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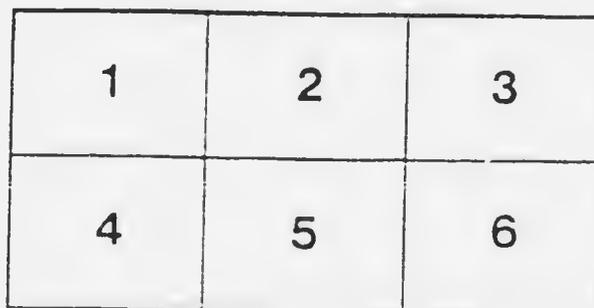
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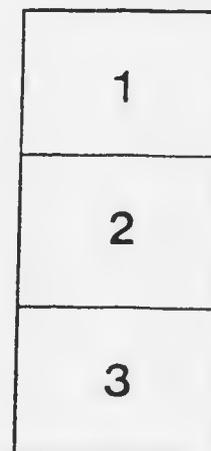
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SONGS OF A
SICK TUM-TUM

SKOOKUM CHUCK

110

SONGS OF A SICK TUM-TUM



SONGS OF A SICK
TUM-TUM

BY
SKOOKUM CHUCK



NEW YORK
THE TOTEM COMPANY
1912

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TO
TUM-TUM



Dear Reader:—

In my estimation, the two greatest things that have ever been invented are paper and pencil — how else could we record our thoughts and preserve them?

I may say that all the verses that go to make up this little volume have been gathered accidentally; they are pickings from the wild hills. I never feel more happy than when I get away for a time from the cities, the towns, and the plowed fields, out upon Nature's wild, untrodden ground and undelved plains, among the untrimmed trees. I never go out without pencil and paper, and I usually come home with a few notes; the days I go without paper I am sure to find the greatest treasures.

In connection with the collection of verse contained in this little book, I beg to say that I claim nothing for them beyond the very ordinary; if they are read in the same spirit in which they are written I will be satisfied. Or, if they serve to perpetuate the little Yellow-bell, and the lonely, exotic thistle, I will be more than pleased.

SKOOKUM CHUCK



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SONGS OF A SICK TUM-TUM



Lost and Found

ONCE off the British Columbia Coast,
Well out at sea, a ship was lost.

And in a little island bay
One of the shipwrecked sailors lay.

He had been cast upon the shore
By wind and wave that on him bore.

Yet lingered the tenacious soul
With the weak body in control.

The sun restored him, heat revived,
He knew his heart was strong, and thrived.

He saw, he felt, and strange to tell
He found that he was saved and well.

He blessed the earth, the sky, the sea,
And all known things that he was free;

Forgot his torment, and forgave
The rock, the rain, the wind, the wave.

LOST AND FOUND

His heart expands, his face reveals
The praise he gives, the joy he feels.

And spoke he in a deep glad way
All that a mortal soul could say:

“ O earth, sweet earth, and sand, sweet sand,
And rock, and reef, and lake, and land!

“ O stone, sweet stone, and sea, sweet sea,
And love, and life, and liberty!

“ O friend, dear friend, and foe, dear foe,
And peace, and pain, and joy, and woe!

“ O thousand joys, O million things
That life conveys, that living brings!

“ Or is this some Utopian dream
That brings such glories on the scene?

“ Or am I master of them all
At my command, my beck and call?

“ Mine to enjoy from hour to hour,
The bird, the beast, the fruit, the flower?

LOST AND FOUND

“The forest, mountain, valley, stream,
The real, the true, the false, the dream?”

“The shrub, the tree, the grass, the vine,
The sun, the moon, the stars — all mine?”

“My own, all mine, to have, to keep,
Mine to caress, awake, asleep?”

“The good, the great, the grand — serene,
That I have passed unloved, unseen?”

“I did not know, or dream, or see
That such luxurious wealth was free.

“How sweet to know, how grand to feel
That love is good, that life is real!

“I love you, friends, I love you, foes,
I love the thorn beneath the rose.

“Thou wave that beats the lonely shore,
Sweet is thy rage, and soft thy roar.

“O sand, O sea, O wind, O wave
Ye are the masters, I the slave!



LOST AND FOUND

“Thou land of sunshine, fresh with showers,
And garnished well with fruit and flowers —

“Thou land of wealth unknown, unused,
Of lavish joys and smiles abused!

“To live among thy gladsome things
To eat thy fruits, and drink thy springs,

“Is all I ask, is all I care,
Is more than I deserve to share.”

Thus reconciled to all he knew,
The good, the bad, the false, the true,

He hugged the sand, and kissed the shore,
And grasped the waves that on him bore.

So full was he of love and praise,
And faith and hope and tenderness.

Thus spoke the new-born man; thus rose;
Thus lived his friends; thus fell his foes.

Privation turns a stone to moss,
Makes flowers of thorns, makes gold of dross.

LOST AND FOUND

But hunger told with due distress
The mortal of his mortalness.

He must get food, must eat and drink,
To live, and love, and praise, and think.

So rose he to his feet and moved
Along the land as yet unproved.

He found a naked, ragged reef,
Without a stump, or stem, or leaf.

Great gems of love are thrown away
On hearts of stone, on souls of clay.

Great wealth of trust and faith are lost
Among the ones we clung to most.

His dreamland was a Paradise,
He found it but a fiend's device.

There is no truth though great it seem
Just like the fiction of a dream.

The sweetest things we know, and have
Inherited, are sleep and love;

LOST AND FOUND

Those mysteries bred behind the dawn
And passed, through us, yet down, and on.

The island laughed his love to scorn.
He gave a rose, received a thorn.

He asked for bread, received a stone,
He offered love and hate was shown.

He wandered here and there, and bore
From sea to sea, from shore to shore.

But not one drop, and not one crumb
He found, for all was dead and dumb.

Not one green speck, one fluttering leaf,
To soothe his heart, or calm his grief.

Nothing to love, to praise, to trust,
Nothing but stone, and sand, and dust.

No bird, no beast, no flower, no tree,
No love, no life, no liberty.

With one deep groan, betrayed, marooned,
He fell unmanned, unstrung, untuned.

LOST AND FOUND

“ Farewell thou earth, unreal, untrue,
Deaf to the lot, fair to the few.

“ I gave thee all I had to give,
All I could spare from life, and live.

“ O for one smile, one touch, one taste,
One virtue to redeem this waste,

“ One crumb, one drop before I go,
One voice, one look from friend or foe.

“ Ye barren shores that greet the wave,
Your stones are poison, sands a grave.

“ Ye waves that spit, and hiss, and tear,
Your mission is to waste and wear.

“ Ye waves that laugh, and sing, and sigh,
Your smile is false, your song a lie.

“ Thou laughing sky, thou sea, thou isle,
I hate your mirth, despise your smile.

“ Ye grinning waves, thou mocking sea,
Why bar the world from mine and me?

LOST AND FOUND

“ O wind, O wave, O surf, O sea,
Let me to them, let them to me!

“ O crippled heart, and hampered brain,
And shattered faith, and endless pain,

“ And deep soul-wound that will not cure,
How long remain? how long endure? ”

But days are few, and records rare
Where time was conquered by despair.

Far out at the dividing line
Where sea meets sky, where sky meets brine,

He saw a ship, and one drew nigh
Superb and clear against the sky.

Or did his mind but rave and rock
His eye deceive, the sun-beams mock?

O no! O no! 'tis true! 'tis true!
There is the mast, the sail, the crew.

On bore the ship in sweet repose;
His heart went wild — he looked — he rose!

