GRACE HALL WRITES VERSE IN MOMENTS OF INSPIRATION

Word, Senfence or Bit of Scenery May Start Line of Thought That Is Easily Dressed, Is Version of Portland Author.

Grace E. Hall.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is an author whose vogue I have never been able to understand. I have, of course, always felt, dear Brutus, that the fault is entirely and distinctly mine own. Who am I that I should question Ella, read and adored by thousands. In desperation I would make another stab at her works, and maybe get as far as the middle of some of her choicest "Pomes of Passion" or "Whys" or "Ifs," and then give her up hopelessly. On one occasion I waded clear through that one about

"For just one kiss that your lips have given
In the lost and beautiful past to me
I would glady barter my hopes of heaven
And all the joys of eternity."

And when I'd finished its unwholesome, neurotic length I figured there must be something wrong with what I casually refer to as my viewpoint. Still it struck me as peculiar that I should have such definite and decided preferences for much of the best that has been known and thought in the world and yet be so wholly unable to appreciate a poetess who is hailed by some minds as little less than a literary miracle. I've met dozens of women—fortunately I do not know them, I've only had to meet them—who drool that "Maurine" is their favorite poem.

Grace Hall's Work Discussed.

Up to then I had thought Maurine was an eye wash. I tried to read it as a poem and couldn't. Whenever any conversation-making person asks me if I've read Ella Wheeler's complete life in magazine form I utter a defiant negative without any apology and the conversation automatically shifts gear.

All of which came suddenly into my consciousness one day last week when I overheard one woman telling another woman that "Grace E. Hall's poetry reminded her of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' poetry and she wished she knew something about Grace E. Hall."

Possibly the woman whose chatter I overheard may never see this story, but I'm writing it expressly for her and a lot of her sisters who read Grace E. Hall's verses.

First of all, Mrs. Hall doesn't write poetry. She herself disclaims being a poetess. She is a writer of verses and that is the only way in which she refers to her work. And she calls it her work, although she finds it both pleasant and profitable.

Furthermore, the similarity between Mrs. Hall's verses and Mrs. Wilcox' poetry begins and ends in the fact that both write in rhyme. Mrs. Hall writes sane, sensible verses, inextricably linked with wholesomeness, and backed, reinforced and inspired by clean thinking.

In the atmosphere of the highest ideals Mrs. Hall writes. In her creation of verses she calls into play the faculties of imagination, intelligence, memory, will and conscience. She is a student of psychology, but her verses are pounded out on a typewriter. Mrs. Wilcox, you remember, got her inspiration from an ouija-board. Mrs. Hall, who lives at 567 East Forty-ninth street North, says:

"My verse writing for The Oregonian was begun as a pastime in lonely hours, of which I have had many in my life. I follow no special method in writing. Sometimes a word, a sentence, a bit of scenery, starts a line of thought and the dressing of it is soon accomplished. Some people appear to think that the 'gift' of writing enables one to string a lot of rhyming words together without mental effort and that this is 'poetry.'

Verses Written on Impulse.

"The adornment is the least of it—one must have something to say before one can write verse, prose or anything else. I have written five poems within two and one-half hours such as those that appear in The Oregonian. I work on impulse mostly, quickly and with little effort when the thought is clear. The work is seldom revised and usually goes into the mail promptly."

So many folk interested in the verses Mrs. Hall writes for the editorial page of The Oregonian have asked to learn more of the personality of their writer that the following may prove informative. She is not an Oregonian, save by adoption and preference. She says:

"My father and mother were Yankees, the former a native of Vermont and the latter of Maine. I was born in Illinois—the date is of no interest, even to me! However, most of my life has been spent in the Willamette valley, the last ten years in Portland, the paradise of the west.

"My earliest distinct recollection is of being a very lonely little girl on an Illinois farm, without playmates except two elder brothers; possessed of an intense love of horses but a heartless disinclination for dolls. Those that I owned wore their best silk dresses the year 'round and were left in state in the 'best room' while their owner romped out of doors, always bareheaded and tanned to the color of leather. The consequence of playing with my brothers was that, at 12 years of age, I was a crack rifle shot, but not a star dishwasher. I could also handle horses expertly and I adore horses yet.

"Another memory is of a little window in my room, from which I watched the sunsets and dreamed of the west. Always there was the desire to go on and on—out beyond the skyline, into the vastness. That longing still lives and lures. It may be the hunger for travel—which is ever-present. From my first memory I have had an intense desire to know the 'why' of everything, especially of people's conduct, the innermost motives of actions, not as they appear but as they are. An analytical mind that has been able to grasp values with a fair degree of accuracy has not, perhaps, added to the sweetness of life. It is better not to see, sometimes.

