Mrs. Lockwood's Book of Favorite Recitations

The Lockwood Publishing Co.
Kalamazoo, Michigan
"To use what gifts I have as best I may;
To help some weaker brothers where I can;
To be as blameless at the close of day
As when the duties of the day began;
To do without complaint what must be done;
To grant my rival all that may be just;
To win through kindness all that may be won;
To fight with knightly valor when I must."

—By S. E. Kizer.
Dedicated to the Working Class in revolt.
THE WORLD'S NEED

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PROGRESS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe may beautify it.

Not the narrow pale of one poor creed can catch
The radiant rays that shine from countless sources.

Tear away the blinds of superstition;
Let the light pour through fair windows
Broad as Truth itself, and high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-cripened orifice,
And grope along dim corridors of doubt
When all the splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of love?

Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths,
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open
To the light of reason and to knowledge.

Tune your ears to all the worldless music
Of the stars, and to the voice of Nature,
And your heart shall turn to truth and goodness
As a plant turns to the sun.

A thousand hands reach down
To help you to their peace-crowned heights;
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength.
Be not afraid,
To cast aside half truths and grasp the whole.
THE SACK OF FLOUR

BY WILL CARLETON

Guilty, Judge, and I own the crime—I slipped away with a sack of flour; They nabbed me just in the nick of time—
I’d had it home in half an hour
Only, the constable on the hill
Knew that I must have jumped the bill;
Knew as well as he could that I
Hadn’t the money with which to buy.

"Larceny?" That’s the proper word;
There’s never a crime that law can’t name;
Only, I wonder if law has ever heard
That any one but the thief’s to blame?
Say, did the constable on the hill
Tell you about the closed up mill?
Tell you of men that must beg or steal
To give their wives and babes a meal?

Yes, I have begged, and I’ll tell you how,
I’ve walked the roads and the fields and lanes,
And asked for work with a pleading brow
And came back empty for all my pains.
Say, did the constable on the hill
Tell you the wheels of trade were still?
Tell you when work was dull or dead
The wife and the child might go unfed?

Guilty, Judge, let the law be paid;
But if you had children, four or five.
As pretty as God has ever made,
And lacked the food to keep them alive;
Lacked the method but not the will
Their cries of hunger to stop and still—
And then saw oceans of food in view—
For God’s sake, tell me, what would you do?
Say, if you had a wife whose heart had
Fed your own for a score of years,
And never a moment walked apart
From all your hopes and griefs and fears,
And now in that faithful bosom had grown
A little life that was part your own,
And hunger harrowed them through and through,
For God's sake, tell me, what would you do?

Dollars by thousands stacked away—
Harvests rotting in barn and shed—
Silks and ribbons and fine display—
And children crying for lack of bread!
Wealth and famine are hand in hand
Making a tour of a heart-sick land;
Half of the country's future weal,
Crushed by the present selfish heel!

Guilty, Judge, and I own the crime;
Put me in prison without delay—
Only, please work me double time,
And send my family half pay.
And tell my children, if ever they ask—
That I was working my gloomy task
Not for pleasure, or money, or gem—
But for the love that I have for them.

GOD GIVE US MEN

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy,
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, uncrowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking,
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

—Dr. J. Holland.
HANKSGIVING SONG

HENRY N. CASSON

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high,
That no rich robber's hand can stretch:
And pull them from the sky.
If they hung low, I'm very sure
Some corporation ass
Would legislate to pull them down
And light the world with gas.

I'm thankful that the shining stars
Are far beyond our reach,
And that the rolling planets, too,
Are deaf to human speech.
If they were not, I'm very sure
Rich men would own the skies
And manage this whole universe
By private enterprise.

I'm thankful that the God of all,
Whose laws we must obey,
Has changed His plan for making man
By making him from clay.
If He had not, it's very clear,
'Twould be a doleful case.
Some man would form a big clay trust
And stop the human race.