LOST AND FOUND

Up to his feet he sprang, and dashed
Over the lifeless stones, and splashed

Into the water soft and calm,
Spent of its fury now, and swam

Out to the ship that moved along
Like a live saviour wise and strong

Close to the shore. This was his earth,
His life, his love, his home, his hearth.

A rope was thrown, a ladder lowered,
Bright faces welcomed him on board.

Kind people nursed him back to earth,
Kind voices healed his grief to mirth.

Kind words and deeds repentance brought,
Of all he said, and feared, and thought.

“O earth, sweet earth, how dear to me
That I am saved and well, and free

“To eat thy fruits, enjoy thy songs,
To love thy rights and fear thy wrongs.

“O home, sweet home, and sea, sweet sea,
O love, and life, and liberty.”

The Thistle

BESIDE an ancient igneous stone,
Up near a summit wind-swept bare,
A Scottish thistle grew alone
With purple bloom half fresh, half fair.

Said I: "Thou poor bit struggling flower
Half famished in the sand and storm,
How came thee by thy life and power,
Whence came the cell that gave thee power?"

"How canst thou blush and bloom and bear
And wave thy hands so cheerily
An exiled stranger, lonely, rare,
Unknown, unseen, unkempt, unfree?"

"No fellow-blossom can be seen,
And not one stem to climb or coil;
How came thee by thy mauve and green
From such a foodless, hueless soil?"

"Behold thy sire, crisp, level laid,
Sad relic of a recent year,
And know thy fate in him portrayed;
Art happy having this to fear?"

THE THISTLE

Then spoke the thistle, "Sir, of all
The plants that creep and climb and vie
In palace grounds or castle wall,
There's none so proud or great as I.

"On Nature's wild untrodden ground
Are pleasures that are deep and good;
The stones have life, the sands have sound,
The wind has words, the rain has food.

"I have no rival, scorning, near,
No hate, no envy to conceal,
I have no friend or foe to fear;
No weeds to choke, no wounds to heal.

"I have no fears and no sad hours,
I love the earth, and now and here,
I drink the rare refreshing showers,
And breathe the purest atmosphere."

And I the man, most meek, most mild,
Bowed lowly to a flower so great,
Received the wisdom like a child,
And stole away to meditate.

Little Yellow, Yellow-Bell

LITTLE, yellow, yellow-bell
Can you answer, can you tell,
Is thy time, thy life, worth while —
This brief moment, this brief smile?

One sweet peep at earth and sky;
One glad touch in passing by;
One sweet glance around about;
One shy greeting — down and out.

Golden lips and cheeks and eyes
In the early Spring arise;
Briefly, gracefully and royal
From the hungry, thirsty soil.

Smiles that sandy wastes redeem
Pass so quickly — pass unseen;
Pass so full of life, and real,
Pass with sad, unheard appeal.

Still thou dost not bloom in vain,
Since thy glory thou dost rain;

LITTLE YELLOW, YELLOW-BELL

Since thy presence renders cheery
All the desert, all the dreary.

Little. yellow, yellow-bell,
Here to-day. To-morrow? Well,
Thou hast blessed the lonely plain,
Greater envy thee in vain.

The Dream of the Optimist

I DREAMED I died and left the clay,— that
when
My spirit fled it lingered still on earth
And saw all things, but seeing was unseen.
I saw them place my body in the grave.
I saw the hot tears mingle with the soil
As I was covered over, and from all
My friends and mankind lost forevermore.
I had no wife that mourned, but one young thing
Shed warmer tears than all the rest, and they
Fell from her eyes in torrents to the ground.
They made a garden of the mound to mark
My resting place. They raised a marble stone —
Then went away, and I was left alone.
I never knew how much I was beloved
Until the moment when, in prison home
I found myself forever in the soil.

Time passed on swift hours; for the dead
Have no conception of its flight. The years
Grew into thousands, then to millions rose.
I saw my people scatter o'er the earth
In search of fortune, and I saw them die

THE DREAM OF THE OPTIMIST

And give their clay to fertilize the soil.
I saw my sweetheart dry her tears and wed
Another, and I loved him for her sake.

And then I was a stranger on the earth
For all I knew had vanished from my sight.

The garden bloomed and faded, and the stone
Fell forward, and a forest raised its head
Out from the cemetery, and then the stone
Was covered with green moss and dry dead
leaves.

The world was hastening to the great unknown.
It forgot that I and millions more had ever lived,
And loved, and suffered, giving forth our aid
With half compelled and half unconscious ways
To better man's condition on the earth.

I saw great changes overcome the world,
All wrought by man, who's very form was
changed

To one of nobler shape; and all disease
And sad deformities were known no more.
In morals men went forward, slow in time
They were quite perfect, and I saw them live
Like brothers, all in harmony and peace.
All men-of-wars had been disarmed and used

THE DREAM OF THE OPTIMIST

As ships of commerce on the big wide seas.
All prisons were closed, officials were no more.
All churches were erased, for humankind
No more required suasion to be good;
Nor needed they chastisement for offense.
Man's heart through evolution had been changed
To one of perfect model, for all wrong
Had been purged through ages of endeavor
And I found that what I questioned,
Right or wrong, had improved the human heart.
Then I awoke. Behold it was a dream.

A Poet of Man

I AM not a poet of Nature whose great theme
Lies in the Woods, the mountains and the
stream.

I am a poet of man — the inner man,
And heart that throbs responding to a joy,
Or beats in agony at an undue pain.
Man has a charm for me; his ways and means,
His rights and wrongs all touch my soul and wake
That influence which is instinct in my life
To speak in warning for his benefit.
Man's personal prerogatives disturb
My rancor when infringed upon; I rise
In self-defense defending all mankind.
Man's errors stir me, and I seek to mend
His half brute instincts which a million years
May not eliminate. Man's love and hate
I seek to bring together to one state.
I seek to modify his prejudice, and lay
His heart entirely open to fair play;
Give each his due, and judge the weak and strong
According to our light of right and wrong;
To give our foes just credit for their good,

A POET OF MAN

And blame our loved ones for their faults. The
food
That quenches all the cravings of my brain
Flows in this channel. Human grief and pain
Awake my pity — enslaved minds
I wish to set at liberty, and find
A slayer for all superstitious fear,
And prove the mystery of our being here.
This is the muse that stirs me, and I feel
A duty is performed when I steal
Into the woodlands that I love so well
To write what inspiration brings, and tell
The rights of mankind to his fellow man —
Wherein we err, and where we wisely plan —
To give him credit for his nobleness,
And blame him for his groundless wickedness.

As We Are Seen

AS the stars and heavens see us
Man and woman, we are three,
From the dawning to the dark,
The dead, the living, those to be.

On the plains and in the forest
Foot-prints mark the sands and clay —
Steps of secret bodies moving,
Passing at the break of day.

Passing with unsteady motion,
Here uncertain, there unseen,
In a broken language talking,
Telling half of what has been.

By the sea and on the rivers,
Over all in many ways,
Speak the heroes, stand the mansions,
Stand the beauties of our days.

Hear the merry, merry laughter,
Hear the ringing of the chimes,
Hear the weeping, wailing, gnashing —
Shames and glories of our days.

AS WE ARE SEEN

Lie the great ones of the future
 Unsuspecting, unsuspected,
Down the ages in the shadows
 Stand great statues unerected.

We must fall that they may rise,
 You and I and all alive,
Our dear days and weeks and years —
 Ours must perish theirs to thrive.

