

REQUESTS FOR FAVORITES FAIRLY SWAMP POETRY EDITOR

No More Appeals to Be Published Until Some Are Filled by Readers.

THE recent request for "The Vacant Chair" and "Just Before the Battle" has been so popular that the editor has been obliged to print a second copy of each.

We are indebted to a copy of each to Mrs. F. Krutinger and also to "Mrs. C. C. R." of Lone, and Mrs. J. E. Sanford, of Portland.

For the enlightenment of our readers who may have overlooked our previous announcements, the attention once more to the fact that we will be obliged to receive no more requests for publication of poems, until we have had space to place before our readers heretofore. Contributors will greatly facilitate the opening of the page to the receipt of new requests by helping us handle these old requests that have "banked up" on us, as rapidly as possible.

A request that has been on file since March is from Mrs. Phillip Pollard, of Oswego, for the poem which begins:

"Now mates, I don't like stories, nor am I going to act
A part around this campfire that isn't
A truthful fact.
So fill your pipes and listen! I'll tell
You, let me see,
I think it was in fifty—from that till
Sixty-three.

Of course you all know Bridger, I
Used to run with Jim,
And many a long, long evening I've
Had, 'longside of him."

E. A. Glover, of this city asks for the verses beginning:

"There's an old log house on my
Father's farm
All silent and lonely and still;
No sound of mirth is ever heard now,
In that old log house on the hill."

A request comes also for "No Occupation" once printed in the Union Signal.

Mrs. L. E. Hlatt, of Vancouver, some time ago requested the one beginning:

"The hills the sun is setting and
And another day is gone—"
Mrs. J. D. Loten, of Grass Valley, wants "While the Dance Goes On," in which these lines appear: "While the music is ringing, in the grand ballroom."

Mrs. H. Hoffman sent in a request for "My Poor Heart Is Sad With Its Dreaming."

"Where is Heaven?" is requested by Henrietta Huber, of Portland. It is by Felix Marti and begins: "Poor little children weeping, shivering forms and naked feet, fancy Blossom" is requested by Mrs. Addie W. Gano.

Cora Shepherd sent in a request from Burns, Or., for "Nuggets of Gold" and "Waiting for the Footsteps That Never Came."

Louise Reis, of Salem, sent in a request months ago for songs her mother used to sing, fragments of which are as follows:

"I cannot worship idols nor pictures
Made by man;
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but
Pardon if you can."

Also:

"And the moon as she sails to her
Home in the West,
Looks coldly and proudly on the tomb
Of my love—"

Also:

"Will, Willie was a gay young fellow,
Full of fun and full of joy;
But just as he was about to get married,
Pressed he was and sent to the wars—"

Also:

"I had rather hear you fiddle on the
Touche of
Than to see the white waters break,
Or her the nightingale sing."

The request for "The Naughty Briar Rose" has brought a response from Ruth Luce in a complete copy of the poem desired and we reprint it herewith:

BRIAR-ROSE.

By Hjalmar Horth Boyesen.
Said Briar-Rose's mother to the
Naughty Briar-Rose:
"What will become of you, my child,
The Lord Almighty knows.
You will not scrub the kettles, and you
Will not touch the brockers' wheel;
You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and
Grumbled late at eve,
The good-wife as she bustled with pot
And tray and stove.
But Briar-Rose laughed and she
Cocked her dainty head,
"Why, I shall marry, mother, dear,"
Full merrily she said:

"You marry, saucy Briar-Rose! The
man he is not found
To marry to a good-wifed wench,
These seven leagues around."
But Briar-Rose she laughed and she
Trilled a merry lay:
Perhaps he'll marry another, dear,
From eight leagues away."

The good-wife with a "humph" and a
sigh forsook the battle,
And flung her pots and pails about
With much vindictive rattle.
"O Lord, what sin did I commit in
youthful days and mirth,
That thou hast punished me in age
with such a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none
her steps could hear,
And laughing pressed an airy kiss
behind the good-wife's ear.
And she, as 'ere relenting, sighed:
"Oh Heaven only knows
What ever will become of you, my
naughty Briar-Rose!"

