

MANY FAVORITES OF LONG AGO ASKED BY CORRESPONDENTS

Readers Urged to Search Scrapbooks for Some Poems Not in Print for Years but Which Are Wanted by Contributors.

REQUESTS for the reprinting of poems on this page have come in even more rapidly than contributions, and we have been asked at this time scores of requests, dating back for months, which we have not yet had the opportunity to print.

Under these circumstances we desire to ask the further co-operation of our contributors.

No new requests will be received and filed until the ones that have accumulated have been made public and we will appreciate the assistance of our readers in supplying the poems asked for by the writers whose letters have been crowding in upon us so overwhelmingly.

Through the assistance of our readers and contributors we hope within a few weeks to have the boards cleared so that we will be able to receive and handle other new requests. As it is we shall be obliged to claim the privilege of throwing aside a great number of accumulated requests for old poems where in our judgment it appears that the piece asked for is of but slight poetical or sentimental value.

We desire to acknowledge at this time contributions of the "Song of the Rose" from Mrs. A. W. Lawrence, of Salem, and Viola Sienk, of Silverton. The copies arrived too late for acknowledgment last week.

Following are a few of the accumulated requests that we would like assistance from our contributors to meet: Ellen B. Vierhues wants the children's song, "Up, up in the Sky, the Little Birds Fly."

"The Keys of Tomorrow" is wanted by Mrs. A. P. Nelson, of La Grande.

"The Legend of Eriksen" beginning "Girt round with rugged mountains, the fair Lake Constance lies; in her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies" is wanted by Mrs. Mabel Hart, of Vale.

"Is there room among the angels?" requested by Mrs. Y. C. Cooper.

Dr. Pelham, of Union, wants "For Her Baby's Sake," beginning:

"It was evening, and the dwellers in a quiet land forgot you, mother, I heard a strange, uncommon shouting and the rush of many feet."

"The Little House on the Hill" is also requested.

"Bay Billy," the story of the horse that came riderless at roll call, is wanted by Mrs. Robert Graham.

Mrs. D. J. Cooper, of The Dalles, wants the poem that begins:

"I love, O how I love to ride The iron horse in his fiery pride."

"My Ship" is requested by E. H. Collins. It contains the following:

"Down to the wharves as the sun goes down And the daylight tumult and dust and din Are dying away in the busy town, I go to see if my ship comes in."

Minerva Kennedy requests the song that goes, in part, as follows:

"We will meet, but we will miss him; There will be one vacant chair; We will linger to caress him While we breathe our evening prayer."

Another request is for the whole of the following:

"Farewell, mother, you may never Press me to your heart again, But O, I'll not draw you, mother, If I'm numbered with the slain."

Another request is received for a gospel hymn, Hymns and Sunday school songs, such as "Bury Me Not in the Lone Prairie," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," etc. We cannot reprint them at this time.

The request for poems suitable for July the 4th brought only two responses and these copies arrived too late to be used on last Sunday's page. We are reprinting them now, however.

A QUEER TRIO.

BY ELIZABETH THOMAS.

Have you heard of three brothers whose coming and going is such a mystery?

The Third and the Fourth and the Fifth of July?

The Third is so busy he's up with the sun.

He's counting his pennies and planning his fun.

And he lies down at night in his snug little bed.

With the queerest and merriest dreams in his head.

The boys are all glad his departure to see.

But the grown people like him the best of the three.

Then in marches the Fourth with a soldier's stride.

A cockade in his hat and a sword at his side.

From the East to the West, wherever he comes.

There's a thunder of cannon and rattle of drums.

And his red, white and blue flies so proud and so free.

And his rockets outline all the stars in the sky.

Oh, what a magnificent fellow he is.

The finest and jolliest far of the three.

And now comes the Fifth—oh, the poor little fellow!

So sober and still, with his arm in a sling.

And his dear little fingers, one, two, three and four.

Yes, all the whole ten are so blistered and sore.

And his stubby burnt curls must have met a mishap.

And he hasn't a cracker nor rocket nor cap.

And he's tired, and so dreadfully cross, O dear me!

The saddest and wisest and last of the three!

—Contributed by "X. Y. Z."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Very peacefully they rest— Who, in life by peace unblessed, Caught in the waters of discord and strife, Felt the battle shock and thrill, Heard the dreadful cannon's roar, Death behind and death before, Fighting on the sea and land, Foot to foot and hand to hand.

Very peacefully they rest— North and South and East and West— While the heaven-descending dew Falls alike on Gray and Blue, While the cheerful sunbeams shine on blue and shines on gray; Weary march and battle sore Past for them forevermore.

