

The Poets Corner

MOTHER.

By J. W.

Dear Mother, when I read each tender phrase,
Each throbbing line of love you write to me,
My heart grows sad, and oft I count the days
Until at last I shall sail o'er the sea
Back, back to you and home and all I love,
And once I cursed the fate that placed me here.
But, lo! I caught a vision from above
That stilled my heart with patience, mother, dear,
Before my thoughts were dark with fancied wrongs,
Of plans miscarried and of work undone,
I heard faint echoes of the old home songs
And glimpsed your loving faces one by one.
I knew your troubles—that I could not ease,
I suffered at the worry in your heart,
I longed to rest my head upon your knees
And feel my bitter loneliness depart.
To me the war had brought out bitterness;
Brought discipline—that cut me to the raw—
And acts unjust that promise no redress
Beneath the changeless military law.
All through the days I heard the haunting call;
I saw your pleading eyes and heard your voice.
I prayed to come, I prayed to cheer you all
And in reunion let our hearts rejoice.
All useless seemed the changeless game we played
Of endless labor, unremitting drill.
It seemed 'twould be far better had I stayed
At home with you, who love and need me still.

I saw a row of new-made baby graves
And distant aircraft sinking in the sky;
I saw the towns of desolated France,
The fruiting trees destroyed in senseless hate!
Oh, mother, these I saw as in a trance,
And others that my lips dare not relate!
Oh, think if we had lived in Belgium then!
If France had been our home! Oh, God on High,
To picture You the toy of brutish men,
Our home destroyed, my loved ones left to die!
I see—I see at last—the reason why
We must forget the little things of life
And dry our tears and stifle every cry,
Whatever pain may issue from the strife!
Why we must battle on, with we'er a thought
But Victory, nor stop to count the cost,
Until a sweeter Liberty is wrought
From out the old, which was so nearly lost!

ODE TO CHARITY.

By Mrs. F. E. Frickey.

O'er ocean of emerald and sapphire
A sparkle with diamond-tipped spray
I gaze upon purple-hued mountains
Drifting away, far away.
Into regions of mystical beauty,
Alluring, enchanting and fair,
Begetting the longing to travel
Whither no mortal may dare;
Bespeaking the glory of realms
Unfathomed by human clay,
Untrammelled by finite senses,
Untrammelled by petty pretenses,
To glories which pass in a day.
I gaze, and, gazing, I ponder
And dream of that realm so fair
Where never a closer vision

May see its beauties rare,
Where e'er the weary pilgrim
Of earth's steep, rugged ways
May gaze, with a vision brightened
O'er all his future days—
May see above the shadows
A light, transcending light
Of any earthly pulse,
More glorious, more bright,
May see a land so tranquil,
So filled with peaceful calm
Of shining lake and river,
Of fruitful vale and hill,
Of golden summer sunshine
Or mellow moonlight glow,
Prevailing its dominion
From mountain crown of snow
To virgin field and forest,
Where flowers perpetual grow.
Methinks I hear the music
Of spheres in heavenly race
Pursuing tireless journeys
Through infinite realms of space.
Almost I catch the glimmer
Of colors too wondrously wrought
To paint their celestial imprint
In human pen, or thought.

I take the wings of fancy
And traverse that realm so blest
To find there the angel guardian
Of all that on earth is best.
With thee, Sweet Charity,
I earnestly commune,
Imploring thy sacred presence,
To grant me a priceless boon.
Come back to earth's darkened regions;
Yes, back to the battlefield,
Where recks the blood of heroes
Who fall into unknown graves;
Back to the cities, lightened
To civilization's best,
And there take up thy dwelling
Within the human breast.
Forgotten are thy teachings,
Unheeded thy precepts old
By those who claim the shelter
Of Christ's own sacred fold.
There you will find the slain
In aspirations pure,
To build in affliction's valleys
Foundations which shall endure.
Souls, who are crushed and bleeding,
To thee, sweet Charity,
Cry out, in their bitter anguish:
Help, or we can but die—
Die to our lofty motives,
Die to our hearts' true aim,
And, dying, leave behind us
A record of ill-fame.
Go! and convict of sin
Each self-righteous Pharisee
Who lives to exploit his own goodness
And evil in others see.
Teach him the lesson, firmly,
Imprint it in mind and heart,
That what he beholds in others
Is of himself a part.
For life is a mirror truly
Of motive, of thought, and deed,
Reflecting our own soul's image,
Giving us back our mood
Of sunshine and of shadow,
Of good, or ill report,
Of praise or blame, honor, shame,
Just as we play our part.
Just as we mete to others
A measure of good or ill,
So we pay, with interest,
The unrequited bill.
The scales are just, O Shylock.