So long as we Love, we Serve. So long as we are Loved by others I would almost say we are Indispensable and no Man is Useless while he has a friend. — Stevenson.
TWO HANDS

"One hand I saw was large and brown,
Misshapen and rough and marred,
'Twas stained by the toil of many years,
By many a seam 'twas scarred.
'Twas a strong right hand that had helped
To fill the coffers of more than one,
But 'twas crippled by want through a dreary life
And 'twas empty when life was done.

The other I saw was a blue-veined hand,
So soft and white and warm,
Bedecked by many a shining gem,
And perfect in beauty and form.
It never knew want, though it never had toiled—
No scars or seams it bore,
But it held the key to the treasures of earth
That were won by the toiling poor.

So one man hath millions and one hath a mite,
One soars while another's down trod.
One's life is all sunshine, the other's all night,
Though sons of the same kind God.
One revels in wealth that he has not earned,
Claims title as lord of the soil,
That one may be great in the people's land
The ninety and nine must toil.

But the ninety and nine shall yet be free,
For Justice shall plead their cause,
And greed and oppression be crushed to earth
By nobler and purer laws.
Then merit shall rule where birth was wont,
Then toil of disgrace be shorn,
And the hands of labor shall yet be full
And the hearts be glad that mourn."

—Author Unknown.
THE HONEST BURGLAR
REV. M. A. SMITH, D. D.

The Banker calls it "interest"
And heaves a pious sigh.

The landlord calls it "rent"
As he winks the other eye.

The merchant calls it "profit"
As he tucks it in his bag.

But the good old honest burglar,
He simply calls it "swag."

WHO'S WHO?

"In this cool pasture, near a quiet stream,
Four friends of mine just eat and rest and dream,
I worry every minute of the day
With work that wears my very life away,
My sleep is racked at night with troublous care,
And that's the way I live, no time to spare.
So when I chance these patient friends to pass,
I feel the world's reversed, and I'm the Ass."

—Lester Shepard Parker.
THE CALF-PATH
SAM WALTER FOSS

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should.

But made a trail all bent askew—
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead;

But still he left behind the trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then the wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made;

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about.

And o'er this crooked journey went
The traffic of the continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf, near three centuries dead,

That followed still his crooked way,
And lost a hundred years a day,

For still such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach,

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track
And out, and in, and forth, and back,

And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old Wood-Gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf!

Ah! many things this tale might teach,
But I am not ordained to preach.
ONCE IN A WHILE
BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the man
who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises
of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stay,
When without or within no voice of
sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of
earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today
They make up the item of life;
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.
THE WORKERS

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I have listened to the sighing of the burdened and the bound,
I have heard it change to crying, with a menace in the sound;
I have seen the money-getters unheeding on the way,
As they went to forge new fetters for the people day by day.

Then the voice of Labor thundered forth its purpose and its need,
And I marveled, and I wondered, at the cold, dull ear of greed;
For as chimes in some great steeple tell the passing of the hour,
So the voices of the people tell the death of purchased power.

All the gathered dust of ages God is brushing from His book;
He is opening up its pages, and He bids His children look;
And in shock and conflagration, and in pestilence and strife,
He is speaking to the nations of the brevity of life.

Mother Earth herself is shaken by our sorrows and our crimes;
And she bids her sons awaken to the portent of the times;
With her travail pains upon her, she is hurling from their place
All the minions of dishonor, to admit the Coming Race.

By the voice of Justice hidden, she has torn the mask from might,
All the shameful secrets hidden she is dragging into light;
And whoever wrongs his neighbor must be brought to judgment now,
Though he wear the badge of Labor or a crown upon his brow.

There is growth in Revolution, if the word is understood;
It is one with Evolution, up from self to brotherhood;
He who utters it unheeding, bent on self or selfish gain,
His own day of doom is speeding, though he toil or though he reign.

God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and the peer;
He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near;
For each rotting throne must tremble and fall broken in the dust,
With the leaders who dissemble and betray the people’s trust.

