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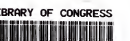
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Lillian Wester

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ИНОСТРАННОЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ

В помощь работникам библиотек

ГЕНРИ ЛОНГФЕЛЛО

(1807 — 1882)

Методические материалы к вечеру,
посвященному 80-летию
со дня смерти

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Москва — 1962

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#3

THE
MARK TWAIN HOME
AND MUSEUM

IN HANNIBAL, MISSOURI



MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD HOME

By
Harrison White, Lawyer
of the
Hannibal, Missouri, Bar

X-PS 1631 #4

Emerson and Chemistry

BY

CHARLES ALBERT BROWNE

"In His Own Country"

By

John C. French

Librarian of The Johns Hopkins University

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE
THE EDGAR ALLAN POE SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE
AT THE COMMEMORATION IN
WESTMINSTER CHURCH, JANUARY 19, 1939



Printed for The Edgar Allan Poe Society

*By J. H. Furst Company
Baltimore, Md.*

1939

X-PS2600 #6

POE IN AMITY STREET

BY
MAY GARRETSON EVANS

[Reprinted from *The Maryland Historical Magazine*, XXXVI, 4, December, 1941.]

X-PS2600

#7

THE INFLUENCE AND
REPUTATION OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE
IN EUROPE

by

WILLIAM T. BANDY

Professor of French, University of Wisconsin

Printed by
FRANK T. CIMINO COMPANY
Baltimore, Maryland

Poe

and BALTIMORE

The stormy life and tragic death of Edgar Allan Poe are inseparably linked with Baltimore. Although he was born in Boston and lived for some years in New York and Philadelphia, Poe called himself, and is still considered, a Southerner. His connection with Baltimore rests primarily upon his ancestry, long identified with the city and Maryland. His father, David Poe, Jr., was the son of Major David Poe, a Revolutionary patriot. Young David Poe became an actor at nineteen, and married Elizabeth Arnold, a young and talented English actress. Edgar Poe was born January 19, 1809. A year later Poe's father died, and in 1811 his mother died in Richmond. The rich, childless Mrs. John Allan, who adopted the three-year-old boy, gave him her wholehearted devotion. Mr. Allan, a dour, egotistical Scottish merchant, was also attached to Edgar; but they were destined to irritate and antagonize each other. Poe was given a good education, first in England, then at a private school in Richmond, whence he went in 1826 to the University of Virginia. The lack of understanding between Poe and Mr. Allan led at last to an open break; and he left college to enlist in the army.

POE IN BALTIMORE

In May, 1829, after his discharge, Poe arrived in Baltimore to make his home with his widowed aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm. The family was very poor and the poet shared their hardships in a small frame house on Mechanics Row, Wilks Street, near the route of the present Eastern Avenue. Here he anxiously awaited news of an appointment to West Point. In the meantime he hoped to earn a living by means of his pen, and in December, 1829, *Al Araaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems* was published by Hatch and Dunning of this city.

After a brief and luckless career at West Point, Poe returned early in 1831 to his aunt's home in Baltimore, where he spent the next four years in bad health and extreme poverty. Yet he applied himself faithfully to the writing of short stories and his only drama, *Politian*. In October, 1833, came his first success. In a competition conducted by the *Saturday Visitor*, a Baltimore weekly magazine, one of Poe's entry of six stories, *Tales of the Folio Club*, won the prize of fifty dollars.

In 1833 Mrs. Clemm moved to Amity Street in west Baltimore.

X-PS 2600
#9

THE STORY OF THE POE HOUSE IN BALTIMORE

BY
JOHN C. FRENCH

A Publication of the Edgar Allan Poe Society of Baltimore

The Poe House in Baltimore was built about 1830 at what was then the western edge of a city of 80,000. It was one of twin brick houses, each fourteen feet wide, joined by a party wall, their first floors separated by a narrow passage known as a dividing alley, which gave access to a common areaway and through it to the two back yards. No other houses then fronted on Amity Street on either side in their block. If as is supposed, Poe occupied the attic room, his one dormer window looked out westward on green fields and woods.