TIRES FEDERAL PERFECTION PORTAGE



HOW DO YOU BUY TIRES? DO YOU CONSIDER THE COST PER MILE? IF YOU DO YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN OUR LINE.

THE AVERAGE 30x3 1-2 TIRE COSTS 65c PER HUNDRED MILES OF SERVICE. OUR "PERFECTION" TIRE FIGURES 39c PER HUNDRED ON THIS SIZE AND "THE PORTAGE", 49c.—OTHER SIZES IN PROPORTION. THESE ARE COLD FACTS BUT ARE WORTH CONSIDERING. THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU BUY.

VICK BROS. 260 North High Street Salem, Oregon

Think not to escape the day
When thou shalt pay the utmost
For all thou wouldst take away.
For reputations ruined
By slander's vile report,
The idle tales of gossips,
Who serve no finer art
Than breathing vulgar falsehoods,
To soothe an uncharitable heart.
For precious friendships broken,
For homes bereft of love,
For souls in anguish yearning
To see again the dove
Of white-robed Peace descending
From the bright throne above.

Charity, come! Thy mission
Must hasten the era of peace
When love and good will shall conquer
When insenseness and strife shall cease,
When spite of creed and dogma,
Nationality, party, or hue,
Man shall to man be brother,
And woman to woman be true.
Then shall the Master's spirit
Of peace, goodwill toward men
Broad o'er earth's faded glories,
Waken to life again
Those who have heard the paeans
Of Love's sweet, sacred strains,
Who through the countless eons
Have followed her white-robed train.
Followed! The matron, the maiden,
The youth, the father, the sire;
Followed the Master's footprints
Away from the world's desire
For power, for wealth, for glory,
Bought with the blood of brothers,
Of sisters, wives and mothers.

Father in heaven! When
Shall Thy groping children see
The light Thou hast shed for ages
From blood-stained calvary?
Light of a love so mighty
No soul, though steeped in shame,
Need doubt Thy power to pardon,
To heal, to cleanse, to reclaim.
When we shall seek the spirit
Which dwelt within Thy breast,
To take the place of dogmas
And creeds with love unblest,
Then Life shall lose its sadness
And earth o'erflow with gladness.

UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY IS ALMOST FREE OF FLU

University of Oregon, Eugene, Jan. 18.—With only seven cases of influenza among a student body and faculty numbering more than 1300, the University of Oregon is faring exceptionally well, in the opinion of the health committee. Of the seven cases, three are among faculty members, and none of the cases are serious. Meanwhile, however, the strictest preventive measures are still enforced, and a complete check is kept daily on all cases of illness. Influenza is isolated at the moment of its appearance.

SOLDIERS TO HAVE JOBS

Some of the boys who are returning from overseas and from camps on this side, after doing their bit to help bring victory to the allied arms, will resume work in the mills of Silverton and they will be proud of the support which was given them by those who remained behind. The mills have planned on making vacancies for the boys as they return, and probably they will be here ready for their old positions by the time the mills start in full capacity.—Silverton Tribune.

Pro-German remarks and indications of pro-German sympathies have caused the discharge of A. M. Diekey from the Eugene postoffice.

A general strike was called in the Grays Harbor shipyards Wednesday morning. Callers demand \$10.50 a day and electricians \$5.

GEORGE LIMBECK OF PRATUM DIED SUNDAY FROM INFLUENZA

George Limbeck, aged 21 years, died at the home of his parents near Pratum Sunday morning from Spanish influenza. He was sick about two weeks.—Appen.