Work on Small Paper Enjoyed.

"My loneliness found an outlet in writing; bits of rhyme and prose were readily accepted by small-town editors whenever I offered them, but the glory was not sufficient to inspire me to continued effort. About the time I would have entered college financial misfortune befell my father and I sought employment in a country-town newspaper office, shortly after coming to the coast. I enjoyed the work and the atmosphere. I served in practically every department except that of the 'job work,' but gradually I became a news writer and reporter, and the last two years of my employment I did all the writing except the editorials, and occasionally had to do those, too. For five years I did the correspondence for a Portland daily from this same country town.

"Criticisms? No, I have received none. The greatest 'slam' that my work has been given has been through ignorance, not intent. For instance, one little poem that appeared in The Oregonian which was intended as very serious was commented upon by a friend as being 'awfully cute,' while another woman told me that 'the paper seemed to like anything that rhymed and ran along smooth!' But I forgave them both.

"I long to thank all those whose letters of encouragement have been a large factor in my progress, if such I have made in the 20 months that I have been writing for The Oregonian.

"My highest ambition is to have my only daughter, Mildred, grow into the best type of American womanhood. That means infinitely more than words can express."

Writer Enjoys Good Books.

Mrs. Hall has a youthful enthusiasm for pretty frocks, smart hats and the frilliles of femininity that interest any normal American woman. She loves the outdoors and evidences it by the roses that bloom all the time in her cheeks. She is not particularly interested in any creed or cult and abhors isms and ologies, but professes a healthy love for good literature. Her best beloved poets are Poe and Tennyson and Wordsworth. Like Barrie's heroine, Mrs. Hall has charm, and charm, I maintain, is like genius—God-given. She has a warm, radiant smile and a close, quick hand-clasp—like a nice boy. Naturally, she has her favorite verses among the many she has written. "Of them all, I believe I prefer the one called

Loneliness.

No other hour is quite so lone and drear in
all the changing phases of this life
As that in which, amid a crowd and cheer,
you are alone, despite the mirth that's
rife;
With many near, you still are far away, in
land of thought removed from boisterous throng.
And though you seem to sing, yet are you
still, unknowing single note or word
of song!
And though you mingle gaily in the zone
where joy is king, yet are you quite
alone!

Alone? How can that be,? the thoughtless
ask, when hundreds throng the streets
on festive days,
And you, among the foremost, shout aloud
when pageant with its trappings meets
the gaze;
When fevered expectation bursts its bonds,
can loneliness take up its vigil there,
And mock the heedless, noisy human pawns
who move upon life's chessboard, here
and there?
Yea! Crowds are but a picture, soon gone by;
and souls from loneliness seek crowds
—and die!

Here is one she wrote for me because I love the ocean at sunset:

The sun shed its last lingering rays across
the vapored space,
And sank from view; a bank of flame-fluff
rose in billows high;
The gulls furled wing and ceased their graceful race;
Torch-bearers flung deep hues on yonder
westering sky;
The shore, with all its brine-wet sparkling
gems
Of jasper, agate, bright carnelian shells—
Dried slowly all the moisture on its hems,
Thrown there so carelessly by passing
swells.

Trails on the sand a thousand restless feet
Had plodded there so happily that day,
Were smoothed by swift and silent touch of
waves
That took their destined even-tempered
way;
The far-out rocks that scatter and dismiss
The fury of the breakers that attack,
Remained impassive to the savage hiss
Of whirling spray impotently hurled back.

The haze that none may quite describe came
creeping in
From distant space beyond this mortal
reach;
The moaning waves, convulsed by grief
within,
Flung out their wasted lengths upon the
beach;
A deeper gray; the gulls no longer dipped
To search the brine; the west had ceased
to be;
Night drew its draperies; the ocean's heaving
line
Commingled with the earthline mistily.

Someone once asked Mrs. Hall if she had personally experienced all the emotions she describes so faithfully. "I am reminded of a story told of the late Richard Mansfield when people ask me that question," she smiled. "It is related that an ardent admirer once asked Mr. Mansfield if he had personally experienced all the emotions he portrayed in his acting. 'Well,' said Mansfield, 'I am told that my death scenes are rather natural, and I assure you I have never died.'"

NURSE LANYON DECIDES IT IS TIME TO QUIT WAR WORK

Offer Received to Go to Germany for a Year to Keep House for Girl Motor Drivers Is Taken Under Advisement.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.