The sun was high and summer sounds
were teeming in the air,
The clank of scythes and crickets whirr,
and swelling wood-notes rare,
From field and copse and meadow,
and through the open door,
Sweet fragrant winds of new-mown
hay the breezes bore.

Then Briar-Rose grew pensive, like a
bird of thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among
the branches green.
She heard a scolding wailing where
the tide was swift and strong;
She heard the summer singing its
strange alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er
and gazed into the sky;
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness,
she scarce knew why;
And to a merry tune she hummed,
"Oh Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty
Briar-Rose!"

When 'er a thrifty matron this idle maid
espied,
She shook her head in warning, and
scarce her wrath could hide:
For girls were made for housewives,
for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and
wild flowers' sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when Briar-
Rose went by,
"You cannot knit a stocking, and you
cannot make a pie,
But Briar-Rose, as was her wont,
she cocked her curly head:
"But I can sing a merry song," full
merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted when
they saw the maid at play:

"Ho, good-for-nothing Briar-Rose, how
do you do today?"
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her
cheeks the color flew:
"How ever much you coax me, I'll
never dance with you."

Thus flew the years light winged o'er
Briar-Rose's head
Till she was twenty Summers old and
yet remained unwed
And all the parish wondered: "The
Lord Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty
Briar-Rose!"

And while they wondered came the
Spring a-dancing o'er the hills,
Her breath was warmer than of yore,
and all the mountain rills,
With their tinkling and their rip-
pling and their rushing, filled
the air,
And the misty sound of water forth-
welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty
beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and
tossed its mane of spray.
Then hushed again its voice to a
softly plashing croon,
And it rolled beneath the sun
and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber
as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed
and seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids and,
with a foaming swirl,
Into the foam-crests diving like an
animated thing.

But in the narrow of the rocks, where
o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged and wreathed in
form the dark boughs of the pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and
song, and sent each struggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it
should shock the stream.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild
voices in the night,
A rush of wind, a harsh bark, a
torch's flaring light,
And wandering guests of dampness, and
round us far and nigh,
A thrbbing boom of water, like a pulse
beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid East
with spears of gold and red,
As we with bookbought in our hands, to-
ward the narrows sped.
And terror amote us: for we heard the
mighty treets away
And thunder as of chariots, and hissing
showers of spray.

"Now, lads!" the Sheriff shouted, "you
are strong, like Norway's rock.
A hundred crowns I give to him who
breaks the neck of the rock!"
For if another hour go by, the angry
waters' spout
Our homes will be, and fields, and our
weary years of toil."

We looked each at the other: each
hoped his neighbor would
Brave death and danger for his home,
as valiant Norwegians should.
But at our feet the brawling tide ex-
panded like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on,
and made the firm rock quake.

"Two hundred crowns," the Sheriff
cried, and breathless stood the
crowd,
"Two hundred crowns, my bonnie lads,
in anxious tones and loud,
But not a man came forward, and no
one spoke or stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of the
cataract was heard."

But as with trembling hands and with
fainting hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emerging
from the wood,
We heard a little snatch of a merry lit-
tle song,
And saw the dainty Briar Rose com-
ing dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people
round about,
"Fling her into the river!" we heard
the matrons shout.
"Chastise her away, the silly thing; for
God himself scarce knows
Why ever He created that worthless
Briar-Rose!"

Sweet Briar Rose, she heard their
cries; a little pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted; that might
a stone beguile;
And then she gave her pretty head a
roughish little cock,
"Hark! hear the brockers' wheel," she
cried, "I think I'll break the lock!"

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from
the young and old;
"Ho! Good-for-nothing Briar Rose, your
tongue was ever bold!"
And, merrily, a boathook into her
hands was flung,
When, lo! into the river's midst with
daring leaps she sprang!