The Poet

HE is all depth no surface, when he speaks
He speaks whole volumes; and his eye with
pride

Sees each emotion in the human heart
However well preserved, however masked.
Each joy and charm in nature sees he too
Without a cloud to mar his glorious view.
He takes a man's dissected soul and tells
Wherein he errs — wherein he may improve.
He tells us of our faults, though we may flinch
At the sad truth, and marvel how his eye
Can bring to light things whispered not about;
Or things we dare not bring to light for fear
Our true self should be known. The poet smiles
At his alarm and horror when he tells
Man of himself; man learns of secrets then
That have been in his breast for ages past
Unknown to him and all the world besides.
The poet is a messenger who spies
At the soul's door and gives its truths away.
He judges inward man by outward signs
And seldom errs for he is inspired

THE POET

And speaks out boldly what he finds unknown
To man in man, to nature in herself.
He is a gifted preacher whose appeal
Should win o'er millions to their better self.
He is a prophet born to reveal
Unknown and unsuspected states to be.
The poet made old Greece and all her gods
Where each emotion and each act and thought
Was made a person and was shunned or sought.

Revelry

THERE were sounds of mirth in the gay, gay
town,
In the gay town of Port Arthur;
And the mirth went up as the wine went down,
And the city shook with laughter.*

The men made love and the maids made fun
While the darkness crept upon them.
There never was a company, no not one
With a lighter conscience on them.

“ We will never have cause our sword to bend
On that of the heathen nations,
For diplomatic wits will mend
All strained and false relations.”

But the sound of guns in the far, far East,
In the harbor of Port Arthur
Pierced every bosom at the feast,
And the city ceased its laughter.

* From the description of G. P. Curtes, *Examiner*, March 17, 1904.

REVELRY

Eye spoke to eye, in the great, grand hall,
And every heart beat faster;
"To arms, to arms," was the call
That sprang from maid and master.

"Make haste, 'tis the guns at the harbor end,
The heathen are upon us.
To ship, to ship, for our lives attend
Ere they spit their cannon on us."

"Nay, 'tis the guns at the harbor gaps," they
said,
"The guns at practice only,
They fear an attack from the Japs," they said,
And they laughed "in the midnight lonely."

Then the dance went on and the feasting, too,
And the wine was served no milder,
And the mirth increased, and the laughter grew,
And the loosened tongues went wilder.

When the morning came, the cool, gray dawn
Revealed a scene of slaughter.
The ships were crippled but the Japs were gone,
And the brave were dead in the water.

The "Clallam" and the Iroquois *

WE should hug and kiss our own ones who are
safely home tonight,
And lavish all our care upon them whether wrong
or right;
They may be overtaken by some unexpected foe;
We may not have the chance to hug and kiss them
ere they go.

We should hug and kiss our own ones and curse
them not; in fact,
We do not know when they may leave us never
to come back.
And hundreds have been tortured in their ab-
sence e'er they knew,
And did not have a chance to kiss or evil to undo.

We should hug and kiss our own ones; sad warn-
ings here and there
Reveal to us that they may reach eternity un-
aware.

* Iroquois fire, Dec. 30, 1903. "Clallam" wrecked, Jan. 8,
1904.

THE CLALLAM AND THE IROQUOIS

There was an admonition to our careless ways
and slow
When the Iroquois was fired and the "Clallam"
went below.

We should hug and kiss our own ones for calami-
ties such as these
Should teach us to appreciate our loved ones on
our knees —
Where mothers lose their children and husbands
lose their wives
Who in their lonely suffering gave up their pre-
cious lives.

We should hug and kiss our own ones and love
their very name;
They may perish in the waters wild or in the rag-
ing flame
Without a sympathizing voice and not a tear-
dimmed eye
To speak a loving word and weep and watch them
while they die.

The World and Man

THE world does not look for man, but man
Looks for the world; it does not even try
To search him out for gain or gold, but leaves
His bud to wither in the deaf-mute air.
It does not seek to profit by his theme,
Nor seek to know his beneficial scheme;
Nor does it undermine his home in whole
For precious treasure hidden in his soul;
Nor does it try to cultivate his plant.
Man seeks the world struggling with great odds,
To force upon us what we praise him for
In time — it may be music, and it may
Be science or invention of some kind.
He crawls through darkness, over mires of slime;
He braves rebuke, dishonor, even crime
Imposed upon him, for he is a fool
At first, who is a hero in the end.
Against all evil influence grows his creed —
If strong, though not immune, he may succeed.
He must defy all billows till the land
Is reached, and then they clamor for his hand.
But where one hero breathless gains the shore
A thousand sink unknown to rise no more.

Reed Smoot

IN the United States senate one Reed
Was accused of a very bad deed,
So they took him to court
With a solemn report
And started to germinate seed.

This report was carefully drawn,
And in one part it said very strong:
" Reed Smoot is a Mormon "
And Senator Gorman
Says 'tis unlawful and wrong.

So they probed all his joys and his woes
From his head to the tips of his toes —
Quite plain it was shown
That he was not alone,
For they brought in his friends and his foes.

And they went to the radical (root)
In the trial of Senator Smoot;
And each leaf and limb
Was a proof against him
And the Mormon religion to boot.

REED SMOOT

Joe Smith they first fell upon,
(The Menocotyledon)
 This was a prophet
 Who made something of it
And founded the church of Mormon.

They examined his whole famous life
From his birth to the end of his strife.
 They tried quite their best
 To blame him with the rest,
But they found he had only one wife.

They next came to one Brigham Young
Of whom the poets have sung.
 When they found he had twenty
 Or more, they said "plenty,
We are all with indignity stung."

On Smith the Apostle they fell;
His tale was amusing to tell.
 He said he had four
 And wished he had more,
And he loved them all fondly as well.

REED SMOOT

This was the last gasp in the said talk.
It brought the whole court to a deadlock;
 In the year " 91 "
 A law was begun
To prohibit polygamous wedlock.

They should leave Smoot alone in his glory.
And hush up the abominable story.
 He has but one wife
 For the joy of his life,
And to have any more would be sorry.

The Man

I HAVE no prejudice, a man may be
Black or white, or yellow but to me
He is a man, and that is all I know.
I am not bigoted, a man may have
Convictions to his liking, as he finds
The world he may take it, and his faith
In all things known and unknown may control
His life, his ways, his friendship and his love —
To me he is a fellow man — a friend
If he is gentle, honest and refined.
That which we think most probable let us hold
As truth even if the proof is not yet found.
He is rightest who is kindest in the world —
Who does the most to help his fellow men —
Who feeds the hungry and uplifts the weak
No matter what his creed is. What we think
Is mind-born; there it ends. We are all right
Because we think according to our light.
We should have praise for what we may achieve
No matter what convictions we believe.
Nor would I choose a friend by faith, and shun
The man whose views were different from my own.

Anticipation

ONCE, when the world seemed strangest and
when time
Most awed me, and when past and future clung
Most heavy in their mysteries on my mind,
I stood bewildered and my mind's eye flew
Into that dim future where lies unknown,
Engulfed in mystery the fate of all
That was, and is, and may be in the world.

Came like a shock the fate of men who die
And leave their clay to fertilize the soil.
Came with a pang the inevitable end
Of all inanimate objects lying by.

Man has great glory waiting but beyond
Imagination pictures even his fall,
And the probable ending of the world and all.
The sun goes out, the world goes parched and
dry,
And total darkness spreads throughout the sky,
A thousand zeros take the world in hand
And spread extinction all across the land;
And never more a tongue shall speak to save

ANTICIPATION

Man's glory from an everlasting grave.
The world that he had harnessed with his will
Will conquer him at last but keep on still
All relic-strewn with man's forgotten skill,
But crisp and dry, unfertile and unknown,
Into the ages friendless and alone.

