

MEMORIAL AND DECORATION DAY POEMS ARE REQUESTED

Entire Page on May 27 Will Be Devoted to Articles if Enough Are Sent In—Many Old Offerings Contributed by Readers.

SUGGESTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS TO THE POETRY PAGE.

We are not able to reprint poems requested which belong to works that are protected by copyright, such as Service, Kipling, Riley and others.

Except in cases where there is exceptional timeliness, it is not possible to reprint poems which have appeared on this page already within a period of a few months.

Copies that are sent in illegibly written, written on both sides of the pages or written without regard to the correct poetical form, or poems which are obviously incorrect, cannot be handled on this page.

Neither can we continue to reprint poems that have been popular in recent years, owing to the vast number of genuinely old poems that must be handled.

Unless request for the return of clippings or manuscripts, with an inclosure of postage or stamped and addressed envelope, is made, copies of poems will not be returned after they are used.

Contributions are handled as rapidly as possible, but owing to the volume of manuscripts received, it is frequently several weeks before a poem sent in can be reprinted.

Precedence in reprinting is given to copies of poems sent in in response to requests printed on this page.

In sending in manuscript, write on one side only of the paper, leave a fair space at the beginning of the first page and at the end of the last and indicate at the end of the manuscript to whom it is to be credited.

We reserve the right to reject without comment contributions which are inappropriate or of little value either from a sentimental, historical or poetical standpoint.

Note on the outside of the envelope, "Old Poem Department."

THE old song, "No, Sir," continues to come in from interested contributors and we must acknowledge copies from Mrs. L. E. Hlatt, of Vancouver; "J. A. F.," of Astoria; Mrs. P. Krutinger, Mrs. R. E. Veltum, of Eugene, and Mrs. Robert Graham, of Aberdeen.

We are indebted for a copy of "Roger and I" or "The Vagabonds," also to Thomas J. Boothby, of Corvallis, Ruth Luce and J. W. Jones.

R. G. Case requests us to reprint "The Soldiers' Dream," but this was printed in the issue of August 13, 1916, and the poem "The Captain Samuel," when she's moored to her pier.

Mrs. J. W. Jones requests "The Battle of Shiloh," in which the lines that follow are: "It was early morning, April 6th, We struck our tents and marched away, From Benton's Hannocks we did go, To meet the 'Invincible' on the coast."

"Twenty-nine" is requested by Mrs. Charles W. Buel, of Albany. "Sweet Roses of Spring, They Are Fading," and "Far on the Deep Blue Sea," is requested by Mrs. A. V. Pendleton.

"Reverend Quaco Strong," which begins "Swing the gate wide, Fostle Peter, ring the bell and beat de gong, let de seraphs dance with cymbals, round the Reverend Quaco Strong," is asked by a contributor from McMinnville.

D. J. Cooper, of The Dalles, wants the verses beginning: "Tomorrow is our sailing day and I have haste to go, the Texas does submit to cruel Mexico."

Mrs. John W. Willise, of 363 1/2 East Morrison, requests "Deadwood Dick and Finney." C. W. Castle, of Baker, suggests that a page of Memorial day, or Decoration day poems that have been previously printed be made up for the last Sunday in May.

Contributions for such a page will be welcomed up to May 23, and if a sufficient number are received, the entire page will be devoted on the Sunday following that date, to Decoration day verses.

A SOLITARY WAY. Psalm cvii, 1-9. There is a mystery in human hearts, And though we feel and beat de gong, Of those who love us well, and are beloved.

To everyone of us, from time to time, There comes a day when we are lonely, Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy, And cannot realize our bitterness.

"There is not one who really understands," Not one to enter into all I feel! Such is the cry of each of us in turn. We wonder "why" and "how" it is, No matter what or where our lot may be;

Each heart, mysterious even to itself, Must live its inner life in solitude. Job vii, 17—Matthew x, 37. And would you know the reason why this is?

It is because the Lord desires our love; In every heart he wishes to be first; He, therefore, keeps the secret key himself.

To open all its chambers, and to bless, With perfect peace, the holy souls, Each solitary soul which comes to him; So when we feel this loneliness it is the voice of Jesus saying, "Come to me";

And every time we are "not understood," It is a call to us to come again, For Christ can satisfy the soul; And those who walk with him from day to day Can never have "a solitary way."