Very peacefully they rest— And the babes whose cheeks they pressed, In a last goodbye have stood Over their graves in proud manhood, And in holy wedlock true, Flighted hearts of gray and blue; In the light of hearthstone fires Tell the deeds of soldier-sires.

—Contributed by Minerva Kennedy.

Hezekiah Butterworth was born at Warren, R. I., December 18, 1839, and passed to the unseen world from his home there on the 5th of September, 1905. Best known, perhaps, as a writer of children's books, his works—both prose and verse—found hearty welcome everywhere. It has been said of him that "the never wrote a line unless he had something to say a message to

deliver," and doubtless herein lies the reason for the universal popularity of his writings. He was of intensely patriotic nature, too, with him it was "my country, right or wrong," even though no one was more ready to discern a wrong and seek to make it right.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Today the birthright of her hopes the marching Nation sings, And of the arms of laughing foris the banner lifts her wings;

Today in honor of the flag the myriad labor-leaves;

And breathe the silver bugles low the mellowed notes of peace.

Ho, bugles, ho! Ho, glittering bands! Ho, veterans, old and true

Ho, children marching for the states, 'mid roses winned with dew!

Behold ye thrills a hundred years, before a thousand grand,

What says the past to you today, O children of the land?

What are thy legends, O thou flag that gladdenest land and sea?

What is thy meaning in the air amid the jubilee?

Flag of the sun that glows for all, Flag of the breeze that blows for all, Flag of the sea that flows for all—

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea.

What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

No azure paven old art thou, borne on the palmer's spear;

No ordinance of Red Cross Knight or Colfax cavalier;

No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken cloud,

Nor shamrock green nor thistle red nor couchant lion proud;

Nor golden bees of purple isles on red taffeta wrought,

Nor eagle poised in the sky above the ocean.

No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's spray,

When westerling vikings turned their prow from no less Norway;

No double crowns beneath the cross are in the hues unfaded,

Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world;

No Golden Virgin, circlet-crowned, such as with knightly pride

Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.

Not e'en St. George's Cross is there that led the Mayflower on,

Nor old St. Andrew's Cross of Faith—the Double Cross is gone.

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea.

What is thy meaning, O thou flag! this day of jubilee?

O children of the states! you flag more happy lustres deck

Than ornaments of old Navarre or Cressay or Bosworth;

The Covenanters' field of blood, caught from the clear sky, see

And Liza's burning stars of peace and endless unity;

The morning beams across it stream in roses red and white,

As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the light.

It hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic morn,

That minglest with the light of heaven a hail, flag of heaven born!

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,

And speak to every soul this day of jubilee!

Flag of the battlefields, with pride beneath thy folds I stand,

While eyeless Freedom lifts to thee her choral trumpets grand,

Thou standest for Monmouth's march north of a thousand hills,

For rippling Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's endless flame,

For Cape Mudge and the red eagles and Perry's blood-red deck,

For Vera Cruz and Monterey and white Chapultepec;

Thou standest for Sumter's broken wall, as high above Tybee

The shouting forts uplift again the stars and stripes;

For Chattanooga's rain of fire and that grand echelon

The deep drums led at Gettysburg becoming a single note;

Thou standest for Progress and the years all golden-orbed to thee

For eagle wings upon the land and Greece upon the sea,

Thou standest that all the right of men may every people bless.

And O, the day the sire made plain—Forgotten the day the sire made plain—

O my America, whose flag we throne beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and noblest death to die.

I hear the silver bugles blow across the silver sea,

And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in thee!

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,

Behind us three a hundred years, behind us three a hundred years,

Such are the legends of our flag that gladden land and sea,

Such is the Hand that scrolls the air in this day of jubilee.

Flag of the sun that shines for all, Flag of the breeze that blows for all, Flag of the sea that flows for all—

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea.

The Festal Day has come—Contributed by "X. Y. Z." of Portland.

Another contribution of Mrs. Kennedy, of Chehalis, is the following, which became again appropriate to the time. Mrs. Kennedy says it is from an old clipping:

A HIGH FLYER.

Twinkle, twinkle, little spud, As among the clouds you scud; You are doubtless feeling gay, Chasing round the milky way;

You have reached to such a height, You are surely out of sight, Like a diamond you do seem In your price and that's no dream.

Twinkle on another twink, We have only long for you; Our friends here forsook you, Broke our heart and pocketbook;

Chasing round the milky way, Till you left and went above; Never felt how dear you were Till we paid four dollars per.

Small potato, please come back; In our lives there's such a lack, For our hearts are so alone, That our stomach hits our spine.