Still the voice of God is calling; and above the wreck I see
And beyond the gloom appalling, the great Government-to-Be.
From the ruins it has risen, and my soul is overjoyed,
For the school supplants the prison, and there are no unemployed.

And there are no children’s faces at the spindle or the loom;
They are out in sunny places, where the other sweet things bloom;
God has purified the alleys, He has set the white slaves free,
And they own the hills and valleys in this Government-to-Be,
On a cold and frosty morning,
   Up a steep and icy hill,
Two work-horses pulled their burden
   With an equal strength and will.

One kept steadily ascending,
   On the smooth and slippery ground,
Until it stood triumphant
   On the summit, safe and sound;

While the other, though as stalwart
   And as willing to do well,
In its strain to pull its burden,
   Slipped upon the ice and fell.

One received its master’s praises,
   One its master’s curses got;
But this secret tells the story:
   One was shod, and one was not.

Some who climb the hill of labor
   In these wintry days of greed
Reach the summit of achievement
   By the force of stalwart deed.

Others, just as strong and willing,
   Just as mighty in their strain,
Stumble on the icy pathway,
   Fall, and never rise again.

Oftentimes we spurn the fallen
   With a touch of selfish scorn,
When the system that we vote for
   Curses them before they’re born.

Not the true man’s part to chide them,
   Or to blame them if they fall;
But to learn this social precept—
   Fall of one is fault of all.
WHO IS A SOCIALIST?
BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Who is a Socialist?—It is the man
Who strives to formulate or aid a plan

To better earth's conditions. It is he
Who, having ears to hear and eyes to see,

Is neither deaf nor blind when might, rough-shod,
Treads down the privileges and rights which God

Means for all men; the privilege to toil,
To breathe pure air, to till the fertile soil,

The right to live, to love, to woo, to wed,
And earn for hungry mouths their need of bread.

The Socialist is he who claims no more
Than his own share from generous Nature's store;

But that he asks, and asks, too, that no other
Shall claim the share of any weaker brother,

And brand him beggar in his own domain,
To glut a mad, inordinate lust for gain.

The Socialist is one who holds the best
Of all God's gifts is toil; the second, rest.

He asks that all men learn the sweets of labor,
And that no idler fatten on his neighbor.

That all men be allowed their share of leisure,
Nor thousands slave that one may seek his pleasure.

Who on the Golden Rule shall dare insist,
Behold in him the modern Socialist.
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT “PER CAPITA”?

BY HENRY M. TICHENOR, THE RIP-SAW POET

Have you heard about Per Capita, and OUR Pros-per-i-tee, and how much wealth—Per Capita—belongs to you and me? And all about OUR autos, and OUR bank accounts and such, and other things—Per Capita—that simply beat the Dutch? There is so much—Per Capita—that’s now in circulation, that every one—Per Capita—is rich as all creation. We all can ride—Per Capita—in our own private car, we all can smoke—Per Capita—a fifty-cent cigar. We all can sport—Per Capita—a self-contented smile, and dress our wives—Per Capita—in latest Paris style. We’re flyin’ high—Per Capita—with merry song and dance, to the jingle of—Per Capita—the money in our pants. With all this wealth—Per Capita—abundant everywhere, it’s annoyin’ how so many have that worn and weary stare—they ought to be ashamed to look so all-fired poor and lank, with all their wealth—Per Capita—that’s piled up in the bank!

Just stand aside, and watch yourself go by; Think of yourself as “he” instead of “I.” Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you, And strive to make your estimate ring true. The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink, Love’s chain grow stronger by one mighty link, When you with “He” as substitute for “I” Have stood aside and watched yourself go by. —Strickland W. Gillilan.
BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

American Journal-Examiner

The sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run,
And when into chaos the systems are hurled,
Again shall the Builder reshape a new world.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal;
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night,
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

You were, and you will be; know this while you are;
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns;
The spark that was lighted eternally burns.