We saw her dimly through a mist of
dense and blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a
water sprite at play,
And now and then faint gleams were
caught of color through the mist;
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little
dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the
margin of the hill,
A hundred breaths were bated, a hun-
dred hearts stood still.
For hark! From out the rapids came
a rushing sound,
And then a crash of thunder which shook
the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass
down o'er the rocky steep,
We heard a muffled rumbling and a
tolling in the air,
We saw a form which the torrent
swiftly bore,
And flung into the wild abyss, where it
was seen no more.

Ah! Naughty little Briar Rose, thou
couldst not weave nor spin;
Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than
all thy mocking kin:
For thou hadst courage 'en to die,
and by thy death
A thousand farms and lives from the
fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives in the valley
of thy birth,
When wayward children spend their
days in heedless play and mirth,
And mothers say, half smiling, half
sighing, "Heaven knows
Whatever will become of the naughty
Briar-Rose!"

MY BONNIE.
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus—
Bring back, bring back, bring back my
Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back—Oh! bring
back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea;
Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea;
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
—Alice B. Russell, contributor.

THE BEAUTIFUL BELLS

(Those who sang this song, with its pretty waltz melody, in the schools a generation ago, will welcome it as an old friend. The copy used here was contributed by Alice B. Russell. The poem is by W. F. Wellman.)



Beautiful bells! O, beautiful bells!
Ringing so sweetly again and again;
Welcomes of joy, and weary farewells,
Chiming in sunlight and rain.

Long, long ago, so dear unto me,
O, happy and pure was the message you bore,
Loud o'er the vale and soft o'er the sea—
O, could I but hear you once more!

Beautiful bells, or merry or sad,
Telling your message of goodness to all;
Whisper of moments hopeful and glad,
Vanished beyond our recall.

Voice of the morn and voice of the night,
Waken, O waken the memories of old!
Bring to my heart your dreams of delight,
Visions of beauty untold.

Chorus—
Beautiful bells! O, beautiful bells!
Ringing so sweetly again and again;
Welcomes of joy, and weary farewells,
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful bells.

IN THE HALL.

By Marguerite Morven.

Let us sit still on the stairs a while;
Surely our absence they cannot feel,
Who in the parlors laugh and romp,
Quite as a part of Virginia Reed.
We did it, too, a month ago,
Little dreaming in our light hearts,
Laughter ever would hurt us so.

But it jars, tonight, as we two sit here,
Quiet at last in the grateful dusk,
While the dancers trip lightly up
and down,
To the tuneful cadence of "Money
Musik."

We have not known what it was to
sigh,
We have laughed and jested our
romance through,
Forgive me tonight, if I dare to be sad,
Here, alone with the dark and you.

Your arms are 'round me for the last
time,
I make to it but a faint demur,
Your future wife can scarcely miss
The three little months I stole from
her.

So short, so sweet, our love-dream was,
So dead it lies with its grave-
clothes—
And you gaze in its face and say,
"Ah, me,
It was wonderful fair to look upon,
And I whisper, 'I shall try to think,
When I journey toward the setting
sun,
I go from sorrow going from you—
That this sad stage of my life is
done.'"

We will outlive this heavy time,
And meet will come to our hearts
one day;
Soon for you—for a man to forget,
Is a woefully easy thing, they say.

But oh, to think, when the sun goes
down,
To shine the sooner on yours and
mine,
That the long miles are the smallest
part.

Of the distance laid between we two,
I shall not fail, with my woman's pride,
To be brave and bright the hard day
through,
But when I kneel in the dark alone,
How my heart will cry, dear love,
for you.

I ask but this: When that day shall
come—
As I know, at last, it surely will—
That another's head lies on your breast,
You think on our night of parting,
still.

God bless her, the girl whom you shall
choose
To be Queen Rose of the world for
you,
I was a poor wild flower, at best;
But, darling, remember your daisy,
too.

—From an old Peterson's Magazine.

FOURTH OF JULY.

BY U. C. MIDKIFF.

Ring, ye glad bells, from the steeple
and tower!
Speak, ye loud cannon, with thunder-
ous voice!
Spread the glad news through this
broad land of ours,
Bid every heart on this day rejoice!

Known far and wide is its wonderful
story
In every land on the face of the
earth;
For 't is the day of America's glory—
The pride of our Nation—the day of
its birth!

