

Alcatraz.
By Grace E. Hall.

It stands alone, a place most desolate
A tomb where living dead eat
the heart
In bitterness or vain regret or hate
Yet find, alas! no rest from pain
and smart
Of ill-used lives. The tides forever
break
In weird and rhythmic beat against
the rocks,
Gay crowds, too, by the channels

One comprehending look across
where mocks
The silent, gloomy pile, where human
kind,
Broken and twisted in the mael-
strom's rush,
No peace nor surcease evermore shall
find.
Nor aught but desolation. In the
human
Of grandeur, twilight on the chimneys

The boats go pulsing past
streams of light.
But, Alcatraz, you wring our hearts
by day,
And break them, with your awful
ness, by night!
Grim sepulcher where breathing does
must dwell,
Send out across the waters, as we
go.

The meaning of your isolated spell
And shriek aloud that sin must
lead to woe:
O, that each wind playing 'round your
base
Might come to us with grave-mole
on its breath,
That men might sense each sullen
hopeless face
Behind thy walls, and know that
sin is death!

THOSE OTHERS.
How shall I tell you? What shall
say?
Concerning those others just over the
way?
Tresses silken no longer—eyes blue
but no dim;
Faces drawn and shrunken—hands
cold and how thin.

You see them in pictures—you read them in prose;
But if it were your child, what would you suppose
You would think of the mother who just said, "Oh, dear,
What a sad thing this war is," and turned a deaf ear
To the pleading of children—to the crying of babes—
To the moaning of mothers—just even the waves?

Don't you know that it's coming to
this dear land, too?
The war-famine and pestilence—com-
ing to you?

Don't you know that however you
give now to them
Will come back (before long) to your
children and then,
Pressed down, running over, heaped
up—just the same

That you give to the others; others will
come home again?
Good, bad or indifferent, your children
will share
What you give to the others; so,
mothers, take care.
—CORDULE.

—●—
YAQUINA.

Awake, O hills, the morning birds are
calling!
Come forth in all the beauty so early

Thy day of days is breaking o'er
the mountain,
So rouse thee from thy sweet and
holy slumber,
Refresh thyself in yonder spark-
ling fountain.
And so they stand, their souls with
beauty beaming
To glorify the coming day, just wak-

With lavish folds of verdure for
their dresses,
With jeweled dewdrops shining on
their bosoms,
And purple wreaths of larkspur in
their tresses.

Thus springtime comes, with gentle
zephyrs stealing
Around our virgin hills, Yaquina
kneeling,

To bathe their feet in-magic rock-bound vases,
And fairy rain-clouds sweep across their foreheads
To keep their youth still shining in their faces.
—ALBERT L. EWING,

THE LEADER.
Appointed soldier of his God! To be
The captain of a new humanity;
And with the blade of his sword

And armored vision of the destiny
That waits to bless a world's unanswered prayers:
He steadfast leads the forces that fulfill
God's purpose. The shot of ridicule
he dares:
And, propheetlike, he thrusts behind
the veil
Of voices, clamorous with a present

A starving Future's dumb desire to
 feed.
 Whose spirit, calm, with courage clad,
 can see
 In ranks of prejudice and bigotry;
 In the masked hatred of each secret
 foe,
 Truth's victory wrapped in evil's
 embryo.
 Who, with his task complete, his pur-
 pose won,

Dies, while his God and conscience
 cry—"Well done!"
 —MARY A. WOODWARD.
 —
SEEMING AND BEING.
 Boast not of the fact you were in the
 fight,
 Nor that you fought so well,
 But the purpose you had in your in-
 most heart
 That called you like a bell.

Boast not of the wealth you have
 plied so high,
Nor the beauty of ground and hall,
But tell a world that begins to doubt
How it chanced that you earned
 it all.

Tell not of the blood that is in your
 veins,
Nor the deeds your fathers have
 done,
 What you do to show

And to explain what you do to show
your blood.
And to prove that you are their son.
It is time to be and not to seem,
To do and not to say,
For the day of make-believe must go,
And of live-the-truth must stay.
RAYMOND E. BAKER.

SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA.
Each silver wave is ruby tipped,

though the sparkling drops had
dipped
In the heart of the setting sun.
The rugged hills that line your shores,
(and like two massive purple doors
'Gainst night, till the day is done,
soft wind rises from the west,
weeping the sand hills' placid breast
To a sea of darkening gold.
gray gull makes his last lone flight
and disappears in the fading light

our rippling waves no longer gleam
or sparkle, like a fairy stream
Kissed by a sunlit ray.
Dark and sullen your waters flow,
With dirgelike rhythm mystic, low,
Mourning the death of day.
—YVONNE JARRETT.