It slept in the jewel, it leaped in the wave;
It roamed in the forest, it rose from the grave;
It took on strange garbs for long eons of years,
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.

From body to body your spirit speeds on;
It seeks a new form when the old one is gone!
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought
On the loom of the mind, with the fiber of thought.

As dew is drawn upward, in rain to descend,
Your thoughts drift away and in destiny blend.
You can not escape them, or petty, or great,
Or evil, or noble, they fashion your fate.

Somewhere on some planet, sometime and somehow,
Your life will reflect all the thoughts of your now.
The law is unerring; no blood can atone;
The structure you rear you must live in alone.

From cycle to cycle, through time and through space,
Your lives with your longings will ever keep pace.
And all that you ask for, and all you desire,
Must come at your bidding, as flames out of fire.

You are your own devil, you are your own god.
You fashioned the paths that your footsteps have trod,
And no one can save you from error or sin
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

Once list to that voice and all tumult is done,
Your life is the life of the Infinite One;
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the purpose and love for the cause.
THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN

In the dreams of your downy couches, through the shades of your pampered sleep, Give ear; you can hear it coming, the tide that is steady and deep— Give ear, for the sound is growing, from desert and dungeon and den; The tramp of the marching millions, the March of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean-limbed Spartans at Locris’s last ascent, As William’s Norman legions through Sussex meadows went, As Wolfe assailed the mountain, as Sherman led the way From Fulton to Savannah—as they, and more than they;

So comes another army your wit can not compute, The man-at-arms self-fashioned, the man you made the brute, From farm and sweat-shop gathered, from factory, mine, and mill, With lever and shears and auger, dibble and drift and drill.

They bear no sword or rifle, yet their ladders are on your walls, Though the hauberk is turned to a jumper, the jambeaux to overalls; They are armed with the pick and the jack-plane, the sledge and the axe and the wrench.

And some come empty-handed with fingers gnarled and strong, And some come dumb with sorrow, and some sway drunk with song, But all that you thought were buried are stirring and lithe and quick, And they carry a brass-bound scepter—the brass composing stick.

Through the depths of the Devil’s darkness, with the distant stars for light, They are coming the while you slumber, and they come with the might of Right; On a morrow—perhaps tomorrow, you will waken and see, and then You will hand the keys of the cities to the ranks of the hungry men.

The trees were white with blossoms, the meadows were broad and fair
And the care-free birds made music for the children that idled there.
But a man had need of the meadows; his walls and chimneys sprang
From among the swaying branches where the thrush and robin sang.
And the man had need for the children; he gathered them in like sheep
And set them to work to earn his bread—for children are many and cheap.
They crouched all day by the spindles, wizened and wan and old;
They have given their youth to a master who has minted it into gold.

No longer they idly listen to a warbler’s futile song,
No longer their idle laughter rings out the whole day long,
No longer they roam the meadows like idle gipsy bands,
For the world is growing richer by the work of their puny hands.

And the man who found them idling among the feathery blooms,
And brought them to watch their lives away beside his clattering looms—
He talks of the goodly riches that his enterprise has won
With the toil of the sad-faced children, and boasts of the thing he’s done!
THE BROTHERHOOD
BY EDWARD MARKHAM

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then clear the way!
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath,
Our hope is in the heroic man,
Star-led, to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood — make way for man.

THE BROADER BROTHERHOOD
BY S. E. KISER

I wish to keep myself from blame,
To turn from habits which are mean,
To be a staff on which the lame
And wronged may confidently lean.

I wish to have the strength to aid
The weak ones who may fall behind,
To find each day some progress made,
To give some joy by being kind.

I wish to have the heart to judge
Without the prejudice that blights,
To bear along no foolish grudge,
To grant my rival all his rights.

MY CREED

"I would be pure, for there are those who trust me;
I would be true, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare."