I weep for the fate of all things when the years
Of earth are numbered — and I shed hot tears.

The Owls and the Biped

TWO owls one night came "hoot, hoot, hoot,"
Right at my bed-room window foot
And spoke their language quaint and cute.

One said: "I do not know, oo, oo,
What it is best for us to do.
Which is the deadlier of the two

"The upright biped or the crow?
The ape that dresses up for show
Or the bird that is black from head to toe?"

The other said; "I think, oo, oo,
That man is the deadlier of the two;
We know not what he yet may do.

"I saw one once when scarce in view
Sever an owlet right in two
With only a sharp report, oo, oo.

"There's not a living thing that is,
Which, if it does not mind its biz,
Will be an ornament of his.

THE OWLS AND THE BIPED

“ They nail us mounted on their wall.
They spoil our flesh; and this not all;
Our hides are hanging in their hall.

“ The very lamb, whose pure career
Is past the shadow of a sneer,
They clip and slash with knife and shear.

“ Let's set his house afire and fly
Into the night where secrets lie
Unknown to biped or to fly.”

The other then: “ By faith, oo, oo,
That is the very thing to do.
Down with the house and the biped too.”

And when I heard a flip, flap, flap,
And into the night they went, mayhap
In search of a piece of pine-wood sap.

And I, with my conscience on my face,
Blushed for the misdeeds of my race,
And slept to hide from the disgrace.

A Medium

I AM a medium only, for my thoughts
Come unprepared; my very visions start
Like meteors in the sky with bright clear flash,
Bursting unwarned, and like meteors come
From spheres unknown at random one by one.
I do not hold me guilty for my thoughts,
Nor am I quite responsible for my views.
For I cannot shape my verses at my will,
Nor mould opinions that would suit myself;
For had I my own way I would not war
Uncrowned against the evils of the day.
I would not risk the love of all mankind
In trying to give seeing to the blind.
A poet is the tool of higher power
Whose individual rights are sacrificed
That he may pipe instruction to the world.
This influence takes his very mind in hand
And scatters balm across the stricken land:
Or else he is a victim of past growth
Beyond the great misfortune of most men.
The influence of past ages on the brain
Makes thought an instinct, and ideas roam
Entirely independent of the man

A MEDIUM

Till even in sleep we cannot cease to plan.
I often dream a line or two, and make
A poem from my vision when I wake.
So thus I am a medium on the earth —
A go-between, to carry rules and laws
To uphold virtues and to point out flaws.

Faith

ONCE rose a city on an ocean shore
Fed by the trade and commerce of the sea,
And sweetened by the breezes of pure air
That skimmed the waters over from the west,
And nurtured by the rain-clouds hastening by
To fertilize the inland fields and plains.

The city grew and flourished till its walls
Encircled millions, and its stone-paved streets
Were teeming with ambitious work-worn men;
For every man had either hewed a stone,
Or mixed the mortar to cement the walls,
Or planned and joined the woodwork where re-
quired,
Or excavated, then with common pride —
As they were common in their form and birth —
They praised their work and doted on their skill.

But anguish probed their hearts anon. There
rose
Great questions as to what a man should hold
As truth regarding things unknown to all.
What was it meet for mankind to believe

FAITH

Respecting world mysteries, and the fate
Of those who leave us one by one in death? —
And this made foes of men who once were
friends.

The Press took up the matter and a war
Of bitter hatred cut the town in two.
Each half was sub-divided later, till
A hundred sections held respective views,
And each one thought his faith alone correct.
Some papers were agnostic, some for God;
Some worshiped statues chiseled from cold stone;
Some bowed before the sun and moon and stars,
While others revered the crude, wild beasts.
They raised great temples to propound their
views,
And faith became the one important fact.

Anon a restless spirit's trembling, shook
The roots and branches of their cherished hopes,
And brought the fruits of ages to the ground.
There rose a question as to who was right —
And this was greatest problem of them all.
The last we heard those men were still in doubt,
Without one clue to bring the true facts out.

To the Brain

LONG hampered, long enslaved, thou hast
lost

A mint of wealth that might have been thy own
But for the persecutions of mankind

Through decades of vile plunder, when thy
strength

Was overpowered by brutal force; when igno-
rance

Of laity was Pontiff power and gain.

In looking back, thou scarce hast gained a step
Since Homer sang the war-god's song, and kept
Alive the manners of his time unknown;

Since Socrates and Plato in their dark,

Enshrouded, groping way, gave forth their views
Of world mysteries and the universe

Since they the first of ethics gave to man —

What was the rightest, also what was wrong;

How we could live the noblest; what to do

Under the circumstances of the world,

Our life, our helplessness, our birth,

And ultimate return to the earth.

And thou art what we go by; all we know

Thou gathered from oblivion long ago.

TO THE BRAIN

Thy harvest still is only in the sheaf,
Thou hast a future greater than we know.
Thy greatest representatives are dead,
Their voices long are stilled, their genius fled;
But future lights may yet send forth their ray
To dazzle all the world, and achieve
The laurels which the ancients wear unclaimed.
A thousand years of dark unfruitfulness,
Then thou wert born again, and Dante came,
And after him a long and worthy train
Sprang from the roots of ancient Greece and
Rome,
That had been dormant in the slush and slime
Of helpless ignorance, and groundless crime.

Liberty

IF aught in life there is for me,
'Tis peace and love and liberty.

If there is pleasure in these days,
'Tis freedom of our thoughts and ways.

For if we let our conscience rule
Our ways, there is no better school.

I sometimes wander to the woods
To ponder in my happy moods;

And lay me down and learn to love
The sun and moon and stars above;

And praise the power that gave me those
And all the glory they expose;

And clutch the earth, my dearest friend
That brings me blessings without end;

And sigh that I must leave a home
In which I love so much to roam.

LIBERTY

For all the wonders that I see
Expand my heart with love and glee;

And all the comforts that I find
Were freely given to be mine.

A Lesson

I WENT to school with Nature;
My lesson was on Man;
I opened up my copy-book
And overlooked the plan.

I saw ten million pages,
All closely written too;
I staggered at the mountain weight
Of work I had to do.

There was history in those pages,
And mystery in them too,
With love and hate and selfishness
And anecdotes half true.

There was honesty and justice,
Self-sacrifice and fears,
And a million other Virtues that
Were loaded down with tears;

Ten chapters on hypocrisy,
A hundred on conceit,
A thousand supernatural
And fifty incomplete;

A LESSON

Philosophy and hygiene,
Psychology and faith,
Law and metaphysics,
And birth, and life, and death.

There was outward man and inward,
The upper and the lower,
The richer and the poorer, and
The savage and some more.

I hastened from my desk, and
Gave up with grief untold —
Too much there was in volumes for
One human mind to hold.

The Men of the Petropavlofsk

“**S**ING ho for the Petropavlofsk,
Sing ho for the men of gallantry.
We have no fear if the Japs are near
Nor care if they fight most gallantly.”

CHORUS

Come list to the waves
That sigh o'er the graves
Of the men of the Petropavlofsk.

“Our hearts are lighter than the morn.
We fear no Jap that e'er was born
The heathen hoard with their fire and sword
We shall teach the White Man's wrath to scorn.”

CHORUS

Come list to the waves
That sigh o'er the graves
Of the men of the Petropavlofsk.

“So sing 'Yo heave' with all thy might,
And bring the flag-ship to the fight.
We are men of steel in woe or weal
And shrink from nothing that is right.”

THE MEN OF THE PETROPAVLOFSK

CHORUS

Come list to the waves
That sigh o'er the graves
Of the men of the Petropavlofsk.