The Amity Street household consisted of Mrs. Maria Poe Clemm, 1790-1871; her invalid mother, Mrs. David Poe, Sr., 1756-1835, widow of a Revolutionary patriot and herself a friend of Lafayette; Mrs. Clemm's ten-year-old daughter, Virginia; and her nephew, Edgar, aged twenty-three. They had moved, probably in 1832, from a house near the waterfront on what is now Eastern Avenue, exchanging a home in the busy streets of the oldest part of Baltimore for one much more favorable for the health of the ailing grandmother and the none-too-strong Virginia.

When he came from West Point to live with his aunt, Poe had already published three slender volumes of verse which brought him no money and little fame. He now turned to prose fiction and made himself master of a type of short story that

Continued on Page 4

X - PS 2600
#10

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Continued on Page 4

X- PS 2600

#11



The Shrine of Poe

203 AMITY STREET, BALTIMORE

IN these low rooms, when meadows green and wide
Crept close to this small house, a poet dreamed
Strange gripping tales, and haunting verse that seemed
From realms where songs of Israfel abide.
The fret of pain he gallantly defied,
And framed a world within this attic room.
Here visions soared and lit the shadowed gloom,
While cold neglect and hunger he denied.

Now nations glorify Poe's cherished name,
And culture seeks this home to honor him
Whose youth was shaped into a rare design.
Bravely he climbed the arduous steps of fame
That fills his memory to its hallowed brim
And changes this hushed house into a shrine.

Written for the Edgar Allan Poe Society of Baltimore by Helen Bayley Davis, author of *Tomorrow is Here, I Shall Sing a Song*, and other works.

X-PS3053

#12

1 - JUL 19
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HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1862-1962



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X-PS3231
#13

ORGANIZATION
OF THE BOSTON BRANCH OF THE
WALT WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP (INTERNATIONAL.)

In pursuance of a call issued by the Committee appointed at an informal meeting (September 2, 1894.) of members of the *Walt Whitman Fellowship (International)* living in Boston, a meeting was held on November 8, 1894, at the home of Mr. Edward Payson Jackson, 41 Lyndhurst Street, Dorchester, which effected a permanent organization for a BOSTON BRANCH OF THE WALT WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP by the adoption of a Constitution which is printed herewith, and by the election of officers.

Walt Whitman's works have been translated into many European languages, and he has lovers in almost every foreign country. The *Walt Whitman Fellowship (International)* is an organization whose object is to unite all persons interested in his life and work. It seeks to establish a single bond of union—interest in or love of Whitman. It is essentially democratic and informal; it does not attempt to proselytize but welcomes all who desire membership, and aims to be a centre of supply for those who seek information for the study of Whitman. In furtherance of this end it is publishing (in uniform size and consecutively paged for binding) a series of papers of critical and personal value, which are furnished without cost to each member of the Fellowship.

The Boston Branch of the Fellowship aims to continue work upon the same lines as the international body with such added

X-PS3231

#14

WALT WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP: IN-
TERNATIONAL: MEETING, BOS-
TON, MAY 31, 1896

This is at once the third annual meeting of the Fellowship and the ninth consecutive celebration of Walt Whitman's birthday.

The meeting will be divided into two sessions.

An afternoon session will take place in the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, 14 Ashburton Place, at three o'clock. Addresses are expected from John Burroughs, Charlotte Porter, Francis Howard Williams, Richard Maurice Bucke, Thomas B. Harned, Edward Payson Jackson, and others. Readings will be given by Mary Dana Hicks and F. W. Peabody. A more definite program of this sitting will be issued at a later date.

An evening session, at eight o'clock, has been arranged for at Hotel Bellevue, 13 Beacon street, where a dinner will be provided (the cost to each participant being one dollar and a half) and where the regular business of the annual meeting, which includes the election of officers, will be transacted, informal speeches following, together with Whitman songs, by H. D. Young and Miss Van Wagenen.

Both sessions are to be free to the public. Visitors will be asked to refrain from voting on matters of business.