Turn back today through our history's
pages,
Search through this record of days
fair and bright;
Many are there which in all coming
ages
Ever will shine with a radiant light.

But, midst this legion of days brightly
beaming,
One makes all others to pale 'neath
its glow;
As the stars, with their silver light
gleaming,
Faded in the light of the monarch of
days.

Long years ago, 'midst the turmoil of
battle,
The greatest of Liberty's children
was born;
Its lullaby song was the drum's start-
ling rattle
And thunder of cannon at evening
and morn.

Reared in the school of privation and
rigor,
Brave, strong and noble our country
has grown;
Ever renowned for its progress and
vigor—
Grandest of nations the world has
e'er known!

Lift up your voices in praise and ora-
tions,
Fling out the banner of freedom on
this day;
The birthday is here of the greatest of
nations;
Shout and rejoice, 't is the Fourth of
July.

—Contributed by Clara McKee, Junc-
tion City, Or.

We are indebted to Mrs. Nancy A.
Ball, of Oswego, and Gertrude E. Baker,
of Portland, for copies of "Just After
the Battle," the companion piece to
"Just Before the Battle, Mother," which
was published recently. We are cor-
rected by Mrs. Ball, who indicates that
the poem has been printed already on
this page, but, owing to its peculiar
timeliness, and to the numerous re-
quests that are being received, we are

making an exception to our rule and
reprinting it again for the benefit of
our readers.

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

Still upon the field of battle
I am lying, mother dear,
Quite as a part of Virginia Reed,
For the morning to appear.
Many sleep, to awaken never
In this world of strife and death,
And many more are faintly calling
With their feeble, dying breath.

Chorus:
Mother, dear, your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain,
But still I feel that I shall see you
And the dear, loved home again.

Oh, the first great charge was fearful,
And a thousand brave men fell,
But there amid that dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell.
So amid the fatal shower,
I had almost passed the day,
When here the deadly minnie struck me
And I fell amid the fray.

Chorus:
Oh, the glorious cheer of triumph,
When the foemen turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of glory,
Strewn with dying and with dead.
Oh, the torture and the anguish,
That I could not follow on,
But here I lay, my comrades
I must wait till morning's dawn.

Chorus:
Mother, dear, your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain,
But still I feel that I shall see you
And the dear, loved home again.

LONG AGO.
BY FRANK MUSGRAVE.
"Long, long ago, long, long ago,"
Do not these words recall past years,
And solemnly knowing why they flow,
Bring to the eyes unbidden tears;
Do you not feel, as back they come,
Those dim, sweet dreams of olden
days?

A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and
praise?
Chorus:
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
In the young soul's early flow
We sang the songs of home and love,
'Round the fireside's laughing glow.

Long, long ago, when many a sound
Awoke to mirth that saddens now,
And many a sparkling eye went 'round,
That weeps beneath a darkened
brow;

When with our whole young, happy
hearts,
And glad and laughed away the time,
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherished in life's early prime.

"Long, long ago," the hopes we
nursed—
In solitude of earthly fame,
Were bright as bubbles that burst,
A glittering dream, an empty name;
Oh, but to be one hour again,
Whatever that sweet hour might
be!

Free from memory's torturing pain,
With those we loved with those we
lost.
Chorus:
"Long, long ago," who breathes there
here
O'er whom the past hath no such
power?

Young heart, if now thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the future hour;
Perchance the tones that echo now,
In after years, thou'lt hear again;
And, gazing on each faded brow,
Will, sighing, say, "I heard that strain."
Sent in by Alice B. Russell.

"Oh, let me die holding in my hand
A heart of conductor and his loose
can;
And let me die there on the ground,
As I've spent years oiling round."

"Oh, let the train with drawbar down,
Have all the crossings blocked in town,
And when they chain those cars to-
gether
I hope it'll be in sloppy weather."

"And when at last in the grave I'm
laid,
Let it be in the cool of the water-
tank shade,
And put within my lifeless hand
A monkeywrench and the old oil can."