IN CORNWALL, July 29.—It is a question whether it is right for a V. A. D. to go on nursing now that the fully-trained nurses who have been in France are demobilized. Although 1200 of them have had positions found for them, on July 23 there were still 800 out of work.

In many cases their pre-war jobs have not been kept open for them, and as a result some are very hard up.

There is a time to do war work, and there is also a time to stop doing war work, and I am beginning to think that the time has come for me to retire. It cannot be right for amateurs to continue filling the places of professionals.

We were mobilized when work was plentiful and nurses scarce; now that work is comparatively scarce and nurses plentiful I think we V. A. D's must retire into our shells as gracefully as possible. For some time the woman who has been doing a man's job has been asked to give it up to a demobilized soldier.

Our demobilized nurses must not feel there is no place for them in Blighty, either. The after-care of our wounded is most important, and surely our wounded can best be cared for by "first-line" nurses. We V. A. D's are but the reserves, after all.

I have had a heart-to-heart talk on this subject with my commandant and she understands that I am at her service until the end of August. After that I shall find something else to do. Although not demobilized I shall only be called up in case of emergency after that. Horrid old "flu" or something! Some bright person has written to the paper to suggest that a demobilized V. A. D. might easily take a position as "nurse-chauffeur" to a doctor, as she could drive the car and also give first aid in case of emergency. I cannot drive a car, though I can give first aid in a case of emergency. However plausible the scheme sounds, I say, "why not give this desirable position to a demobilized soldier? All soldiers can give first aid."

A great friend of mine wishes me to join the "Woman's Legion" and go out with her to Germany for a year, to live in a club or hostel and keep house for motor drivers. The salary is £29, with a weekly war bonus of 4s-9d, uniform, board, lodging and laundry free.

Again I say: "Why girl motor drivers at all?" Surely even partially disabled soldiers could drive motors. I have until September 1 to consider this proposition. Perhaps before that I may find some work which is neither depriving anyone more worthy of a job, nor helping anyone who is doing so.

* * *

I went up to see the disabled soldiers and sailors at the hospital last evening. One poor young soldier has to lie flat on his back all day long because his spine is injured. From his cot he can see miles of ocean and the passing ships are his moving pictures. Such a changeable sea as ours can surely never become monotonous. Today it looks quite neat and newly marcelled. All the tidy little waves are the same pattern and equi-distant from one another.

Another poor man has shell shock, with constant fits of hysteria. There are just fifteen cases in the hospital at present and Portland is going to give them a party this week. They are to choose what kind of a party it shall be.

* * *

Portland is still carrying on the good work. A knitted jersey and a pair of socks have just gone to a Cornish soldier who has come home crippled with rheumatism. My sergeant's youngest brother came back from Salonika on leave a few weeks ago and has been ill ever since. Portland is sending him fresh eggs and a few other invalid dainties. Two parcels of books, etc., have been sent off lately, one to a sailor man on a destroyer out mine-sweeping in the Baltic and one to a signaler in our army of occupation in Germany. The latter writes:

"Will you please thank Portland friends for the books. We have a small library in the battery and when I have read them I shall be very pleased to place them there for the use of the battery. I have just finished one of the cigs, which are very good."

One soldier boy to whom I sent a parcel some little time ago begins his letter of thanks surprisingly by addressing me by my Christian name.

Absence and parcels must have made his heart grow fonder!

He was in pre-war times my cousin's house boy. He gallantly enlisted in 1914 and has been out ever since, so if he likes to call me "Edith" in a letter he can. He says: "Thank you for the welcome parcel, which arrived quite safe and sound. I enjoyed the chocolate biscuit, also the magazines and books, the latter being so interesting, I have handed them around to my comrades. I shall drop a line to Mrs. W. of Portland in a day or two."

He is the "plum-pudding soldier" and in deference to his sweet tooth I sent the chocolate biscuit.

An American back on the Pacific coast writes joyfully: "It is a wonderful feeling to get home again after two years away. I don't know who did the most rejoicing, the folks or myself." I got another joyful scrawl from an American on the point of sailing for home! Joy made his hand quite shaky! He wrote: "A line to say good-bye till you return to the U. S. A. Aeius." So the S. S. Aeolus deprived me of my last American. He stood by or sat tight until the peaces terms were signed anyway.

Our old friend, the sailor who was injured in the battle of Jutland, has been invalided out of the service. He writes: "Well, nurse, I am home once more and this time for good. They have invalided me out. I was put on draft for the torpedo school and the doctor stopped me and sent me to see the surgeon-captain and he asked me if I wanted my discharge. All I could say was 'certainly,' so then I was sent before the medical board and they surveyed me. This was July 9." Later on he comments on the Scapa Flow affair:

"I think that Admiral Freemantle gave Admiral Reuter a good tongue lashing over the sinking of those ships in Scapa Flow. He said there was no bravery in opening a sea cock and flooding a ship when there was no personal danger to those who did it. They lost their chance if they were such heroes as they declared themselves to be. Why didn't they die fighting? That's what I should like to know?"

