. Edward Dischast has sant in the	
	"The wild deer and wolf to a covert	P. P. P.	Convey to this desolate shore Some cordial endearing report	ers.	In turn went home, the lines of grief	following, which was a favorite for	
would hunger that I might est;	can flee:	the second se	Of a land I shall visit no more.	Transplanted into paradise, Adorn immortal bowers.	Of age bors silent evidence of slow de-	declamation in the days of the old National Reader:	
the sweet:	But I have no refuge from famine and	that has had a universal vogue, was	My friends, do they now and then send A wish or a thought after me?		C8.7.	and the second is a second to be a second se	
once when I made her jealous for	A home and a country remain not to	sent in by James Harman, of Myrtle	O tell me I yet have a friend	The voice of birdlike melody	In time his face was marked with pen- sive cast,	King Francis was a hearty King, and	
fun	me.	Creck, Or.	Though a friend I am never to see,	That we have missed and mourned so long.	A harbinger of sad repentant thought.	loved a royal sport,	
or done,	Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers,		How fleet is a glance of the wind!	Now mingles with the angel choir	A sailor unperceived took note of him And oft observed him watch the wav-	And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.	
Sunday in San Antonio,	Where my forefathers lived shall I	I've traveled about a bit in my time. And of troubles I've seen a few;	Compared with the speed of its flight,	In everlasting song.	ing flag	The nobles filled the benches, with the	
a glorious girl on the Alamo,	spend the sweet hours, Or cover my harp with the wild-woven	and down a is better in every clime	The tempest itself lags behind,	There is no death! although we grieve	With strange emotion, and once his	ladies in their pride.	
dagger,	flowers,	To naddle my own canos.	And the swift-winged arrows of light.	When beautiful familiar forms	Were seen to move; "Thou ever-present	And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he	
quick-sting of a wasp-it made	And strike to the numbers of Erin Go	My wants are small. I care not at all If my debts are paid when due.	When I think of my own native land,	That we have learned to love are torn From our embracing arms-	curse,	signed,	
inch to the left or an inch to the	Braghl	I drive away strife in the ocean of life	In a moment I seem to be there; But, alms! recollection at hand	a com	Reminding me of what I am, of what	And truty 'twas a gallant thing to see	
right.	"Oh, Erin, my country, tho' sad and	While I paddle by own canoe.	Soon hurries me back to despair.	Although with bowed and breaking	I've lost. Thou Nemenis of nature's wrongs:	Valor and love, and a King above, and	
I I shouldn't be maundering here	forsaken,	CHORUS.		With sable garb and sflent tread,	For that I've sinned against my birth,	the royal beasts below.	
tonight: t she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly	In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;	Then love your neighbor as yourself	But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest; The benst is laid down in his lair;	We bear their senseless dust to rest	Bomorse affirms How long on an	Ramped roared the lions, with horrid	
bound	But, alas! in a far foreign land I	As the world you go traveling through;	Even here is a season of rest,	And say that they are "dead."	ture's Jawa.	inughing jaws; .	
torn reboso about the wound	awaken, And sigh for the friends who can	and never alt down with a prouch or a	And I to my cabin repair.	They are not dead! They have but		They bit, they glared, gave blows like	
it I quite forgave her-well, scratches don't count	greet me no more.	frown.	There's mercy in every place; And mercy, encouraging thought!	passed	At first my curses, then my provers to	beams, a wind went with their paws:	
Texas, down by the Rio Grande.	Ah! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace	But paddle your own canoe.	Gives even affliction a grace,	Beyond the mists, that blind us here,	God.	With wallowing might and stilled waar	
ave was brown a deep deep	In a mansion of peace, where no perils	I have no wife to bother my life,	And reconclies man to his lot.	Into the new and larger life Of that screner sphere.	Of secret thoughts conceived within thy sight.	they rolled on one another,	
brown:	can chase me?	That the whole day long with a langh	Mrs. Thomas Hagan, of Sandy, con-		Thou seem'st so much a friend, I would	Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother.	
r hair was darker than her eye:	Ah! never again shall my brothers em-	and a song,	tributes the following poem, which she	They have but dropped their robe of	not harm	The bloody foam above the bars came	
a something in the smile and frown, ried, crimson lip and instep high,	brace me! They died to defend me, or live to	I paddle my own canoe	attributed to Scott Flavel Innes as the	To put their shining raiment on;	One star within thy field-and yet-	whisking through the air; Said Francis, then "Faith, gentlemen,	
wed that there rah in each blue	a construction of the second	I rise with the lark and from daylight till dark	author: BUDS AND FRUIT.	They have not wandered far away-		we're better here than there!"	