DEATHS NEAR JEFFERSON.

Ernest Miller died at his home at Knox Butte Friday, aged 33 years. For 15 years he has had helpless inability to move hand or foot. His bones seemed to petrify and his flesh dry up. He suffered intense pain when he was moved and his case baffled the best of medical skill. Mentally he was very bright and a great reader, keeping well up on important issues.

Miss Argyle Stanton died at the home of her mother, Mrs. D. Jacobson, at Talbot, Tuesday, aged about 18 years, a victim of influenza. The young lady was a general favorite and her death causes deep sorrow throughout the community. Words cannot comfort the parents in their irreparable loss and the home will seem desolate for many days, but they have the sincere sympathy of all. The bright young life is ended. Like a ray of sunshine she brightened the home for a moment and was gone forever. Her brief stay here was a joy to all and loving thoughts will linger long in the minds of her friends. Hark she did none; kind and loving acts many.—Jefferson Review.

Mrs. Homer I. Watts, wife of the mayor of Athena, is dead from an attack of influenza.

Belgian Restoration Would Cost 12 Billions

Amsterdam, Jan. 17.—Mathias Erzberger, chairman of the German armistice commission has informed his government that Marshal Foch estimated the restoration of Belgium would cost Germany \$12,000,000,000 and that other damages would amount to \$4,000,000,000 it was learned today.
The allies are also said to have demanded possession of the German railways and forests as security. Erzberger is reported to have declared it was impossible to accept these "severe economic conditions," on account of the unsettled political situation.

LLOYD T. RICHES, SON OF MR. AND MRS. T. W. RICHES, WEDS

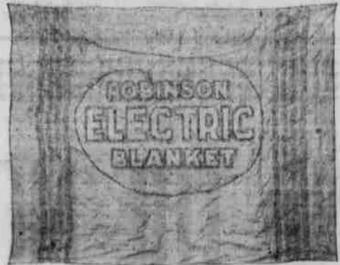
The friends in this city of Lloyd Riches, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Riches, were surprised to learn of his marriage to Miss L. Velle Rogers of Boise, Idaho, at Portland Friday. The only guests at the wedding were Mrs. Will P. King of this city, sister of the groom, and Carl M. Massey. Mr. Riches, with his bride-to-be, visited here one week previous to the wedding, but did not tell how closely cupid was following them. Mr. Riches is advertising manager of the Morning Enterprise at Oregon City. They will be at home in Oregon City after a short wedding trip.—Silverton Appeal.

C. E. Hooper of Grandview, Wash., was seriously injured last Monday when the auto in which he was riding was struck by a train.



NEW MANAGER OF THE WHITE SOX—William (Kid) Gleason who succeeded Clarence Howland as manager of the Chicago American league team. He is a veteran of 30 years. In his time he was a great infielder and pitcher, but of late years has acted as trained and assistant manager to Howland.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY



Do You Sleep Out-of-Doors?

The idea of sleeping out of doors or in unheated bed-rooms is an excellent one. It is NOT new.

The crisp, fresh air, laden with life-giving oxygen is invigorating and stimulating.

Altogether too many who practice this during the summer months, find it disagreeable and dangerous to continue out-of-doors sleeping all the year around.

The idea of warming your bed before retiring is a NEW ONE, however, yet it is entirely practical and perfectly safe.

The Robinson Electric Blanket

Is used most successfully for this purpose.

Sold On Installments.

PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT & POWER CO.

REPUBLIC TIRES

Every praise that can be suggested has already been applied to different makes of Automobile Tires.

This is the claim we make for Republic Tires.

If you will give the Republic a fair show—Treat it as a tire should be treated—you will get more than your money's worth.

You get a 5000-mile settlement basis on every Republic tire that shows faulty construction.

These adjustments are made by us.

Salem Automobile Co.

F. G. DELANO

246 State St.

A. I. BOFF

After March 1st, our location will be 151 High street, now occupied by the Farmer's Cash Store.

Distributors of Republic prodium process Tires—Chevrolet and Scripps-Booth Automobiles.