So they went to the front most gallantly,
Right into the midst of the enemy.

There was not a man in the whole great plan
But would die with the Petropavlofsk.

CHORUS

Come list to the waves
That sigh o'er the graves
Of the men of the Petropavlofsk.

Then a shock, and a flash, and a roar, and a yell,
And the flag-ship into fragments fell.

And the men went down with a fame-decked
crown.
That shall shine as long as man can tell.

CHORUS

Come list to the waves
That sigh o'er the graves
Of the men of the Petropavlofsk.

THE MEN OF THE PETROPAVLOFSK

There are homes where grief is raging high.
There are homes where those heroes will not die.
There are hearts at home that were tossed on
the foam
That closed on the Petropavlofsk.

CHORUS

Come list to the waves
That sigh o'er the graves
Of the men of the Petropavlofsk.

Borrowed

THE flesh we have is borrowed flesh,
Borrowed from earth and air;
The life we have is borrowed life,
Borrowed from — we know not where.

The eyes we have are borrowed eyes,
Borrowed in a complex way;
Our heart is but a borrowed heart,
And must be given back some day.

The lore we have is borrowed lore,
Borrowed from the learned dead;
The books we have are borrowed books,
Gleaned from what the wise have said.

Time has a mortgage on our life
And a mortgage on our lore.
Some day time will call around
And forever close our door.

Why are we punished for a crime?
Why for a virtue are we praised?
Our bygone fathers willed us these —
On their bequeathings we have grazed.

BORROWED

The life we have is borrowed life,
And our flesh is but a loan —
If all I have is borrowed, then
There's nothing I can call my own.

The Cuckoo

THE cuckoo lays in another bird's nest,
And not in a nest of its own —
And some men live by other men's means,
And not from seeds they have sown.

Another bird hatches the cuckoo's egg,
And nurtures a foe unknown —
And some men work for other men's good
More than they do for their own.

The young one objects its foster mates,
And reigns in the nest alone —
And some men step on others to reach
A better and higher throne.

Another bird fosters the cuckoo's young,
And thinks she is kind to her own —
And some men trust in another man's smile,
And cherish an adder unknown.

A Death

ANOTHER soul has fled the earth and left
A withered, shrinking body for the soil.
Another weary, finished with his toil
And gone to rest. The history of a man
Has been tolled out, and credit has been given —
For he is dead. Death cancels all our debts
Of wrongs and passions, and eliminates
Our deepest dyes. For once we get our dues
For one brief moment, then the mantle falls
Opaque and dark, and time rolls slowly on
Toward the great eternity, and we
Are lost as though we never had been born.
It means our everything — our all. It means
That all we feel, and know, and understand
Is blotted from us — that the sun dies out
Before our eyes whatever our regret,
And all is dark and gloomy as before,
And earthly knowledge shall be ours no more;
Our very house and home, our friend and foe,
One generation more, will cease to know
That such a party lived, and laughed, and died,
With whom one sang, with whom another sighed.

A DEATH

His very form shall leave the minds of men;
His very thoughts shall perish — and again
His brief example, if he had a theme,
Will be as dead as a forgotten dream.

The False Heart

A VIRTUE is a fault in one we hate;
A fault a virtue in the one we love.
We are so frail, so mortal, and so full
Of unforgivingness where we dislike,
And so unseeing where we cast our love,
That all our moral fairness is cast off
And leaves but prejudice in two extremes.
This is our ancient instinct still alive,
Ruling our lives — deciding this and that —
Shaping our destiny, and making foes —
And very often making friends of those
Who merit not our confidence and love;
And enemies of ones who love us most.
Superficially, the savage is no more;
The bangle and the tatto are dead arts;
We have outgrown the worship of wild beasts;
We live no more in hovels in the ground;
But still the heart — the hardest to reform —
Bears malice, holds a spite, and strikes
To seek revenge for harm once sustained.
These are all savage traits; the white man's heart
Has softened little — it is but restrained;
Its vengeance is much greater when the chain

THE FALSE HEART

That holds it snaps; it strikes with ten-fold force,
And leaves a greater sorrow in its course.
We should o'ercome the brute-man, and allow
Our gentler soul to take our hearts in tow;
And we should slay the savage from our soul,
And ever labor for the purest goal.

The Dead

ONE horrid night I slumbered and believed
I went a visit to the dead, and saw
Strange beings that had gloried once hereon,
But who had fallen in death at various times.
The whole world's past from ages far remote
Down to the present day was there congealed;
And in those hearts was history yet untold.
The tongues were silent, and the cold, still lips
Were sealed forever with their secret lore.
One spirit said, as I went wandering by —
“How long must I in this oblivion lie?
Where is that home, the dwelling of the blest?”
Then closed its eyes and sank once more to rest.
I hurried by and answered not the shade,
But bowed my head and vanished silently.
Another murmured, “Bring me back my love,”
I turned my head a moment as it spoke.
The form trembled but was quiet again.
The eyes were closed once more, and motionless.
I saw the lover sleeping by his side
Where she had lain for ages quite unknown
To that sad heart. I turned away. A tear
Went trickling down my cheek, and on my breast

THE DEAD

A load of bitter disappointment pressed.
I answered not, for guilty as I was,
I did not wish my ignorance to display.
A moan came to me from a spirit by,
Which thus complaining said, "O! why should I
In this cold clay forever, ever, lie?
Give me the fields of earth, the streams and hills,
The mountains, valleys and the murmuring rills."
I fell to earth face downward and the tears
Gushed from my eyes in torrents, till the ground
Was flooded with this essence of distress;
And then I rose and fled. A shade near by
Caused me to pause again and hear its cry!
"I sacrificed my world-home, and I sought
A glorious Heaven, and this is all I got."
A cry of anguish started from its lips,
Then they were sealed once more — the lips
 were closed,
And motionless lay the spirit as before.
Again a flood of sorrow reached my eyes;
Again my form trembled and I fell
Face down and bit the very dust in grief.
I wept for the sins of mankind, then arose
Dashed through those tombs of horror and
 distress,
Eager to escape its bitter atmosphere.

THE DEAD

At every step a murmuring spirit came
Down from the earth above, and took its place
Complaining with the host already there.
Failing to free myself I fled along
Always amidst a sorrow laden throng.
I closed my eyes, and stopped my ears, and fled
Head foremost like an arrow o'er the dead
Without a wing, and thus I sped along.
But still beneath I heard the same sad song.
A brother sought a sister, then a wife
Called for the husband she had loved in life.
A mother called her children, and a child
Called for its parents in a voice half wild.
And many yearned for the green, glad earth
Where they had lived, and loved, and joined in
 mirth,
Where every comfort they had wished was theirs,
And where they mingled in the world's affairs,
And humbly gave assistance in its cares.
At last a sad voice calling me for aid
Relieved my brain, and made my vision fade.

