

MORE FAVORITE POEMS ANSWER NUMEROUS REQUESTS

THE responses to the request recently published for Whittier's poem, "In School Days," has brought an overwhelming list of responses.

Following are contributors whose copies of this poem we wish to acknowledge: Mrs. S. E. Woodman, F. Wilkinson, of Portland; Miss A. M. Spooner, of Dayton; Alice Lanpher, Mrs. A. R. R. of Portland; Dr. Peiham, of Union; Mrs. Edith Gardner, of Gresham; Inez Fancher, of Tenino; Miss Gertrude Colne, of Salem; Mrs. Mabel Hart, of Vale; Mrs. Harry Rooper, of Astoria; Mrs. E. J. Simpson, of Buxton, and others who did not give their names.

The poem is reprinted herewith.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE.
Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it the sunbaked grass grows,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps of olden days;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknives carved initial.

The charcoal fresco on its wall;
Its door worn and its face grimed;
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over at its setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled corner curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving;
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon his face,
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Fushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and their love,
Like her—because they love him.

THE TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.
A is for adder, that lies in the cup;
The drunkard doesn't see it and so
Drinks it up.

B is for bottle, "poison" thereon;
Touch not, taste not, handle not, or
You'll be undone.

C is for conscience, which bids us be
Of learning to drink, to lie and
To swear.

D is for drunkard, just look at his
How red are his eyes and how dirty
His clothes.

E is for evening, when he goes out to
What he knows does him harm if he
Only would think.

F is for fountain, pure and clear;
Who only drinks water has nothing
To fear.

G is for gin, that makes people lazy;
The crowd crosses to their wives and then
Finally crazy.

H is for heaven, which no drunkard
Can know.
While drink holds him in bondage to
sin and to woe.

I is for inn, like a rat trap, no doubt;
When once you get in it is hard to
get out.

J is for jail, where the drunkard is
kept.
Till the fumes of liquor away he has
slept.

K is for knowledge, of which little re-
mains
When he puts in his mouth what
runs off with his brains.

L is for liquor, whatever the name,
The taste, or the color, they all are
the same.

M is for monkey, who is wiser than
men;
If you once get him drunk, you can't
do it again.

N is for Noah, who planted the vine,
And (how sad is the warning) got
drunk on it.

O is for orphan, of whom thousands
are made
Every month in the year by the rum-
seller's trade.

P is for pledge all good children should
take.
If you can't sign your name, your
mark you should make.

Q is for quarrel, look sharp and you'll
find
In nearly all quarrels there's liquor
behind.

R is for rum and for rumeller, too;
With one or the other have nothing
to do.

S is for snow, where the poor drunkard
lies,
Overcome by liquor and freezes and
dies.

T is for tippler, who grows worse and
worse,
Till he finds, to his sorrow, not a
cold in his nose.

U is for union; in union there is
strength.
With the young and the old there is
victory.

V is for victim who staggered around
Till he fell in the river, where, of
course he was drowned.

W is for woe, which your one feels
Who partakes of strong liquors and
through the street reels.

X is for Xerxes, a great army he had;
But alcohol's army is larger, you see,
Y is for youth, daring youth, O be-
ware!

Z is for zeal, of strong drink should
these also enslave.
Z is for zeal, which I hope we will be
From strong drink's dominions our
country to free.

Contributed in response to request by
F. H. Fountain, of Everett.

OUR HEROIC DEAD.
O sun, subside your splendor;
O birds, forget your mirth;
O robe of mist so tender,
Enshroud a lifeless earth.

O sea, renounce your mourning;
O winds, a requiem play;
O heart, with grief's intoning,
December wreaths from May.

A nation's praise
A vigil keeps
O'er her heroic dead.

O sun, unshroud your lances;
Plying out your rainbow arch;
O music that entrances
Sound a triumphal march.

O flag, by Heaven's portals
Unfold your gleaming bars;
For there earth's dear immortals
For ever placed your stars.

Wash, and Mrs. May Baker, of Black
Rock. The song appears under the
titles, "Little Mohe," "The Little Mo-
he," "Pretty Mohe," "Little Maun-
mee" and "The Cocoon Grove."