Members or others who purpose attending the dinner should express themselves to that effect immediately, addressing H. D. Young, 314 Boylston street, Boston, who is Chairman of the Local Committee on Arrangements.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL,

Secretary.

Philadelphia, May 4th, 1896.

The Secretary's address is Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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X-10-231
#10

Boston Branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship (International)

PROGRAMME * THIRD SESSION * 1896-7

Meetings at 7.45 p.m.

- 15 October. At MISS PORTER'S and MISS CLARKE'S, 3 Joy street. Open meeting. Annual election. Informal talk by MR. HORACE L. TRAUBEL.
- 19 November. At DR. G. P. WIKSELL'S, 410 Hotel Pelham "Woman and Freedom." MRS. HELEN ABBOTT MICHAEL. Addresses by DR. DANIEL G. BRINTON and DR. OSCAR L. TRIGGS.
- 1 December. Special meeting. At rooms of Twentieth Century Club. "Democratic Art." DR. OSCAR L. TRIGGS.
- 17 December. At 410 Hotel Pelham. "Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman." MISS ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.
- 21 January. At 410 Hotel Pelham. Readings from Whitman's unpublished letters. Informal talk on Whitman and Emerson by MR. FRANK B. SANBORN.
- 18 February. At 410 Hotel Pelham. "Walt Whitman's Comradeship." Reading from Peter Doyle letters, "Calamus," etc. MR. LAURENS MAYNARD.
- 18 March. At 410 Hotel Pelham. "Spiritual Teaching of Whitman's Poems." REV. L. M. POWERS. Poems: "A Song of Joys;" "The City Dead-House;" "Song of Myself," stanza 48 to end; "I sing the Body Electric," and "On the Beach at Night Alone."
- 15 April. At 410 Hotel Pelham. Open meeting. Readings from Whitman's Prose Works and unpublished letters. MR. HORACE LUNT. Whitman's Prose Works (Ed'n '92). A Night Battle, p. 34. Abraham Lincoln, p. 43. Down at the Front, p. 49.
- 31 May. Whitman Birthday Commemoration. Afternoon meeting in Walden Wood, Concord; dinner at Thoreau House, Concord.

X-200231
#17

"The reader will always have his or her part to do just as much
as I have had mine."

Boston Branch of
The Walt Whitman Fellowship

(INTERNATIONAL)

Meetings at 7.45 P. M. at 410 Hotel Pelham

Programme, Fourth Session, 1897-98

PERSONALITY IN WHITMAN

[A line of informal but coherent discussion taking its start from Whitman's own design and claim for *Leaves of Grass*: "to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic personality" (*A Backward Glance o'er Travell'd Roads*, p. 6); and finding its cues for the two-fold (1) literary, (2) scientific illustration proposed in Whitman's statements that "the conclusions of the *Leaves* are arrived at through the temper and inculcation of the old works as much as through anything else—perhaps more than through anything else" (p. 12), and that they grew out of a desire that American poetry should "build on the concrete realities and theories furnish'd by science" and "the modern time" (p. 10).]

October 21. **Open Meeting.**

Annual election of officers.

November 18. I. **Physical Personality.**

In *Leaves of Grass*. Poems: "As Adam Early
in the Morning"; "I sing the Body Elec-
tric." FREDERICK W. PEABODY.

Literary Illustration. HELENA BORN.

Scientific Illustration. EDWARD P. JACKSON.

Query for Symposium of Opinion: Do you think
Whitman confuses body with soul?

W-634331
#18

"One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse."



Boston Branch of
The Walt Whitman Fellowship

(INTERNATIONAL)



Programme, Fifth Session, 1898-1899

Meetings at 8 P. M.



PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY

(The names of the speakers will be announced before each meeting.)

- October 20. At 410 Hotel Pelham.
Open Meeting. Annual election.
- November 17. At 410 Hotel Pelham.
"Democracy from the Anarchist's Point of View." Meeting in charge of GUSTAVE P. WIKSELL, Chairman. Open discussion.
- December 15. At 3 Joy Street.
"Democracy from the Socialist's Point of View." Meeting in charge of HELEN M. TUFTS, Chairman. Open discussion.
- January 19. At 410 Hotel Pelham.
"Democracy as the Imperialist Sees It." Meeting in charge of FREDERICK W. PEABODY, Chairman. Open discussion.
- February 16. At 3 Joy Street.
"Democracy as Practised in America." Meeting in charge of EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON, Chairman. Open discussion.