The Two Brides

A WOMAN dying in her husband's arms,
Seized by fell affliction in young years
And deep devotion for her sweetheart, said
With the last murmur of her inward soul
E'er it departed from the trembling frame,—
“O! hold me tightly, let me not depart!
It is so hard to die. I love the world —
And thee. O! what a sad exchange, to give
All that I love, against my will, for death;
Death, bitter death, and loathsome death. O!
why
Should a bud thus perish e'er it prove its power?
Am I not young thus to be laid away
From thee forever in the cold, damp clay?
But it must be, I know my end is nigh.
How sad my fate, has God no sympathy?
My dear, press closely to my bosom, kiss
My cold, thin lips — they have no warmth now —
And place thy hand upon my marble brow,
And press me tightly, so that when I die,
Through all eternity I will feel thee nigh
Still pressing in that attitude of love

THE TWO BRIDES

And deep regret. Our last impressions may
Linger on our souls when we are far away,
Throughout all time, even to the judgment day.
My soul may see thee always by my side
Out-pouring thy last love-gem e'er I died.
What do we gain by death? We loose the
world,
All that we know and love, all we enjoy —
Our home, our friends, ambitions and delights.
As for ourselves, all that we feel and see
Returns again into the earth and air,
To make the sap for others yet to come
In ages far extending from our own.
But ah, my heart is fluttering, I have grown
Most weary and exhausted, and my life
Is ebbing fast. I feel my very soul
Stealing from my body like a thief
In spite of all your sympathy — and my grief,
And all my strong ambition to remain.
Be true to me and do not wed again,
For up in Heaven if the Lord thinks best
I'll wait for you and take you to my breast
When here on earth they lay you down to rest."

Thus died she full of hope, though with regret,
So much she loved her husband and the world.

THE TWO BRIDES

She seemed not anxious to exchange her lot
For all that glory of the future, taught
And blazoned by the advocates of Heaven.
A gem of beauty was her love and rare —
A love of which a good man is so proud —
A love which many seek, but seek in vain.
They had been married but a few short years,
And he was all her world — her very life,
The sun rose only to enhance her joy;
They lived for one another and no more.
So when he knew her soul had gone to rest,
The husband clutched the lifeless form, and
 pressed
It tightly to his bosom, then he fell
To all intent as lifeless on the floor;
The joy of life had vanished from his heart.

His days crept by in sorrow, but there came
A beam of sunshine to his soul at last,
And all the gloom-clouds vanished that had been
Hovering around and darkening all his life.
The battle was not over, for his mind
Was clinging to the memory of past days
Although his heart was waning in its faith.
This caused a war within the man that was
Like demon fighting angel to the death.

THE TWO BRIDES

He cursed himself for weakening in his plan
To hold one woman's image in his mind,
And sacrifice all pleasure for her sake.
One day he kneeled him down and prayed for
strength

To overcome his weakness, but the man —
The mortal man — was stronger than his will.
His wife's sad pleading lingered in his brain —
" Be true to me and do not wed again."

But he had had enough of grief and pain,
" We live but once, why should we live in vain? "

For thus he argued with his new found breath.
So while his former faithful wife in death
Retained the last impressions of his grief,
He took another smiling to his home;
The same old home where she had lived and died.
But all her love, and tears, and pleadings wild
Lay in his bosom with the foot of time
Holding them under, and his new joy's smile
Killing the grief-pangs that would fain arise.
She was worse than dead, the very space she
claimed

On earth, the chair she occupied, the heart
That loved her image, now were occupied,
And filled by one whose every act and smile
Reduced remembrance, and belittled all

THE TWO BRIDES

Her once great charm, her virtue and her love.
But he was mortal, weak in mortal ways,
A victim to temptation all his days.
He was no god-man, perfect and immune
From human ailments, and his heart was soon
Conquered by the world joys, and the smiles
That mocked him, laughing at his grief and tears.
Anon the fountain of his tears gave way;
His first love's image had been washed away.
He ceased to recollect the sweet, kind voice,
The grace of form that once had been his choice,
The familiar foot step, and the ready smile,
And the glad laugh that never would beguile.
All these were lost amid his new-found joys;
Our giddy present all our past destroys.
And mid the sunshine of his new-crowned queen
He almost thought that she had never been,
And argued that if God had saved her life,
He had not had the love of this new wife.
So she was worse than dead, and doubly died
When he she worshiped took another bride.

A Tale Without an End

WHEN the breezes blow and the branches
bend

This is a story that has no end.

This is a story that has no end

When the wind and the wave and the weather
blend.

This is a story that has no end

Where the rivers creep and the valleys bend,—

In the wilds where Nature has no rest,

Where the grass is greenest — flowers are best.

When the lion roars and the tiger springs,

When the eagle soars and the sky-lark sings,

When every living thing that rows

Comes — and buds and blooms then — goes,

When Earth revolves and the sun's hot hand

Fondles the surface of the land,

When its surface cracks and its nucleus boils,

When the wave on the sea-shore tears and toils,

A TALE WITHOUT AN END

When the young are born and the old decay,
When the deeds of decades pass away,
When these Powers wax and those Powers wend
This is a story that has no end.

When this great system called our own
Describes an orbit vast, unknown
With a hundred thousand seasons bend,
This is a story that has no end.

This is a story that has no end
When the breezes blow and the branches bend.
When the wind and the wave and the weather
blend,
This is a story that has no end.

Mary's Holiday

THE other morning mamma said,
 “ I'm feeling very ill,
So you can stay from school to-day
 And help me if you will.

“ And this can be a holiday,
 And teacher wont complain,
For what you lose at home to-day
 To-morrow you will gain.”

I said, “ I will be very glad
 To help you all I can.”
And down to school with all my might
 To tell the girls, I ran.

And then I skipped around about
 As proud as I could be;
To stay at home the live-long day
 Was apple pie for me.

And then I washed the dishes up,
 And wiped them clean and dry,
And baked a cake, and mixed the bread,
 And made a custard pie.

MARY'S HOLIDAY

I found it was no holiday
To stay at home from school;
Because you have to sweep the floor,
And scrub it, as a rule.

And then you have to make the beds,
And shake the mats as well,
And you must brush the carpet clean,
Arrange the parlor "swell."

To clean and shine the kitchen range
About an hour employs,
Then you must get the dinner on
For papa and the boys.

At noon the girls come running by,
They play at tag and ball;
I had to wash the dishes up
And could not play at all.

Yes, yes, I'd rather go to school,
The greatest big amount;
To speak large dislocated words,
And learn to spell and count.

MARY'S HOLIDAY

I often wonder how mamma
Has cooked and scrubbed and sewn;
How she can do what she has done,
And do it all alone.

To-day, to-morrow, every day,
I have a lovely plan,
I'll hurry home from school and help
My Mamma all I can.

A Gem

IF you are young, and lone, and drear,
And envy others their good cheer;

And you should chance to know a flower
That haunts your footsteps every hour,

Who blushes as you pass her by:
Who takes your heart, who suits your eye,

Just bow and smile and say, "Ahem,
Dear blossom, will you be my gem?"

Then work and wait; be kind and true
Until her lips are offered you.

Then stoop and pull her root and stem,
The lovely flower, the precious gem.

For this is one the ages fleet
Have brought and cast before your feet.

A gem the world has bred and grown,
And planned for you, for you alone.

A GEM

One primrose to thy garden sent,
One star in all thy firmament.

So press her to your great big heart,
And make her of your life a part.

And claim her root, and branch, and stem
Thy lovely flower, thy precious gem.

No dream so sweet, no gift so free,
No crown so full of dignity.

Spring

OUR Spring is here, I knew its footsteps
Running along the king's highway
Our Spring has come, I hear it singing
Over the smiling banks and braes.

I know it is, I hear its voices
I know them in a hundred ways;
I know them by the flowers and grasses
Over the softening banks and braes.

The gentle winds salute the mountains,
The yellow-bells bud out and bloom,
The tender suns caress the willows,
The very cactus sheds its gloom.

And birds sing sweeter, leaves are cleaner,
And clouds are softer, skies are clear.
Flowers are purer, grass is greener
Than any time throughout the year.

And trees that have been bleak and naked
Are now by magic draped in green.
And birds we have not known since Autumn
Again upon the wing are seen.

SPRING

Yes, Spring has come, I hear it walking
Softly it comes o'er all the hills.
Yes, Spring has come, I hear its music
Rising again from creeks and rills.