vein,	the second s	I do what I have to do:	The nink apple blossom is just out of	They are not lost or gone.	Full thirty years had passed since		
ed with the milder Aztec strain, vigorous vintage of old Spain.	Clara D. Mitchell has sent the fol- lowing beautiful verses by Edwin L.	1 IB Chicles of women, it also only end	reach	When the River the Stand of a line for the Stand Stand	of friendly voice had filled his ear, and	De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,	
was alive in every limb with feel-	Sabin:	To paddle my own canoe.	Though you stand on the tips of your	They still are here and love us vet	now	With smiling lips and sharp, bright	
ing the finger ting and when the sun	MOTHERS.		A lesson has nature she wishes to	The dear ones they have left behind They never can forget.	He paced another deck than one de-	and any local sectors of the sector of the	
the finger tips, and when the sun is like fire,	Mothers are the quebrest things! 'Member when John went away,	It's all very well to depend on a friend. That is, if you've proved him true,	teach,			She thought, "the count, my lover, is	
d the sky a shining soft sapphire.	All but mother cried and cried	But you'll find it better by far, in the	You will learn it before Autumn goes,	And sometimes, when our hearts grow	Commissioned while the Nation's ships	brave as brave can be,	
does not drink in the little sips.	When they said good-bye that day.	end,		faint, Amid temptations fierce and deep,	Were called for duty home to try the	He surely would do wondrous things to	
air was beavy, the night was hot;	She just talked, and seemed to be Not the slightest bitsupset-	To paddle your own cance. To borrow is dearer by far than to buy,	Strive not for those buds that will fade	Or when the wildly raging waves	cause	Eing, ladies, lovers all look on; the	
at by her side and forgot-forgot.	Was the only one who smiled!	A maxim the' old, still true;	But notiently wait for a while	Of grief or passion sweep,	For which this poor deluded exile gave	occasion is divine;	
rgot the herd that were taking their rest;	Other's eyes were streaming wet.	You never will sigh if you only will	All things come in time, the moments	We feel upon our fevered brow	His manhood and his life. Near set of sun	I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."	
rgot that the air was close, oppres't;		To paddle your own cance.	are fleet, Soon that frown will give place to a		f The cry of "sail" was heard, and then,		
at the Texas norther comes sudden	On a furlough, safe and sound,		amiles	balm,	Against his will, they hurried him be-	She dropped her glove, to prove his love, she looked on him and	
and soon, the dead of night or the blaze of	With a medal for his deeds, And without a single wound,	If a hurricane rise in the midday skies And the sun is lost to view,		Their arms enfold us, and our hearts Grow comforted and calm.	The startling call to quarters thrilled	smiled'	
noon.	While the rest of us hurrahed,	Move steadily by, with a steadfast eye,	Strive not for those buds that will fade in a day.		his ear	He bowed, and in a moment leaped	
d once let that herd at its breath take fright,	Laughed and joked and danced about Mother klased him, and then she cried-	- And paddle your own cance. - The daisies that grow in the bright	But awalt the sweet fruit God will		And e're the roll of drum and boat- swain's whistle died away,	among the lions wild. The leap was guick, return was guick,	
thing on earth can stop their flight:		green fields	send:	For all the boundless universe	There came a distant "boom" that	he has regained his place,	
d wee to the rider and wee to the	and the second	Are blooming so sweet for you,	The bud may be high and out of your way	Is life-there are no dead!	Foused a hope	Then threw the glove-but not with	
steed, o falls in front of their mad stam-	(To the Editor.)-In The Sunday Oregonian on the poem page there was	So never sit down with a grouch or a frown,	While at the harvest the bough will		He yearned to realize. A moment more A deafining sound, that shook the very	"By heaven!" safd Francis, "rightly	
pede,	an inquiry for name of author of	f   But paddle your own cance.	bend.	Ruth Luce, who has been a contribu-	Awoke his heart with joy. He knew	done!" and rose from where he	
as that thunder? No! I grasped	"Little Green Tents." The poem is by	Mar H D Dibbles of Deipler has	The following poem was sent in by	guested by readers of this page, sent in	and hailed	"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets	
the cord	Con anyone contribute the poem	Mrs. H. R. Dibblee, of Rainler, has sent in a copy of "Alexander Selkirk."	Mrs. L. Craig. It appears in abridged	"An American Exile," by I. H. Brown	The truth. The land-his land was now	love a task like that."	
my mustang without a word,	"Lines to a Dying Infant," which used	by William Cowper, which was re-	form in many collections accredited to	of which was requested by one of our	r at war.	-Leigh Hunt	
					and the second se		