X-P 53231
#19

"The main shapes arise!
Shapes of Democracy total, result of Centuries."



Boston Branch of
The Walt Whitman Fellowship

(INTERNATIONAL)



Programme, Seventh Session, 1900-01

Meetings at 8 P. M.
at 3 Park Street, Room 7 (one flight).



MANIFESTATIONS OF THE WHITMAN SPIRIT:

Democratic Tendencies in Contemporaneous Life
and Thought.

-
- October 18. **Open Meeting.** Annual election.
- November 22. **Politics.** WILLIAM BAILIE. Open discussion.
- December 13. **Religion.** THOMAS CARLETON O'BRIEN AND HELEN M. TUFTS. Open discussion.
- January 17. **Fiction.** CHARLOTTE PORTER. Open discussion.
- February 28. **Opposition Movements.** EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON. Open discussion.
- March 28. **Whitman's Individualism in its Relations to Modern Socialism.** GEORGE WILLIS COOKE. Open discussion.

Berton Bellis

Poet

4526 NEWBERRY TERRACE

Saint Louis

Enclosed poems I hope you find interesting and useful, also that you receive the same,
I remain,

Yours very truly,

Berton Bellis

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF RECOGNITION.

Very sensible—and most gracious language, also very sympathetic.
King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium.

Were more of these sentiments published it would do a great deal of good.

I. S. Food Administration.
R. Lenfestey,
By District Food Administrator.

The Author is to be highly commended in every way.

National Headquarters United Spanish War Veterans. Otto N. Raths, Adj. Gen.

The doors of the Bates School, St. Louis, Mo., are always open to America's greatest living poet, Berton Bellis.

From an address by the principal, Mr. Dickey, Bates School, St. Louis.

Your works have, indeed, done their full part in stirring the blood of the patriots of our great country.

National Council, World War Veterans, Charles M. Baphum, Adt. Gen.

To the American Poet, Berton Bellis—

One of America's greatest master genius of poetry—and most highly recognized—greetings—E. K. Abery.

To the American Poet—

Your poems always receive a hearty applause and everybody asks for more.

Your writings are highly appreciated by the school children and adults.

Allow us to congratulate you as America's Master pen—and one of our greatest poets, I am,

Yours very truly,

W. H. HERMAN,

Liberty, Neb.

July 15, 1919.

To the American Poet—Berton Bellis:

Your business system deserves great credit during and after the great world war, in sending typed and printed copies of your inspiring poems to newspapers, camps, the I-Ed Cross chapter, recruiting offices, schools, government organizations, etc., etc.

We wish to express our appreciation of your working gratis and spending your valuable time, using your own funds, as we will never forget those who helped us in the great cause.

Your poems did their bit as an inspiring force and we wish to congratulate you as one of America's most highly recognized and greatest of poets. We remain,
ed soldiers of the David Rankin, Jr., School

J. A. Connelly, and the wound-
of Mechanical Trades, St. Louis.

Sincerely

Congratulations to the American Poet who has received one of the World's Highest Recognitions from the Hohoes up to the Kings.—Helen Zalaut.

To The American Poet—Berton Bellis—

Most sincere congratulations from a friend of childhood days who has seen you climb from a boy up the ladder of great success as a poet of master skill and recognition. Fame always rewards such a genius.

Your unselfishness and a warm heart for the unfortunate have payed you beyond what gold can buy—A home in the hearts of men—I am,

Yours very truly,

MRS. C. H. WHITLOW.

I am very sure your writings have been of universal inspiration where ever they have been read.

U. S. A.—Treasury Dept.
Colorado State Liberty Loan and
War Savings Committees,

Joe, Polk, Jr.,
Asst. Secretary.