To Build Ourselves Anew

I HAVE got a duty for you that is not untrue,—

You must take yourself apart and build yourself anew.

There's not a single one of us who has a faultless plan,

Because it takes a lot of goods to make a perfect man.

Get you the material first and stack it all around,
And sort it over carefully until the best is found.

Then you must take the damaged parts and throw them all away,

And you must take the healthy parts and build them up to stay.

Pick out the diamonds from the dross, the honey from the bee,

Choose those who are much better and not much worse than thee.

Look up, not down. Aspire, don't burrow in the ground,

Reach out for to those that are the purest to be found.

TO BUILD OURSELVES ANEW

Every one should be accomplished in a certain
way,
Every one should have a virtue honored in their
day,—
Every one should have a motive, motive of their
own,
Every one should have a tuning in a special tone.

Our life is like a tiny flash in Time's eternal day,
Beware you do not lose it all or give it all away.
Our life is but a tiny flame that may be dull or
bright,
Beware you do not waste it all or put it out of
sight.

You must drive all evil out and take all virtue in.
You must drive all vice away before you hope to
win.

Nature gives you flesh and bone, a body, feet
and hands,
But does not give the precious goods a moral life
demands.

The Cripple and the Flower

*L*OVE is a spontaneous thing
That sprouts without a seed or cell,
A golden cloud enveloping
The black and beautiful as well.

Once in a woodland fast asleep
A cripple lay a shapeless heap.

A crooked, ugly, shapeless man
Without one method in his plan.

His brain his only normal part
And all Dame Nature in his heart.

He dreamed though cripple he was made
Into the walks of life he strayed.

Into the woodland stream afloat
He cast his crooked, shapeless boat.

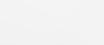
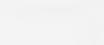
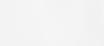
And as he wandered gayly by,
A little blossom caught his eye.

A little blossom smiled at him
From sunlit edge of river's brim.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



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THE CRIPPLE AND THE FLOWER

A little flower with eyes, and hair,
And lips, and cheeks of roses fair.

He smiled, and many smiles it gave
Just like a silver-crested wave.

Up rose his spirits like a dove,
And all his life was lit with love.

And gladness brightened all his days,
And all his garden was ablaze.

“ Ah me,” he said, “ who spoke untrue
That life had nothing worth in view?

“ To be as happy as he can
Should be the object of each man,

“ To weave a web of purest ray
The length of all eternity.

“ To live his life as though it be
And leave it to posterity.

“ To do our greatest and our best,
And in the battle know no rest.

THE CRIPPLE AND THE FLOWER

“That what we sow may thrive and bear
When we are water, earth and air.

“What this reveals — reveals us true,
Not what we say, but what we do.

“To know the truth and know it well,
To guard the truth through shot and shell,

“To slay the semi-savage part
That sticks tenacious to the heart.

“To get the savage in control,
And have it severed from the soul.

“To look on death as though it be
But portal to eternity.”

And then he turned him to his gem
Still blushing sweetly from its stem.

“O gem among the weeds about
That seek to choke thee down and out,

“I saw thee bud and bloom,” he cried,
“And now I want thee in thy pride.

THE CRIPPLE AND THE FLOWER

“ I want thee e'er thy purer deeds
Are poisoned by the clinging weeds.”

And then he stooped to pluck his own,
Root, and stem, and branch sweet grown.

Just then light splashed him like a wave,
And, lo! behold! he was a slave.

The sunshine glimmered from the East,
And, lo! behold! he was a beast.

The truth swept by on noiseless wing
And said, “ you are a shapeless thing.”

With one deep groan he backed away,
And darkness overspread his day.

His eyes were drowned in tears, he kneeled
Like wounded soldier on the field.

And all the light forsook his bark,
As he went groping in the dark.

He fell to earth with broken wing,
A hopeless, helpless, stagnant thing.

THE CRIPPLE AND THE FLOWER

He bit the dust in his distress,
And cried out in his bitterness.

“ O thirst-man fastened to a tree
By a sweet river running free.

“ A primrose by the wayside lying,
By casual footstep crushed and dying.

“ I'm starving in the sight of food,
I'm wandering in an endless wood.

“ A prisoner in a burning tree,
Or drowning in a boundless sea.

“ O fruit I dare not touch or taste
O treasure in my desert waste!

“ O angel hovering here and there
Throughout my storm infested air!

“ It shames me, breaks my heart to live
And offer what I cannot give!

“ O apple on the topmost limb,
O rose on furthest river's brim!

THE CRIPPLE AND THE FLOWER

“ O gem in deepest ocean bed,
O star in highest overhead!

“ So I must pine away within
And see another drink thee in.

“ Must smother this and leave thee out
Among the deadly weeds about.

“ Or must I watch thy fragrance rise
Up from thy cheeks and lips and eyes

“ To brighten others with their light
While I go groping in the night?

“ O make me free or give thy cause
Thou torturing times, thou art-made laws!

“ O make me well or strike me dead
Thou Nature with the austere head!

“ Or give me this one joy then cast
My gray-white ashes to the blast.

“ Hold me, O, thou civil laws
Least I should break thy thongs! O, pause

THE CRIPPLE AND THE FLOWER

“ Wild heart that surges in my breast,
Thou untamed beast that will not rest!

“ O love so sweet, why hast thou stings?
Why teach us flight, then clip our wings? ”

Then blood went spouting dart by dart
From very nucleus of his heart.

His soul went ebbing far and wide
Like slow, receding hopeless tide.

He was a lifeless, soulless thing,
He was a bird without a wing.

Never was there a heart so torn,
And never did a soul so mourn.

He wept till his tears ran dry,
Then crept away and groaned, “ Good-by! ”

*For love is a spontaneous thing
That sprouts without a seed or cell;
A golden cloud enveloping
The black and beautiful as well.*

The Renegade

*WE cannot love just where we may,
For hearts explode and flame unlearned.
We cannot have unbounded sway,
When hearts of others are concerned.*

Once on the Fraser's bank and brae
A lover wandered by one day,

Seeking for that which many seek;
Seeking a thing he dare not speak.

At last beneath a rugged fir
He saw a girl and called to her.

This was the sweetheart whom he fain
Would sin and sorrow to obtain.

She saw him come, she heard him speak,
Her head dropped down, her heart grew weak.

'Twas Mary by the river's brim
Hanging her head for love of him.

Again he pressed her in his pride,
Then harshly pushed her from his side.

THE RENEGADE

He cast her from him as though stung
By some foul serpent's poison-tongue.

“What have I done? What have I done?
Of shame or honor have I none?”

His wife he thought of for he knew
That she was good, that she was true.

Between two magnets poised he stood,
'Twixt love and duty, bad and good.

“What shall I do, what shall I do?
Die in the stream or fly with you?”

“Go to my home and babies two?
Go to my wife so good and true?”

“My sweetheart,” spoke the maiden sad,
“Think of our love that's made us glad,

“That we have found so grand and good,
Our only hope, our only food.

“Look at my lips and eyes, be brave!
Embrace me, take me for thy slave!

THE RENEGADE

Then spoke the false one, the untrue:
"I cannot, dare not go with you.

"Think of the sin and shame, apart
From ruined love and home and heart."

Thus in his soul the war began,
Thus to the surface rose the man.

Thus rose he to the dungeon floor
Though wounded, bleeding, broken, sore.

He faltered, wavered, turned and fled
Down the long path that homeward led.

The garden held his wife, near by,
She waved her hand as he drew nigh.

His babies by the river's brim
Ceasing their play ran swift to him.