* * *

My marine sketches are still a washout. I shall never be hung in the salon this year. Sometimes my sea insists on running uphill at the horizon and one sketch of the coast turned out to be an excellent portrait of an owl, two caves in the cliffs for eyes. But I flatter myself that two of my daubs have a touch of reality. One has a real tang of the sea because I forgot to take my water bottle and had to mix my paints with salt water out of a handy rock pool, the other fell upside down on the beach before it was dry so there is real sand in the foreground.

* * *

The summer holidays are upon us and each day the beach becomes more thickly populated. There are lots and lots of children; no danger of race suicide down this way.

Right in front of me, twin babies in oilskins are sporting on the extreme edge of th emighty deep. They look just like two old Dutchmen seem through the wrong end of opera glasses.

One poor baby has flopped and mother is now picking him up and rubbing the sand out of his hair.

A tiny child sits on the sand gazing seaward and says over and over to herself: "I wuve the tea." Her father has just explained that she means, I love the sea. She is quite hypnotized and cannot take her eyes off it.

Some bigger children are in the landscape-gardening line. By vigorous digging and using green seaweed (the kind like mermaids' hair) for bedding-out purposes, they have laid out a miniature Italian garden. Father Neptune will soon pounce upon it and flatten it out again.

A beautiful big Belgian air man in horizon blue has just passed by. One of his woman folks wears a striped silk jersey in the Belgian colors, tries chick and the other looks like a newly hatched chick in a pale yellow one.

CUTTING OUT THE OVERHEAD NOT SO EASY AS MIGHT APPEAR

"Jimmy" Montague and Friend Wife Take a Little Trip to Seashore to Get Boiled Lobster.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

THE price of broiled live lobsters on Broadway, New York city, is high—one might say, prohibitive. That, of course, is because of the middleman and the overhead. The middleman is the person who goes to Cape Cod or Gloucester or some other seaport, buys lobsters for practically nothing and disposes of them to the retailer for their weight in gold. The retailer marks them up to the value of their weight in platinum and sells them to the restaurants. The restaurant man puts a lobster on one balance of the scale, drops radium nuggets on the other till the scales swing level, and then, after adding in the cost of the jazz band, Mlle. Kickemoff, the Russian interpretive dancer, and the million-dollar colored fountain, parcels them out to the ultimate consumer.

The head of the family is fond of broiled lobster as an article of diet, but she doesn't eat them on Broadway for reasons which ought to be sufficiently obvious.

It was therefore decided that the family should go to Cape Cod or Gloucester or some other seaport, like the middleman, secure lobsters for practically nothing, and eat them while they still dripped with their native brine and while they were still instinct with the tang of the sea.

The trip would be good for the children, and the money we saved on lobsters by direct and quantity buying would pay for it. In fact, there might even be a little profit left when the ment—lent it with lavish prodigality, in fact.

But nevertheless it was lunch time and visions of lobster were dancing before our eyes. So we went in.

The proprietor came forth to greet us. He was in his shirt sleves, which were encircled with little curly elastic garters. He had not visited the barber that morning, and apparently had run out of razor blades. Also he was one of those men who believe that manicuring is effeminate.

"What'll it be?" he inquired, as the head of the family looked about apprehensively.

"Any lobsters?" we inquired.

The head of the family plucked us by the sleeve. "Let's get out while we can," she whispered, hoarsely.

"No, no," we whispered back. "We've often got fine dinners in places like this. Don't be deceived by appearances." And we led the way into the dining-room.

What we found there was not entirely reassuring. There were pats of butter on the oil cloth-covered table. One knew that without looking. The bread was second-hand bread—used bread, as the automobile dealers would say. The silver was brunette silver and the plates and saucers evidently had been often employed in the settlement of family altercations between the proprietor and his wife, who could be seen in the kitchen doorway.

We sat down.

"Anyway," we said, optimistically, "a lobster comes in a natural hermetically sealed package, like a banana. He's got to be sanitary, and we certainly can't get stuck for more than fifty cents a lobster in a place like this. Think of all the middlemen and the overhead we're cutting out. Now if we'd eaten at that inn——"

But the waiter, who from his rail-last lobster had been pried from its scarlet armor.

