

THE DREAMERS.

They are architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of Doubt, and pierce the walls of Unborn Time.

The World has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of Empire they have fought for bigger things than crowns, and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel.

Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of Destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare the uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the old World's skies, and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help; which but for one man's dream would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the Islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the way—who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them to try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and the empires fall, the tide wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the eternal conquerors—their vassals are the years.

HERBERT KAUFMAN.

THE TRANSPORT MAN.

The Transport man don't give a damn,
He pushes on the rations,
Jamaica rum 'or shell or Hun
Impartial to equations.

He's damned by all, both great and small,
And in turn damns the weather,
He bears the brunt from rear to front,
Each one and all together.

There's nothing right, from morn till night,
They treat him as a grafter,
But peace dear friend will see the end,
And you'll get yours hereafter.