Never was man so much ashamed,
So much a cur, so little blamed.

He could be called a brute, a cur,
A coward or whatever slur,

THE RENEGADE

Or anything 'neath heaven above,
Yet it was only pure, sweet love.

*We cannot love just where we may,
For hearts explode and flame unlearned,
We cannot have unbounded sway,
When hearts of others are concerned.*

The Wild Flower

*'TIS better to love and live alone
Than wed and weary of thy gem;
And better thy heart remain unknown
Than wear a withered diadem.*

A little wild flower caught his eye
As he went wandering weary by.

'Twas but a little wayward gem
Smiling sweetly from its stem.

And yet that blossom was to him
The sweetest on the river's brim.

Strange though it seems, those petals say,
"Sir, touch me not and keep away."

"How can you be so cold and dead
And I so full of fire," he said.

"How can such superficial glow
Conceal so hard a heart below?"

THE WILD FLOWER

“ Sir, do not pull me from my stem
And rob the river of a gem.

“ Don't tear me from a bed so fair
But leave me in the sweet fresh air.

“ I love my little grassy bed
Far more than all thy gaudy spread.

“ I love the freeness of my way,
The starry night, the sunny day.

“ A shame it is to pull a gem
Then let it wither on its stem! ”

And so his love-bud died at birth
And all his hopes were dashed to earth.

So, should your austere fate reveal
To you a blossom so unreal,

Or should you love a gem so fine
That fails to honor thee for thine,

Just pass it with a little groan,
And hold the secret for thine own.

THE WILD FLOWER

And love it in thy great big way,
And smile in passing by, and say,

*'Tis better to love and live alone
Than wed and weary of thy gem;
And better thy heart remain unknown
Than wear a withered diadem.*

The Titanic

YES, all the world is one to-day,—
Is weeping with one bleeding heart;
Bemoaning with one wounded mind,
Its kith and kin, its pride in art.

Grief comes so near to heart and home;
Our fathers, mothers, brothers, wives,
Engulfed in reach of hand and eye,
The precious, priceless loves and lives.

And how some perished none can tell.
Perhaps our dearest suffered most.
But this we, mourning, fear and know;
They perished, heaven knows the cost.

But from the darkness comes a gleam,
Eternal on the ocean wave —
Men planning, daring, dying, dead,
The woman and the child to save.

O! glorious monument to man,
Out from the ocean's bosom thrust,
All writ with the heroic words
"The women and the childrer first!"

THE TITANIC

In mourning at one common tomb,
Yes, all the world is one to-day,
All blood, and caste, and faith dissolved
Like one large widowed family.

Dreadnaught

SPEAK thou blood of Alfred, take up the
sword anew,
Get the edges tempered, send out the brave and
true.
Point thy guns to seaward, let them howl and
roar,
And forge the boiling Goth with fetters to his
native shore.

Every generation has an issue of its own,
And this is thy problem and is very modern
grown.
Edward has the Germans, Great Alfred had the
Danes;
The Saxons had the courage but the British have
the brains.

Teach thy guns thy English, let them speak it to
and fro,
Read the bold aspirants all you have and know.
Read them the Armada, and read the grand and
true,
Read to them Napoleon and the fall at Waterloo.

DREADNAUGHT

All along thy frontier place thy sword and gun,
And keep thy strength behind them till the task is
done.

Thy nation is a piece of land surrounded by the
sea,
Save thy isolation, save it for thine and thee.

And should the tempest come too strongly let this
thought appease,
There are willing hearts and arms out across the
seas.

They can send a Dreadnaught — send thee ships
and men,
They took with thee the Transvaal, they can fight
again.

Speak thou blood of Alfred, take up the sword
anew,
Get the edges sharpened, send out the brave and
true.
Point thy guns to seaward, let them howl and
roar,
And forge the boiling Goth with fetters to his
native shore.

Success

JUST one to make his mark and pass —
To have his laurel wreaths unfurled,
Be just as high above the mass
As stars are high above the world?

Or must he pave his way with gold?
Or must he beg or buy or steal?
Nay, droop not down, the flowers unfold
Though footsteps tread them toe and heel.

Let failures be the stepping stones
That lead to bigger, better things.
Let errors be the knives and hones
That serve to cut our fetterings.

Let tears be little drops of rain
That wet our weary gardening.
Let every sorrow be a gain
Against our foes unpardoning.

For many who are world-wide know —
Many who have won with cheers,
Have under mountain pressure grown,
Have wet their garden with their tears.

SUCCESS

So labor at thy secret art.

Let not one moment idle rest;
Then, if you fail, you know at heart
That you have done your very best.

The Traitor

IN Vernon, where the skies are blue,
The air is dry, the clouds are few,

Stood Mary at the garden gate
She watched full early, watched full late.

Watching for one she dared not see
Out in the village openly.

At last her eager, longing eye
Perceived a person drawing nigh,

Just from the village buildings free —
Her heart beat out, "'Tis he! 'tis he!"

He saw her in the garden stand.
He went to her and waved his hand.

They met, and love was never told
With greater truth, with firmer fold.

Said Mary, "Crouch and hide with me,
The sand has eyes, the stones can see,

THE TRAITOR

“ And all those windows far and near
Have eyes and ears, they see and hear.”

Then spoke the traitor, “ Art aware
That all in love and war is fair?

“ I came to take a last farewell,
To leave this heart a shattered shell.

“ To leave this purse, for daily need,
I'll be your friend in word and deed.

“ I gave you all I had to give —
All I could spare from life — and live.

“ Look out around, about, above,
See all the dear things that I love,

“ This house, and that, the other one,
The old, the new, that just begun,

“ The lanes, the avenues, the street
My little cottage-home retreat,

“ The sand, the sage, the hills unsung,
That you and I have grown among.

THE TRAITOR

“ And all the dear familiar things
My heart admires, to which it clings.

“ The good, the great, the grand, the true,
And I must leave them all — and you.

“ Yes, I must pass from all I know,
The hills above, the stream below.”

Two hearts expanded, eyes grew dim,
He wept for her, she wept for him.

If weeping would but cure, if pain
Would fall with tear-drops from the brain!

They parted — pain was never sung
When love was cruel — both were young.

The Aspirant

I DREAMED I stood within the fame decked
hall

Trying to write my name upon the wall.
The pencil would not mark, but passed in vain
Like a dull object on a polished plain.
And not a mark was left to tell to all
That one had struggled to inscribe his name.
I saw a thousand others at the game —
Some wrote quite easy, others tried in vain.
Some wrote for money, others wrote for fame.
And whether 'twas the nature of the pen,
Their mode of writing, or the way they held
The instrument, I could by no means tell;
But some wrote smiling with apparent ease
A name that could be seen from every part
Of the great wide hall. Others scratched away
First here then there, and, weeping in dismay
They changed their pencil—tried to change their
way

Of writing letters, but of no avail.
The floor was wet with tears of those who tore
In bitter disappointment from the door.
The others smiled but would not tell the plan

THE ASPIRANT

By which they overcame the obstinate wall.
I saw the great ones of our time. I watched
How easily they registered, and I tried
To mimic them, but still without success.
I saw the names of ones long dead, whose work
Survived their mortal span of life; I bowed
My head in reverence to the same, and watched
Again the favored great ones of our day.
They drew my admiration. I adored
Their style and manners, but I was too weak
To follow in their steps or gain their ranks.
I saw again with sympathetic heart
The tear-stained hopeless rushing from the door.
I wept and dropped my pencil to the floor
And joined the bitter torrent—then
I humbly wrote a tribute to great men.

THE END