PRETTY MAUMEE.
As I went walking one morning in
May,
To hear the birds whistle and pass
away the day.

As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Whom I was passing but a
young Indian lass.

She stepped up beside me and gave me
her hand,
Saying, "You look like some stranger,
not of this land."

Will you be contented to live along
with me?
I'll teach you the language of the
pretty Maumee.

"Oh no! my pretty damsel, that never
can be.
For I have true love in my own
country;

I could not forsake her for her po-
verty;
She has a true heart as the pretty
Maumee."

The very next morning at the break-
ing of day,
It might well broke a poor heart by
the way.

"Now I'm going to leave you, so fare
you well, my dear."
The vessel set sail and for homeward
did steer.

The last time I saw her was down on
the sand,
The ship had passed by her; she waved
me her hand.

Saying, "When you get home again to
the girl that you love,
Remember the maiden of the cocoon
grove."

And now I'm safe landed on my own
native shore,
Where friends and relations crowd
around me once more;

But of all that crowd around me and
all that I see,
There's none to compare with the
pretty Maumee.

This poem, recently requested, is
supplied by Eula McClane, of Salem.

SHABBY GENTLE.
We have heard it asserted a dozen
times o'er
That a man may be happy in rag;
That a prince is no more in his car-
riage and four
Than a pauper who tramps on the
ground.

As I chance to be neither, I cannot
describe
How a prince or a pauper may feel.
I belong to that highly respectable
tribe
Which is known as the shabby gen-
teel.

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,
I know what it is to be a pauper;
My tatters and rag I try to conceal;
I'm one of the shabby gentel.

I'm a party, in fact, who has known
better days,
But their glory is faded and gone.
I have started in line in a lot of odd
ways.

And have not found a way to get on;
There are only three roads, I'm afraid,
That are left—
I shall have to beg, borrow or steal.

Yet I don't quite encourage the notion
of theft.
Though I'm awfully shabby gentel,
I'm dressed in my best, tho' I cannot
pretend.

That my costume is quite commel-
ing
You'll observe that my watch has been
left with a friend,
And my gloves are unfitted for show.
There are traces of wear on my elbows
and knees.

And my boots have run down at the
heel.
But it is cruel to criticize matters like
these,
When a man has grown shabby
and old.

Still, I strive to be cheerful in all my
distress,
And be my bad luck like a man.
If I can't have my way as to feeding
and dress,

I must still do the best that I can;
And remember, good people, that for-
tune some day,
By a turn of her treacherous wheel,
May reduce one of you in the very
same way.

To the level of the shabby gentel.

ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.
Down in front of Casey's old brown
house,
On a Summer's evening, we formed a
merry group.

Boys and girls together, we would
sing and dance,
While Jenny played the organ on the
sidewalks of New York.

Chorus—
East Side, West Side, all around the
town,
The tots sang "ring-a-rosy" London
Boys and girls together, we would sing
and dance.

While Jenny played the organ on the
sidewalks of New York.

There was pretty Jennie Shannon,
And little Jimmy Crow,
And Billy Jones, the baker,
Who always had the dough.

There was little Nellie Tracy,
With a dudu as light as cork,
Who first picked up the waifs step
On the sidewalks of New York.

Things have changed since those days,
Some have up in G;
Others they are wandering,
But they all feel just like me.

They would give all their gold to catch
If they could once more walk
With their best girl, and have a twirl
On the sidewalks of New York.

—Sent by Mrs. J. N. Kunkel.

"KATE'S SECRET."
Last night I was weeping, dear mother;
Last night I was weeping alone;
This world seemed so sad and dreary,
I thought of the lonely and loveless,
Though lonely and loveless was I.

I scarcely could tell how it was, mother,
Although I was wishing to die.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
But Willie came down by the gate
And whispered: "Come out in the moon-
light,
I've something to say to you, Kate."

And, mother, in this wild world, beside,
Than all in this world, beside,
He told me so, out in the moonlight,
And he called me his darling, his
bride.

So now I will gather the roses
To twine in my long braided hair,
And Willie will come in the evening
And smile when he sees me so fair.

And out in the moonlight will wander
Way down by the old "Hawthorne
tree."