We are tired of eating greens, Stewed prunes, sauerkraut and beans; 'Tis for you alone we yearn, Darling, 'tater, please return!

Minerva Kennedy, of Chehalis, sends the following, by Will M. Maupin.

THE MAN IN THE CASE.

By Flora McDonald.

Since a woman was created there has been a awful stir

About the part she plays on earth—All blame is laid on her.

Let any wickedness be done, at any time or place.

And saints and sinners will declare, "A woman in the case."

Some fool to suicide inclined blows out his little brain

"Now mark my words—a woman!" every prophet will exclaim.

THE WORDS TO "TAPS"

(Recently Ida May Johnston, of Huntington, sent us a copy of the words to the bugle call "Taps" three stanzas, but was unable to give a version of one stanza that appeared to read intelligibly. Publication of the stanzas as she sent them, has brought various versions, from two to five stanzas, from Red D. Miles, Field Company A, Washington Signal Corps; from Richard Mansfield White, of Seattle; C. H. Dunn, of Mabton, Washington; a contributor in Astoria, no name given; C. B. Stanley, of Tillamook, and J. P. Kennedy, of Portland. Some of the contributors learned the verses on the Mexican border last summer. Mr. White attributes them to F. Bret Harle. We are reprinting a composite, selecting what seem to us to be the best of the various stanzas contributed.)



Fades the night,
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night,
And a star
Leadeth all
Speedeth all
To their rest.

Soldier rest,
Wounded sore,
Cometh one,
In his hands
Bringeth balm
For thy pain;
See the Cross,
Sweetly rest.

Rest and sleep,
Duty done,
Free from care
Till the morn
Comes again.
Through the night
Angels guard;
Calmly sleep.

Love good-night!
Must thou go
When the day
And the night
Need thee so?
Fare thee well!
Day is done;
Night is on.

When at last
Life is past,
From afar
Some bright star
O'er our grave
Watch will keep,
While you sleep
With the brave.



which she points out as becoming again applicable, through the German aggression which brought on the present war. The second line of the second stanza appears to be incorrect, but is rendered according to the copy supplied us.

FORGOT.

There gleams across the Nation's sky

The ruddy flash of green and lust,

Has made the heart of justice bleed,

Where once the flag of right did fly.

And justice grovels in the dust,

Forgot is all the fathers wrought,

Forgot the ends the fathers sought.

The monster grim of haughty greed

Has throttled love of human weal;

Has made the heart of justice bleed,

Has profligate plucked from human need,

And freedom ground beneath its heel.

Forgot the watchword of the sire—

Forgot the freeman's altar fires.

The shriek of shell in sudden flight

Sounds 'round the world with demon

glee;

No longer men are ruled by right,

But must bow down to rule of might.

By masters strong, across the sea,

Forgot the paths the fathers blazed—

Forgot the altars that they raised.

The sword of lust has left its sheath

And gleams aloft with threatening

might;

And cannon smoke with sullen wreath

Hides human hope and faith beneath

its sulphurous fumes and awful

blight.

Forgot the day the sire made plain—

Forgot—their work they wrought in

vain.

Has lust of empire grown so strong,

It e'er shall rule by cannon grim?

Nay, God will right the freeman's

right.

Thou' hope seem lost and time seem

long,

Hold fast the faith and trust in him.

Forgot—their work they wrought in

vain.

On the oppressors of the weak.

THE KETTLE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There's many a house of grandeur,

With turret, tower and dome,

And knows not peace or comfort

Half that of a simple home.

I do not ask for splendor

To crown my daily lot,

But this I ask—a kitchen

Where the kettle's always hot.

Or if some fool another fool dispatches from this life,

It's something mentioned, "He has a pretty wife."

If a man a thief by nature, steals his employer blind

And goes alone to Canada, the girl was "left behind."

Or if he's seen a talking with a woman on the way

"The woman in the case goes, too," the daily papers say.

Now this thing makes us women all so miserably feel,

But for our dire existence, men would never kill or steal.

In fact, if Eve to Adam the Lord had never given,

This earth had so continued a suburban sort of heaven.

It occurs to me, however, from another point of view,

Had we never been given Adam, we could have a heaven, too.

If the world were only women, we could keep it from crime,

For don't the "old Adam" work the mischief every time?

It was Eve who gave the apple that has brought us all our woe;

But with no one there to take it, she could never have done so.

Though men will kill and steal for us because we are so dear,

You should mind they fix our value by their own existence here.

When you come to think it over, one conclusion's very sure,

Had we never been given Adam, we could have a heaven, too.

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