To the American Poet:

I wish to thank you for the poem "On The Road To Yesterday" that you wrote on request and dedicated to our school—"Bates School, St. Louis."

Your poems always bring enthusiastic applause.

At our picnic there were several thousand present and when your poem was read and the principal mentioned you as one of the "Shining Lights in American Literature" your name brought a heavy round of applause and lasted for quite a number of minutes.

As your poems are taught in our school, we are very familiar with them. I thank you sincerely.

Wm E. Burbes.

To the American Poet, Berton Bellis:

Your verses were highly appreciated by the children of our school, who became very enthused over your poems and are always asking for more.

My teacher says she knows of no poet who writes any better.

All of your poems receive a heavy applause and encore. I remain,

Yours very truly,

Loretta Angus.

Eugene Field School, St. Louis.

To the American Poet:

You are to be congratulated not only on your success as a poet but also for the stand you took during the "great world war."

When you were refused as a volunteer and also in the draft "eyesight" you took of your coat and hat and "got busy" and of your own time and expense had thousands

of your "highly inspiring" and "full of pep" poems typed and printed, and understanding propaganda, sent them broadcast thru the great organizations, schools, armies, etc., and they did their full part to stir up the patriotic blood of ours and associated nations.

We wish you god-speed as one of America's greatest and most powerful poets.

We are, E. H. Staton, and the boys along the road.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis.

We congratulate you on your good work. Please accept our deep appreciation.

Very sincerely,

N. Harvey Beauregard,

Atc.

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS
Massachusetts Branch

Boston.

"Make It a Real Victory." It is well worthy of the greatest commendations.

Leo A. Spillane,

State Secretary.

Congratulations to our young American poet, who has made good in a great world crisis and who writes with the master pen most powerful and touching. I wish you god-speed. I remain, sincerely,

Percy Hutson,

Kingstree, S. C.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

Wellsville, N. Y.

We congratulate you upon your success as a poet.

H. J. Stene,

Acting Supt.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

Oak Park, Ill.

Poems "Old Glory," "Farewell of the Blue and Gray," "Poem of Peace," "The New Memorial."

I have placed these in the hands of our teachers of literature in the upper grades.

W. J. Hamilton,

Superintendent.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

Provo, Utah.

Your poems "Life" and "A Heavenly Treasure" I wish to thank you very much for the thots therein expressed.

My fellow teachers shall enjoy them. You may be assured that they will leave joy in the heart of every reader.

L. E. Engertsen,

Superintendent.

X-PS 3503

.E 44 #21

MAKE IT A REAL VICTORY.

By Berton Bellis.

Nations bled—heroes died,
Mortals suffered—humanity cried,
Beneath the fields where the harvests grow,
Lie myriads of faithful dead,
Mangled, scattered to and fro—
Sacrifices supreme;
They gave their all,
We have living wounded
Who heeded the call.

The oceans wide and fathomless deep,
Guards bodies in everlasting sleep—
As tides will ebb and waves roll high,
These souls—martyrs—
All seem to cry,

"Unite as brothers across the sea
In permanent peace and liberty,
Mock not at us who had to die,
There's good 'in man—
Strike down that lie!
Let not your jealousy, hate and greed,
Delay or hinder
The League we need."

New men will come
Old ones will go,
Shall we reap death
Or peace we sow
Or shall we in some future year,
Drink this same potion,
A poisoned bitter tear—
Or shall the babe at breast near by,
Tomorrow in the same grave lie?

Or shall the world united stand,
Like, glorious America!
A man's free land!
Remember!
Failure, the terrible cost—
Is nothing but a Victory Lost.

Author of "The Lost Companion," "The Call
of a Soul," "Hell Has Moved to the Border,"
"An Old Pal O'Mine," etc.

Gift
Author

OCT 22 1918

X- PS 3503

E 44 #22

THE AMERICAN LEGION.

By Berton Bellis.

Warriors—Freemen—Heroes?
United as comrades in peace;
Laurels—Honors—Memories!
That shall never, never cease,
The fury of battles the yesterday,
Shall live in your hearts anew,
When gathered around your camp fire,
Brave sons of the red, white and blue.