Lead us, Christ, I pray, And when beneath some heavy cross you faint, And say, "I cannot bear this cross alone," You say the truth, Christ made it purposely So heavy that you must return to him. The bitter grief, which no one understands, Conveys a secret message from the King.

Entreat you to come to him again. The man of sorrows understands it well; In all points tempted he can be with you; You cannot come too often or too near. The Son of God is infinite in grace; His presence satisfies the longing soul, And those who walk with him from day to day, Can never have "a solitary way."

—Contributed by Julia L. Ramson, of McMinnville, Or.

"The Dreadnought" has nothing to do with modern battleships, but is a chanted composed 60 years ago, which has since become a classic among seafaring men, and which has received additional status until the original has been spun out into hundreds of verses. Kipling refers to it and tells how sailors used to sing it all night long, faithfully working the Dreadnought to all parts of the world.

Captain W. H. Hardy, of Portland, the sole survivor of the Perry expedition

to Japan, lays claim to the composition of the original chantey of the Dreadnought. "I wrote it when I was third mate of the Dreadnought, and it was suggested to me by Mr. Whitehorn, the fourth mate," says Captain Hardy. "I wrote it on March 20, 1857, whilst on passage from Liverpool to New York." The version of the famous old chantey, as sent in by Captain Hardy, follows:

THE DREADNOUGHT. It's of a flash packet, A packet of fame, She sails to the westward, And the Dreadnought's her name. She sails to the westward, Where stormy winds blow; Bound away in the Dreadnought To the westward we'll go.

It's now we are lying In the River Morsey, Waiting for the Constitution To tow us to sea. She'll tow us round the black rock Where the tide ebb and flow; Bound away in the Dreadnought To the westward we'll go.

It's now we are sailing Down the wild Irish shore, With our passengers all sick And our sailors all sore; While the gulls in our wake Fly around, to and fro, Bound away in the Dreadnought To the westward we'll go.

It's now we are sailing The ocean so wide, Where the dark and deep waters Dash by our sides, While our sailors aloft Like the lightning do go, Bound away in the Dreadnought To the westward we'll go.

It's now we are sailing On the banks of Newfoundland, Where the water is deep And the bottom is sand, While the fish in the ocean Swim around, to and fro, Bound away in the Dreadnought To the westward we'll go.

It's now we are sailing Down the Long Island shore, Where the pilot he boards us As oft times before, Saying: "Fill away your maintopails, Board your main tack also; She's a Liverpool packet, Brave lads! Let her go!"

And now to conclude And to finish my song, In what I have said I hope there's no wrong; For the song was composed When she was bound below; Bound away in the Dreadnought To the westward we'll go.

It's now we are sailing On the Hudson And New York will soon appear; It's there we'll have the Dreadnought When she's moored to her pier. So here's health to Captain Samuel; Here's health to his crew; Here's health to the Dreadnought! Let us bid her adieu!

DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS. Oh, my golden slippers am laid away, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wedding day. And my long-tailed coat dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.

Any my long white robe dat I bought last June, I'm going to get changed kase it fits too soon; And de old grey horse dat I used to drive, I'll hitch up to de chariot in the morn.

Chorus. Oh, dem golden slippers, Oh, dem golden slippers, golden slippers I'm going to wear to walk the golden road. Oh, dem golden slippers, Oh, dem golden slippers, golden slippers I'm going to wear because they look so neat.

Oh my old banjo hangs on the wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since way last Fall. But de darkies all say we will hab a good time when we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Dar's old Brudder Ben and Sister Luce dey will telegraph the news to Uncle Bacco Juice, What a great camp meeting dere will be dat day.

When we ride up in de chariot in de morn, So it's goodbye children, I will hab to go. Where de rain don't fall nor de wind don't blow, And yer ulster coat why yer will not need, When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean, And yer age must be just sweet sixteen. And yer white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Recently requested, and contributed by Eula McClane, of Salem.

THE request for the old song, "No, Sir," has brought a flood of responses. Copies have been received from A. L. Morris, of Warren; A. L. Orr, of Salem; Mrs. H. L. St. Clair, of Gresham; Mrs. H. P. Steers, of The Dalles; C. W. Badger, of Portland; Pearl Schlegler, of Olympia; Mrs. John A. Port, of Newberg; Margaret L. Downey, of Palouse, Wash.; Frances V. Foster, of Portland; J. H. Dawson, of Tillamook, and Mrs. George L. Brown, of Portland.

