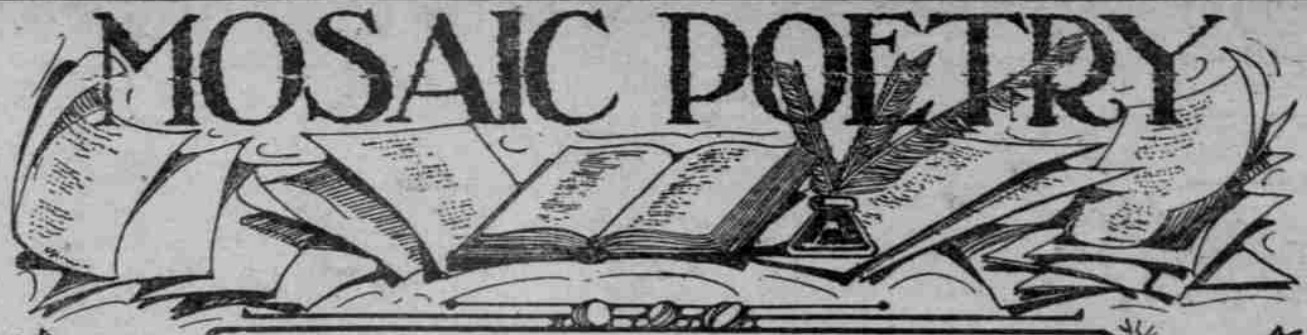


CALL CONTINUES FOR FAVORITE BALLADS OF THE OLDEN DAYS

NCE this page was begun in February, we have published several hundred old favorite poems, and are still receiving requests for...

I sprang to the saddle, she clung behind. Away on a hot race down the wind! But never was fox hunt half so hard...



(The publication of a famous old poem made up of single lines from various standard poets a few weeks ago, brought the following contributions from Gudrun Dahl. The mosaic poem here reprinted has been famous among poems of its type for some time. The names of the authors of each line are given opposite to the lines.)

I only knew she came and went. Like a troutlet in a pool; She was a phantom of delight...

Lord Lytton. It has also been said to have been written by J. L. McCreery, author of "Songs of Toll," which was published in New York in 1883.

readers several weeks ago. We reprint it herewith: AN AMERICAN EXILE. In Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where waved the flag from mizen gaff...

The foe—his name it mattered not to him— Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul With fire. Oh, love of country, thou art lazing as the faith of childhood, thou art stronger...