And, mother, I wonder if I love
We're ever as happy as we?
—Contributed by Mrs. J. N. Kunkel in
response to a request.

"White Wings" recently requested,
has been sent in by many contributors.
Various versions have come in, and in
reprinting it we are following the
version that the majority of the copies
received were set in. Contributors are:
Mrs. Laura White, of Colfax, Wash.;
Mrs. D. Bourgeois, of Salem; M. J. Doyle,
Winter, of Hoquiam; Mrs. S. Arm-

strong, of Vader, Wash., and F. J.
Skale, of Portland.

WHITE WINGS.
Written and Sung by Banks Winter.
Sail home, as straight as an arrow,
My yacht shoots along on the crest
of the sea;

Sail home, to sweet Maggie Darrow,
In her dear little home she is wait-
ing for me.

High up, where the cliffs they are
craggy,
That's where the girl of my heart
waits for me!

Heigh ho, I long for you, Maggie,
I'll spread out my white wings and
sail home to thee.

To! ho, how we go! oh, how the winds
blow!

Chorus:
White Wings, they never grow weary;
They carry me cheerily over the sea;
Night comes, I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings and
sail home to thee.

FRANCE

(Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, written in another day, comes again into peculiar timeliness, and we take pleasure in reprinting it at this time. The copy used here was contributed by Mrs. E. J. Simpson, of Buxton.)



Sister in trial! Who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name?

Till Yorktown saw in blended line
Our conquering arms advance,
And victor's double garlands twine
Our banners? Live in France!

O land of heroes! in our need
One gift from heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed—
The wise to lead the brave!

Call back one captain of thy past
From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
To rouse us! Live in France!

Pluck Conde's baton from the trench,
Wake up stout Charles Martel,
Or find some woman's hand to clench
The sword of La Pucelle!

Give us one hour of old Turenne—
One lift of Bayard's lance—
Nay, call Marengo's chief again
To lead us! Live in France!

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had graced the stately wall.

The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wove strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest court-
ier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of a bench-
man.

Who filled the flagons for him:
The brow was a priest's, who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wondering minstrel's,
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
Were the very lips of a woman
Some hint of the highest dwells;
But the smile which her curves trans-
figured.

Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How in every form of the human,
The flash of the highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The flash of the highest dwells."

Copied from the Unity Magazine, as
selected by S. Louise Foulkes and
contributed by D. A. Dreyer, City.

Mrs. Deborah Young, of Portland;
Mrs. Bruce L. Bogart, of Eugene, and
Mrs. A. M. Spooner, of Dayton, send
copies of "The Drummer Boy of Water-
loo."

THE DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO.
When battle roused each warlike band,
And carnage lured her trumpets blew,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer boy for Waterloo.

His mother, when his lips she pressed,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With smiling hands and aching
breast,
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

But he who knew no infant fears,
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those
tears,
Till I return from Waterloo."

He went, but ere the set of sun,
Before our arms the foe subdued,
The flash of death, that murderous
gun,
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

"O, comrades, comrades!" Edwin cried,
And proudly beamed his eyes of blue,
"Go tell my mother Edwin died,
A soldier's death at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum,
Beneath the moon's pale, mournful
beams,
When night had stilled the battle's
hum,
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood,
It shall hang in my inmost chamber.

THE KING'S PICTURE.
The King from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Illif, the painter,
And bade him paint his part.

"I am sickened of this part,"
He said, "and I bid thee paint
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken mea-
sures."

Chief slave in a realm of slaves!
Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood,
It shall hang in my inmost chamber.

Then turn your work, puri as before
The seam-stitch—two in one, one more;
Then turn again, knit till you see
Where first you turned—a gap will be;

Across it knit together two,
And don't forget one plain to do,
Then turn again, puri as before,
And so—till there's a gap no more.

The seam-stitch you no longer mind;
That, with the heel, is left behind.
When all the heel is quite closed in,
To knit a plain row you begin.

Copyright, at the end you turn, knit
But 'round and 'round knit as before.
For this, on a side needle take
The plain row, and knit two in one.

Then turn your work, puri as before
The seam-stitch—two in one, one more;
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That thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

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And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had graced the stately wall.

The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wove strange meaning,
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