The song is popular in the early '80s and the melody will be remembered by many of our readers.

NO, SIR! Tell me one thing, tell me truly, Tell me why you scorn me so; Tell me why, when asked a question, That you always answer no.

Chorus— No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no; No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no; No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no; No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no!

My father was a Spanish merchant, And before he went to sea, He told me to be sure and answer "No" to all who asked to me, No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no; No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no!

Chorus— If when walking in the garden, Plucking flowers all wet with dew, Tell me would you be offended, If I would ask you about you? No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no; No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no!

Chorus— If while walking in the garden, I should ask you to be mine, And tell you that I loved you, Would you then my heart decline? No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no; No, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no!

GRAFFED INTO THE ARMY. (This satirical old song was in high popularity in the time when the draft was on in the Civil War, and was sung everywhere to poke fun at reluctant conscripts. A contributor sends it in

THE REVELLE By Bret Harte.



Hark, I hear the tramp of thousands, And of armed men the hum; Lo, a nation's hosts have gathered Round the quick alarming drum— Saying "Come, Freemen, come, Ere your heritage be wasted." Said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel; War is not of life the sum; Who shall stay and reap the harvest When the Autumn days shall come?" But the drum Echoed "Come, Death shall reap the braver harvests," Said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle, What of profits springs therefrom? What of conquests—subjugation— Even greater ills become," But the drum Answered "Come, You must do the sum to prove it," Said the Yankee answering drum.

"What if 'mid the cannon thunder Whistling shot and bursting bomb, When my brothers fall around me, Should my heart grow cold and numb?" But the drum Answered "Come, Better there in death united, Than in life a recreant—come."

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing— Some in faith and doubting, some, Till a trumpet voice, proclaiming, said, "My chosen people come"; Then the drum Lo, was dumb, For the great heart of the nation Throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come."

—Contributed by Ida May Johnston, of Huntington, Or.

THE LILY OF THE WEST. I just came down from London, some pleasure to find, A handsome girl from Nassau, so pleasing to my mind;

Her cherry cheeks and rolling eyes, Like arrows pierced my breast; And they called her Handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

For seven long years I courted her; I tore him from my own true love and boldly bade him stand.

Being mad to desperation, my dagger I thrust up to my rival with my dagger sharp in hand;

I tore him from my own true love and boldly bade him stand. Being mad to desperation, my dagger I thrust up to my rival with my dagger sharp in hand;

Now my trial has come off, my sentence soon shall be, They placed me in the criminal box and she so deceived me, she so modestly she dressed.

That she outshone bright Venus, the Lily of the West. Since I have gained my liberty, a-roving I will go, I'll travel the world over to find my love once more.

Thou' she robbed me of my liberty and deprived me of my rest, Still I adore you, Mary, you're the girl that I love best.

THE HERITAGE. The rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick and stone and gold; And he inherits soft, white hands; And tender flesh that fears the cold.

One would not care to hold in fee. The rich man's son inherits care; The brick may break, the factory burn; Some breath may burst his bubble and soft, white hands would hardly earn.

A living that would not suit his turn; A heritage, it seems to me, One would not care to hold in fee.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN. The rich man's son inherits wants; His stomach craves, for dainty fare With stashed heart, he hears the pants Of tolling hands with brown arms bare.

And waxes in his easy chair; A heritage, it seems to me, One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart; A hardy frame, a hardier spirit; Kinship to two hands he does his part in every useful tool and art;

A heritage, it seems to me, A King might wish to hold in fee. What does the poor man's son inherit? Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things; A rank adjudged by toll-worm merit; Content that from employment springs;

A heart that in his labor sings; A heritage, it seems to me, A King might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit? A patience learned by being poor; Large charity does never soil; But only whitens, soft, white hands; That is the best crop from the lands; A heritage, it seems to me, A King might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son, there is a toll That with all other level stands; Large charity does never soil; But only whitens, soft, white hands; That is the best crop from the lands; A heritage, it seems to me, A King might wish to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state!

Saying a calm, "God speed you," Bidding them bravely go, Somewhere the danger's thickest, Somewhere it counts afar; All with our prayers and blessings, Gone, gone to the war.

