

REPRINTED POEMS OF LONG AGO BRING MEMORIES WITH THEM

Requests for Publication of Long-Forgotten Verses Continue to Come in and Many Are There Who Send in Copies of Old Favorites.

CONTRIBUTORS in the past week have sent in two copies of "Katie Lee and Willie Gray," which, through inadvertence, we mentioned as having appeared on this page before. Such was not the case and the poem will be printed as soon as possible. In addition to other contributors already acknowledged, we are indebted to Ruth Luce and Mrs. Albert Sutton for copies of the verses.

And wax and hammer and buckles and screws. And all such things as geniuses use: Two bats for patterns, curious fellow A Charcoal pot and a pair of bellows; Some wire and several old umbrellas. A carriage cover for tall and wings. A piece of harness; and straps and buckles.

THE LOST CHORD by Adelaide A. Proctor. Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease. And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

W. J. Pennington, of Pe Ell, Washington; C. W. Castle, of Baker, and from Mrs. W. H. Warren, of Portland. In sending in her contributions Mrs. Warren asks for the old poem that appeared in the old Barnes readers, beginning: "Oh, good painter, tell me true Has your hand the cunning to draw Shapes of things that you never saw?"

His face was pleasant and the while He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choir in the distance the choir woke And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

THE CLOSING SCENE. Within his sober realm of leafless trees, The russet year inhaled the dreamy Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease.

Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding There he sat! Buckled knee, and broad-brimmed hat. Seemed it pitiful he should sit there. No one sympathizing, no one heeding. None to love him for his thin gray hair.