—Howard Arnold Walter.
THE LITTLE WHITE HAND

BY KITTIE SPORGO HULSE

His face bears the scars of Life's battles;
    They were made by Privation and Care;
Yet shines through his eyes the brave spirit
    That fears not to do and to dare.

Would you trace the deep tide of his courage,
    I can show you the source undefiled:
In the soiled, grimy hand of the toiler
    Is the little white hand of a child.

No rings on the thin little fingers—
    On the wrist shines no glittering band—
But dearer than diamonds and rubies
    The touch of the little white hand.

There are millions of little thin fingers
    In this fruitful, this beautiful land
That are robbed of their plumpness and dimples,
    The birthright of each little hand.

Then Comrades! Be vigilant ever!
    With the weapon you have at command!
Stand fast! Never falter or waver!
    For the sake of the little white hand!

When the fateful day comes in November,
    And alone with your ballots you stand,
Remember the SOCIALIST ticket,
    And VOTE for THE LITTLE WHITE HAND.
IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT
BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

However the battle is ended,
   Though proudly the victor comes,
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
   And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
   In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
   Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
   May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
   May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
   And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
   Until it is settled right.

Let those who have toiled take courage,
   Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
   The battle is not yet done;
For sure as the morning follows
   The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
   Until it is settled right.
The Turn Of The Road

Soft, gray buds on the willow,
Warm, moist winds from the bay.
Sea-gulls out on the sandy beach,
And a road my eager feet would reach,
That leads to the Far-away.

But on the wayside flower,
The meadow-lark's luring tone
Is silent now, from the grasses tipped
With dew at the dawn, the pearl'sve slipped-
Far have I fared alone.

And then, by the elder thicket
The turn of the road — and you!
Tho' the earth lie white in the noonday heat,
Or the swift storm follow our hurrying feet.
What do we care — we two!
INASMUCH
BY EDWARD MARKHAM

Wild tempest swirled on Moscow's castled height;
Wild sleet shot slanting down the wind of night;
Quick snarling mouths from out the darkness sprang
To strike you in the face with tooth and fang.
Javelins of ice hung on the roofs of all;

The very stones were aching in the wall,
Where Ivan stood a watchman on his hour,
Guarding the Kremlin by the northern tower,
When, lo! a half-bare beggar tottered past,
Shrunk up and stiffened in the bitter blast.
A heap of misery he drifted by,
And from the heap came out a broken cry.

At this the watchman straightened with a start
A tender grief was tugging at his heart,
The thought of his dead father, bent and old
And lying lonesome in the ground so cold.
Then cried the watchman, starting from his post:
"Little father, this is yours; you need it most!"
And tearing off his hairy coat, he ran
And wrapt it warm around the beggar man.

That night the piling snows began to fall,
And the good watchman died beside the wall.
But waking in the Better Land that lies
Beyond the reaches of these cooping skies,
Behold, the Lord came out to greet him home,
Wearing the coat he gave by Moscow's dome—
Wearing the hairy heavy coat he gave
By Moscow's tower before he felt the grave!

And Ivan, by the old Earth-memory stirred,
Cried softly with a wonder in his word:
"And where, dear Lord, found You this coat of mine,
A thing unfit for glory such as Thine?"
Then the Lord answered with a look of light:
"This coat, My son, you gave to Me last night."
REFORM
BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

"Oh, ye men who prate of college,
And of books as doors to hope,
Go and gain the living knowledge
Where the toiling people grope.
Like the plants in shadowy places,
They are needing sun to bloom—
They are hungering for life's graces,
They are wanting light and room.

While the tenements are reeking
With the striving, toiling poor,
Do not send your churchmen seeking
Help for heathen to my door.
Let them go where sin carouses,
Or where seething sweatshops stand;
Let them see the slaughter-houses
Of the children of our land.

Oh, I can not sit debating
On the issues of a creed,
With the mighty work that's waiting
And the world's tremendous need,
And the cold and costly steeple
Brings no pennies from my purse,
While the people, people, people
Groan beneath oppression's curse.