OH! If the Lord of battles Were not our strength and stay, Mothers and wives and sisters, Where should we turn today? But knowing his power extendeth, Where'er his children are, Trusting, we pray, God keeps them, Gone, gone to the war.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER. (Abridged.) Steady, boys, steady! Keep your arms ready, God only knows whom we may meet here. Don't let me be taken; I'd rather awaken, Tomorrow—no matter where, Than to lie in that foul prison-hole over there.

Step slowly! Speak lowly! The rocks may have life; Lay me down in the hollow; We are out of the strife.

By heaven; the foeman may track me in blood, For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood; No! No! Surgeon for me; he can give me no aid; The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade; What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man! I thought you a hero; but since you To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens, By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! Well! I am rough; 'tis a very rough school, This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool! I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe; And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.

But wasn't it grand, When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand; But we stood—did we not—like immovable rock, Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock; Did you mind the loud cry, when as turning to fly, Our men sprang upon them, determined to die, Oh, wasn't it grand?

God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight; No time was there given for prayer or for flight; They were in the score, in the crash, hand to hand, And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.

Great heaven! This bullet-hole gaped like a grave! A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave! Is there never a one of you know how to pray, Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away? Pray! Pray!

Our Father! Our Father! Why don't you proceed, Can't you see I am dying Great God, how I bleed! Our Father in heaven—boys, tell me the rest, While I stanch the hot blood from the hole in my breast.

There's something about the forgiveness of a man; Put that in put that in—and then I'll follow your words and say an "Amen."

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand, And Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand, When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud, And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?

Where's Wilson, my comrade? Here, stoop down your head, Can't you see I'm short prayer for the dying and dead? HYMN.

"Christ—God, who died for sinners all, Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry: Let not 'em this poor sparrow fall Unheeded by thy gracious eye; Grant them thy grace, O Father, let them live, And take him, pleading, to thine arms; Forgive, O Lord, his lifelong sin, And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn, It is light to my path, now my sight has grown dim, I am dying! Bend down, till I touch you once more!

Don't forget my old fellow, God prosper this war! Confusion to enemies—keep hold of my hand, my dear flag o'er a prosperous land! —Contributed by Mrs. Florence Cady, of Fairbridge, Wash.

THE FLAG THAT MAKES MEN FREE. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. The battle clouds obscured the land and dimmed the ether seas, The dread alarms of war wailed out on every swelling breeze;

The land the fathers wrestled for, in hunger, cold and thirst, Lay bound and bleeding in the toils of tyranny accursed.

They sought for sign or symbol, but to rescue there was none, When the stars and stripes flashed the flag of Washington— The bonny flag, the beautiful flag, the flag of colors three, Your flag, my flag, the people's flag— The flag that makes men free.

And red for human brotherhood; no matter creed or clan, The same rich blood proclaims us one in God's eternal plan; And white for peace and purity, and Heaven on earth begun;

They kissed its folds and through the years of storm and stress they came, The ragged Continentals crowned with earth-compacted foam; Their star-bespangled banner streaming over land and sea— Your flag, my flag, the people's flag— The flag that makes men free.

And lo! the scene was shifted and while the heroes slept, Through marts of trade and traffic the foes of freedom crept. For pride and power they wrestled, for lust of greed and gain, They forged the human shackles and might resumed her reign;

As Jeer and sneer run riot where dread an discord reigned, The right of man lay trampled beneath the tyrant's heel. They fired the torch of treason and set ablaze the land; Your flag, my flag, the people's flag— The flag that makes men free.

Then shop and school and farm and mine and factory outpour, And thrice a hundred thousand men are marshaled at the fore; And thrice a hundred thousand men, with purpose staunch and true, On storied height, on gory plain, to die for me and you;

THE NAME OF MOTHER. There are words that speak of a quenchless love, Which burns in the hearts we cherish; And accents that tell of a friendship proved, That never will blight or perish; There are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips, Far richer than any other; But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard Is the blessed name of mother.

Oh, magical word! May it never die From the lips that love to speak it; Nor melt away from the trusting hearts That even would break to keep it; Was there ever a name that lived like this? Will there ever be such another? The angels have reared in heaven a shrine For the holy name of Mother. —Contributed by Alice B. Russell.

GO TO THE WAR. Out from our homes, and hearthstones, Noble of heart and hand, Each to the call responding, God, and our own proud land; Brothers and sons and husbands, Follow the guiding star, Gone from our homes, God help us, Gone, gone to the war.