We arrived at the seaport just about lunch time. We inquired for an inn widely famed for the succulence of its lobsters and so conveniently located to the lobster fields that one could hear the click of their claws as they engaged in mortal combat for the love of lady lobsters on the sandy bottom of the deep.

The lady in charge at the inn stopped us at the door, gently, and inquired our business.

We told her that we had no business, but that our pleasure was to secure lobsters without the aid or consent of any middleman on earth.

She looked us over coldly. "I serve a three-course luncheon," she said, "for $4." She paused and noted that this speech had a telling effect. Then she added mercifully: "But there are no lobsters on the menu today; only chowder and chicken."

This alliterative programme afforded us a graceful way out.

Registering absolute indifference to the figure she named, we insisted that we could never think of eating a luncheon without lobster, and inquired if there was any place in the vicinity where they were to be had.

"I think," she said with an expression which told us that we were not getting by with our bluff, "that they serve them at the Ocean House."

We found the Ocean House after a while. We saw it first down an alley, and it looked moderately inviting. When we reached it we discovered that distance had lent enchantment obviously doubled in dishwashing, was behind us with the lobsters.

There is no doubt that they were lobsters. But they were lobsters which had been snatched untimely from their element before they had time to attain their majorities. Beside each was a little mound of dressing which we did not taste. Tasting was not necessary. We knew all about it. We could almost hear it.

But appetite needs no sauce. We ate the lobsters, grateful that at last we could eat them fresh taken from the ocean, and wholly divested of all undue profit. We ate them quickly, for the surroundings did not tempt us to linger.

"Check, please," we said to the waiter, as we declined dessert.

"Settle that with the boss," he replied, "he always does the collecting here."

The boss was waiting at the door. Behind him was a shorter and uglier gentleman—a gentleman who looked as if he could be rented for holdup and murder parties at very reasonable rates.

"How much?" we said to the boss.

He looked us coldly in the eye.

"Twelve-fifty," he said.

"For what?" we ventured to inquire.

"Lobsters," he said. "Do you think they grows on trees around here?"

"Ha! ha!" said the shorter and uglier man, but without mirth.

We paid the twelve-fifty. It is better to live in peace and amity with one's neighbors. Quarreling and bickering get one in a temper and seldom are uplifting.

But now when we see lobsters listed at a dollar seventy-five in the Broadway restaurants we do not murmur. We merely wonder how the restaurant men can do it.

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Slave Tears Down Austrian Monument to Ferdinand.

Beautiful Structure of Granite and Bronze, Broken, Stored in Museum.

SARAJEVO, Bosnia, July 10.—(By mail.)—The Slavs have torn down the beautiful monument of granite and bronze which the Austrians erected to the memories of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, Sophia, duchess of Hohenberg, which stood at a corner of the bridge here where their assassination by Prinzip furnished the spark that set off the world war. It bore a bronze plaque showing the figures of both Ferdinand and Sophia.

Now that Bosnia-Herzegovina has passed from the rule of Austria and become a part of the kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the parts of the monument have been stored in the museum of Sarajevo. When the curator has time they will be assembled for the edification of the students of history and to satisfy the curiosity of sightseers.

Sarajevo seems almost to have forgotten the bomb-throwing and is well on its way toward making "business as usual." As a demobilized soldier said, "We're all sick of the war business." But the mixed population and the undertone of sympathy for Austria lead one to wonder what may happen in the generation after that of Prinzip.

CREST PARK DRAWS MANY

Entertainment and Wonderful View Are Attractive Features.

The many features of Council Crest Park have attracted thousands to the mountain top during the past week of ideal summer weather. As a picnic resort the welcome shade of the old orchard spreads over spacious grounds commanding a wonderful panorama. Tables, benches, and even fireplaces with free firewood are conveniently arranged. The Japan tea garden and Crest restaurant furnish refreshment for those who do not care to bring their own luncheons. Rides, games, the shooting gallery and the observation tower furnish a variety of amusement.

Dancing in the open-air pavilion continues in popularity, Monte Austin's songs and the ten-piece Crest orchestra having entertained the banner crowd of the season during the past week.

Government Power Plant Urged.

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, July 22.—(By Mail.)—The Alaska chapter of the American Mining congress has begun a membership campaign, which includes all the creeks in this district. The main object of the drive, it is announced, is to work for establishment of a government power plant in the interior, which is said to be vital to mining interests.

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Monte Austin will sing new Broadway hits.
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Last Week Closing With Two Performances Labor Day, September 1.
Laughter Demanded—Fun Guaranteed
BIG SPECIAL PROGRAMME ALL THIS WEEK
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