

THE DAY.

By Henry Chappell.

(The author of this magnificent poem is Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. Mr. Chappell is known to his comrades as the "Bath Railway Poet." A poem such as this lifts him to the rank of a national poet.)

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,

And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,

As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,

And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;

Not all the waters of all the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;

Watch how the Day will go.
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime)
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;

Yours is the Harvest red,
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?

Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies

The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day

That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;

That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,

And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—

Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"VENGEANCE is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

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THE MAN THAT GETS BACK.

Then here's to the man who gets back,

When fate has struck us between the eyes,

When fondest hope in failure dies,
When black and angry are all our skies.

Here's to the man that gets back.

Works back—

Fights back—

By the power of his soul

In his own control

Gets back.

Then here's to the man who gets back.

No craven coward to weep and groan,

He trusts to his God and himself alone,

No whimpers, no cursings, no feeble moan.

Here's to the man who gets back.

Works back—

Fights back—

By the power of his soul

In his own control

Gets back.

A yearly maximum salary of \$1,500 for letter carriers in cities was advocated by Congressman Martin B. Madden in an address before the Chicago branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers. "Furthermore," he said, "all postal officials up to the first assistant postmaster general should be promoted from the ranks. The best service comes from men who have been trained in the work. I see no reason why every postmaster should not come from the ranks."