True reform has one beginning—
The right hand of brotherhood.
Would you help men out of sinning?
Would you lead them into good?
Would you teach that Christ has risen?
Prove it by your deeds of worth.
If you want to close the prison,
Beautify the homes of earth."

To do anything because others do it, and not because the thing is good, and kind, and honest in its own right, is to resign all moral control and captaincy upon yourself and go post haste to the devil.—Robert Louis Stevenson.
Bequiem

By John S. McCroarty

When I have had my little day,
My chance at toil, my fling at play,
And in the starry silence fall
With broken staff against the wall,
May some one pass, God grant, that way,
And, as he bends above me, say:

"Good night, dear comrade, sleep you well,
Deep are the daisies where you fell;
I fold your empty hands that shared
Their little all with them that fared
Beside you in the rain and sun—
Good-night, your little day is done."

Or, when my little hour has sped,
When night comes, and 'tis time for bed,
The windows closed, and locked the door,
And I lie down to wake no more,
May some one, at break of day,
That comes to rouse me, wait to say:

"Farewell, dear comrade, mine no more;
A bird is singing at your door,
And all the highways are athrong
With steps you lightened with your song;
They come to call you from your bed—
Farewell, your little hour is sped"
THEN AND NOW

BY C. H. LOCKWOOD

In days of old the turkey, fat,  
   Was eaten by the lord;  
'Twas raised by cowed and ignorant  
   serfs  
   To grace his festive board.

And when the feast was over,  
   And gluttons had their fill,  
In refuse pot the bones were dumped  
   And workers ate the swill.

Today the system's changed in name,  
   The facts aren't changed a speck;  
The capitalists eat the choicest parts,  
   While the workers get the neck.

When Socialist laws shall come in  
   play,  
   We'll show the useless drones;  
The working man will eat the meat,  
   While the shirker sucks the bones.

COURAGE

We will speak out, we will be heard.  
   Though all earth's systems crack;  
We will not bate a single word,  
   Nor take a letter back.  
   We speak the Truth, and what care we  
   For hissing and for scorn,  
   While some faint gleamings we can see  
   Of Freedom's coming morn.

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,  
   Let traitors turn away;  
Whatever we have dared to think  
   That dare we also say.

—James Russell Lowell.
THE GATES OF THE FUTURE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Swing inward, O gates of the future,
    Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
For the soul of the people is moving,
    And rising from slumber at last.
The black forms of night are retreating,
    The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
    And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered,
    And trod down its wounded and slain,
While the wars of the old time have thundered
    And men poured their life-tide in vain,
For the day of its triumph is ending,
    The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength is descending,
    To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

The Lord of the Harvest has said it,
    Whose lips never uttered a lie,
And His prophets and poets have read it,
    In symbols of earth and of sky,
That to him who has reveled in plunder
    Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake, and thunder,
    And tempests and torrents shall come.

Swing inward, ye gates of the Future,
    Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
A giant is waking from slumber,
    And rending his fetters at last,
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
    Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise, with the sunlight around him,
    And RULE in the realm he has made.

30
BUT ONE LEADS SOUTH
BY LAURA SPENCER PORTER

So many countries of the earth,
So many lands of such great worth;
So stately, tall, and fair they shine,—
So royal, all,—but one is mine.

So many paths that come and go,
Busy and freighted, to and fro;
So many that I never see
That still bring gifts and friends to me;
So many paths that go and come,
But one leads South,—and that leads home.

Oh, I would rather see the face
Of that dear land a little space
Than have earth's richest, fairest things
My own, or touch the hands of kings.
I'm homesick for it! When at night
The silent road runs still and white,—
Runs onward, southward, still and fair,
And I know well it's going there,
And I know well at last 'twill come
To that old candle-lighted home,—
Though all the candles of heaven are lit,
I'm homesick for the sight of it!
The Lockwood Art School
Kalamazoo
Michigan