

The Herald

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Monmouth Meditations

A war time Easter does not promise much, but despite it all, the lilies keep on blooming and the old hen is doing her best to make up for the scare she had about Thanksgiving time.

The bond issue for hard roads in Oregon appears to be "off again, on again" with impartial regularity. Just now it is on again, and possibly with an election in prospect, Polk county will still get her hard surface road.

Lord Bryon's impressions of the narrow cycle of civilization might have been obtained from such scenes as went to make up the story of "Thais" as portrayed on the modern stage.

When Ian Hay was here, in his optimistic summing up of what had been done and what was yet to be done, he said that an assault on the West line was to be preferred. A certain number of Germans had to be killed. They would not have it any other wise; and the surest way for this to be accomplished was for them to take the offensive in the west. That is just the program being gone through with now. It is a serious and awful job that confronts the defenders in France, but one that has to be thoroughly done if freedom of soul and body in the world is to be maintained.

These are times of great unrest. People, who under ordinary circumstances, would hesitate to change residence or mode of living, now shift at the slightest provocation. The uneasy man, who is positive that the end of the rainbow, with its inevitable pot of gold, will be found the next time he moves, has many to follow his example. The city man longs to farm and the farmer longs to speculate. It only takes a small allurements to start the conservative man off following some will o' the wisp. Rather than work for moderate wages the laborer is inclined to sit idle, waiting for that golden opportunity of big return for little effort. In the mean time the citizen who maintains his sober way, content with the best he is offered, willing to put himself out a little for the accommodation of a friend or neighbor, is not unapt, like the tortoise in the race, to come in ahead at the goal.

It may or may not be true that the Germans have constructed a gun which shoots seventy miles but at any rate the idea is thoroughly Teutonic. Childishly futile it might seem to go to all that trouble for the sake of killing a few non-combatants but one can readily imagine the kiddish pride of Fritz when he touches it off. "Look, see what I have done! Me! Smart fellow, I am!"

The thoughts of that part of the

world whose hopes hang on the success of the Allies have been centered this week on the heroic band of soldiers who are disputing the drive of Hindenberg and the Kaiser toward Paris. Just as the English navy has stood as a protection to us on sea, now the English army is our hope in stopping the flood—that highly trained mass of military hold-up artists and land pirates who are reaching out for lands and indemnities in France. During the Boer war a beleaguered garrison, defied the enemy until the building they were in was set on fire. Even then their flag continued to wave from the peak. Finally the fire made such headway that the flag fell and at this the onlookers set up a cheer. This fact inspired Rudyard Kipling to write the poem elsewhere on this page. Its imperialistic notes jar a little but in times like this some concessions must be made. That is an eloquent couplet "Never the lotos closes, never the wild fowl wake; but a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake." They are

dying for England's sake across the sea right now and for our own sake as well. Let due honor be given to the dead heroes of the British empire.

One hour more of daylight next week—being an hour attached at the end of the day that most people never knew existed just after sunrise.

"Beans and potatoes" is the countersign of the home gardeners this year and the approved plan of strategy includes an early attack.

Meanwhile the Normal people are putting their wits together to recruit a sufficiently large army of teachers to equip the rural and urban trenches next year.

Napoleon left it as an axiom that "God was on the side of the strongest battalions" but he wasn't qualified to speak of the deity that stands at the Kaiser's elbow.

The administration must have borrowed its psychology in dealing with Wisconsin from the great and only Hindenberg.

"THE ENGLISH FLAG" by Rudyard Kipling

Winds of the World, give answer? They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapor and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World declare!

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;
"I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;
"By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
"That the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
"Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came;
"I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,
"And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,
"The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light:
"What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
"Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From the Virgins my mid-sea course was ta'en
"Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
"Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the longbacked breakers croon
"Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

"Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
"I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze—
"Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
"But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

"I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on the Horn;
"I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn;
"I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea;
"I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

"My basking sun-fish know it, and wheeling albatross,
"Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
"What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
"Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
"And me, men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
"Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of my wild typhoon
"I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
"I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
"I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose,
"And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
"But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—
"Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
"Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

"The desert dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows
"The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
"What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
"Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!"

The West Wind called: "In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
"That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
"They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
"Till I loose my neck from their rudder and whelm them all in my wrath.

"I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole;
"They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-bells toll,
"For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
"And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death.

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day,
"I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
"First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
"Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
"The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
"What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
"Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

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