"A marble slab I do not crave;
Just mark the head of my lonely grave
With a drawbar pointing toward the
skies,
Showing the spot where this boggle
lies."

Then fainter grew the hoghead's
breath;
His friends around him closely pressed,
His mind was wandering far away,
Perhaps to some other by-gone day.

When he as a hogger of great renown
Was turning cabooses upside down,
Perhaps his mind was wandering back
To a drawbar close beside the track.

While he was trying to start the train
And was doing his best to "break the
chain,"
Then his face lit up with a joyful
light,
And his soul prepared to take its
flight.

His friends bent o'er him and called
his name;
He smiled and said, "I've broken the
chain."

Then, closing his eyes, he said no more,
He was "debbling the hill" to the other
shore.

Mrs. Theo Jeffries, of Newberg, and

SWEET FORGET-ME-NOT.

Fancy brings a thought to me, of flow-
ers fresh and rare,
Love and beauty there combined, with
the brightest hues so fair,
'Twas like a maiden that I loved, it was
my happy lot,
As we parted, Oh, she whispered, "You'll
forget me not."

Chorus:
She's graceful and as charming as the
lilies in the pond,
Time does pass so sweetly on, of her I
am so fond,
The daisies and the roses, too, they
grow 'round the spot,
Where we parted and she whispered,
"You'll forget me not."

We met, I really don't know how, but
still it's all the same,
For love walks in the open spots as
well as in the lane,
She placed her tiny hand in mine and
glanced at me a smile,
She dropped a flower, I picked it up,
'Twas a sweet forget-me-not."

At length there came a happy day,
'Twas something that I said,
Which caused a thought to murmur
"yes," and shortly we were wed,
Beneath the cottage by the brook, in a
little garden spot,
We grew a flower, they call it, Oh, the
sweet forget-me-not.

"This song, which was very popular
about 30 years ago, was recently re-
quested by a reader. The above copy is
as nearly correct as I can remember,
as I had not thought of the song since
my school days."
W. E. WELLS.

W. E. Wells, of Springfield, sends
the following story which he called:
THE HOGHEAD'S DYING REQUEST.
A hoghead on his deathbed lay,
His life was ebbing fast away,
His friends around him closely pressed
To hear the hogger's last request.

He said, "Before I bid adieu,
One last request I'll ask of you,
Before I see beyond the stars,
Just hook me onto ninety-cars."

"Oh, let me on that engine there,
Just see how rough I can handle air,
Oh, let me at some water tank
Make a big-hole stop and give a yank."

"Then from the corner of my eye
I'll watch the pieces as they fly;
Then I'll calmly sit me down
And watch the dust clouds settle round."

"Oh, let me pull a drawbar out
And take my can with its long spout
And give them under the ground,
And take my time to oil around."

"Then far behind in that red caboose
I'll be the conductor turning loose
A few pet names, as in days of yore
I've heard a thousand times before."

"Oh, just once more before I'm dead
Let me stand the conductor on his
head;
Let me see him crawl from beneath
the wreck
With a window sash hung around his
neck."

"And when he comes and wants to
fight,
Then I'll appear so innocent-like,
And the old excuse I will proclaim:
There's a dynamiter in the train."

"And you, dear friends, I'll have to
thank,
If you'll let me die at a water tank;
Within my ears that familiar sound,
The trowel pot pulling the tank spout
down."

"Oh, let me die holding in my hand
A heart of conductor and his loose
can;
And let me die there on the ground,
As I've spent years oiling round."

"Oh, let the train with drawbar down,
Have all the crossings blocked in town,
And when they chain those cars to-
gether
I hope it'll be in sloppy weather."

"And when at last in the grave I'm
laid,
Let it be in the cool of the water-
tank shade,
And put within my lifeless hand
A monkeywrench and the old oil can."

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Then, closing his eyes, he said no more,
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shore.

Mrs. Theo Jeffries, of Newberg, and

Ruth Luce send copies of "Sister and
I," recently requested.

SISTER AND I.

We were hunting for wintergreen ber-
ries—
One May-day long gone by,<