Lips that are white with anguish, Marmara nor falterings know, To consecrate our flag anew to truth's unending fame— Equality, Fraternity, in thunder tones proclaim— To fly from fort and citadel for awe, exultingly— Your flag, my flag, the people's flag— The flag that makes men free.

What word, O fallen heroes! within the portals low, Where underneath the Southern Cross the sweet magnolias grow? Guard well that flag, lest while you sleep the foe should haul it down While weeping fills our peaceful land and cannon flame and frown. Guard well that flag, lest greed and graft should splash those stars of light And, followed by the orphan's moan, fair Freedom takes her flight! Guard well that flag, for faith and hope and better days to be— Your flag, my flag, the people's flag— The flag that makes men free! —Contributed by Ruth Luce.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED. By James Montgomery. "Make way for liberty," he cried— "Made way for liberty, and died. In arms the Austrian phalanx stood, A living wall, a human wood; All-horror with projected spears, Impregnable their front appears, Opposed to them a hovering band Contended for their fatherland; Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke From manacles the ignoble yoke; Marshalled once more at freedom's call, They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death Hung on the pass; The fire of conflict burned within; The battle trembled to begin; Yet, while the Austrians held their ground, Point for assault was nowhere found; Where'er the impatient Switzer gazed, The unbroken line of lance and blade; That line 'twere suicide to break; And perish at their tyrant's feet. How could they rest within their graves? To leave their homes the haunts of slaves? Would they not feel their children tread, With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour, Annals the invader's power. All Switzerland is in the field, She will not fly, she cannot yield, She must not fall; her better fate lies in her hand, and in the scale alone, While each unto himself was he On whose sole arm hung victory.

It depended on one, indeed; Behold him—armed and cheered! There sounds not to the trump of Fame The echo of a nobler name. Unmarked, he stood amid the throng, In rutilation deep and song, Till you might see, with sudden grace, The very that come o'er his face, And by motion of his form, Anticipate the trumpet's storm, And, by the uplifting of his brow, Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner that than done— The field was in a moment won! "Make way for liberty!" he cried, Then raised his sword, and wide, As if his dearest friend to clasp; Ten spears he swept within his grasp; "Make way for liberty!" he cried; Their keen points crossed from side to side; He bowed amidst them like a tree, And thus made way for liberty, Swift to the rear, the comrade fly— "Make way for liberty," they cry, And through the Austrian phalanx dart, As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart. While instantaneous as his fall, Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all; An earthquake of could not overthrow A city with a surer blow. Thus Switzerland again was free; Thus death made way for liberty; He rested by St. L. Collins. Sent in by William Klein.

"A homesteader in Curry" requests the "Tramp Ballad" recently sent: TRAMP BALLAD. By Harry Kemp. We huddled in the mission, For it was cold and drear, An' I listened to the preacher Tell of the Crucified; Without a sleepy drizzle Cut deep each ragged form, An' so we stood the talkin' For shelter from the storm. They sang of good an' evil An' things I stopped believin' When I was yet a boy; They spoke of an' an' evil An' offered savin' grace— An' some showed love for mankind A-shinin' in the face, But some their craft was workin' Th' same as me an' you, But most was argin' on us What they believed was true. We sang, an' danced, an' listened, But only feared, us men, The hour when service over, We'd have to mooch again An' walk the icy pavements, An' breast the snow storm gray, 'Till the saloons was opened An' there was hints of day; So, when the Crucified was sinner, 'Wont you come?' I came, But in my face was shame— An' so I forgave me Jesus, For mockin' of thy name; For I was cold an' hungry— They gave me grub an' bread After I kneeled there with them An' many prayers were said An' so I forgave me Jesus, I didn't mean no harm An' outside it was zero, An' inside it was warm. Yes! I was cold an' hungry, An' oh, tho' crucified was sinner, Thou friend of all the lowly, Forgive the lie I lied.

HOLLOW HOLLOW. I stood beneath a hollow tree, The blast it hollow blew; I thought upon the hollow world And all its hollow crew. Ambition and its hollow schemes, The hollow hopes we follow; Imagination's hollow dreams, All hollow, hollow hollow. A crown it is a hollow thing, And hollow heads oft wear it; The hollow critic vents his praise To hollow fools who feed him; The hollow friend who takes your hand Is but a Summer swallow; What'er I see is like this tree, All hollow, hollow hollow. —Contributed by C. W. Castle.