Decrowned with God's rare blessings,
Victorious—Fearless and Bold—
Graves of the AMERICAN LEGION,
Thru all future your deeds will be told.

United—Fraternal—Good fellowship—
With a clasp of a brotherly hand;
No order possesses the power you hold,
Or records of your great hand,
As old age creeps on its journey,
And your hair turns silvery gray,
Tho your body is bent and feeble—
Your memories will be fresh as today.

Join in the big drive for members,
Your comrades are calling for you!
Your buddies and pals in battle,
A new drive in peace you can do,
With the beat of drum and bugle call,
In memory of heroes passed away,
At camp fires—posts—in memorial halls —
United for your future day.

Author of "The Victory Loan," "Get Busy—
Buy a Bond," "Hell has Moved to the Border,"
etc.

X- PS 3503

E 44 #23

MAKE IT A REAR, VICTORY.

By Berton Bellis.

Nations bled—heroes died,
Mortals suffered—humanity cried,
Beneath the fields where the harvests grow,
Lie myriads of faithful dead,
Mangled, scattered to and fro—
Sacrifices supreme;
They gave their all,
We have living wounded
Who heeded the call.

The oceans wide and fathomless deep,
Guard bodies in everlasting sleep—
As tides will ebb and waves roll high,
These souls—martyrs—
All seem to cry:

"Unite as brothers across the sea
In permanent peace and liberty,
Mock not at us who had to die,
There's good in man—
Strike down that lie!
Let not your jealousy, hate and greed,
Delay or hinder
The League we need."

New men will come
Old ones will go,
Shall we reap death
Or peace we sow
Or shall we in some future year,
Drink this same potion,
A poisoned bitter tear—
Or shall the babe at breast near by,
Tomorrow in the same grave lie?

Or shall the world united stand,
Like, glorious America!
A man's free land!
Remember!
Failure, the terrible cost—
Is nothing but a Victory Lost.

Author of "The Lost Companion," "The Call
of a Soul," "Hell Has Moved to the Border,"
"An Old Pal O'Mine," etc.

Gift
Author
OCT 22 1920

PS 3503. E 44 # 24

THE SALVATION ARMY.

By Berton Bellis.

Warm tears from the heart of a pearl;
Suffering faithful Salvation army girl!
Years will come; time will pass;
But nations will remember,
And honor this lass.

Christian revered! God's message divine;
Your deeds—laurels—shall live;
Thru all future time.

Brave conquerors! strong men!
Remember—cherish! weep!
In the memories of those;
Now in everlasting sleep.

Woman! feminine! you sacredly did your part;
Voluntary; supremely; with body, soul and heart.
As in peace you also help;
And do for those in need;
In war you assisted those;
Who had to fight and bleed.

Such was the most glorious;
Most gracious part you played;
Though you were only known
As plain Salvation army maid.

Like a laurel-crowned warrior
With a hale of beaming light
Of mercy, kindness, tenderness, sacredness,
Most touching and effective to the human heart,
Soul, mind conscience and loving memories.
When all creation seemed torn asunder;
In the turmoil of war, agony and suffering
Death and desolation, these soldiers of the cross;
Stepped out of the darkness of night
Loaded with balm and myrrh for the wounded;
Bleeding and suffering.

Merciful, daring and superhumanly faithful;
Surmounting all obstacles. Kind aggressive;
Famine, misery and deep disease fled from them
As from the glance of destiny;
Helping and encouraging the armies of God
And humanity; rescuing starving orphaned children;

Widowed mothers who had been reduced to
wretchedness
By the military hordes of Hades;
The most brutal and barbarous known thru all
The receded ages.

The willing hearts of all humanity
Have the warmest of tender feelings
That can always be found locked up sacredly,
In the souls of those who were administered to
By these angels here on earth,
God's workers! doers of miracles!
Makers of sacrifices and achievements
That will resound thru all future history;
And be ever green in the memories
of Future.

God looked down from his throne above
And smiled on this band of heroes and heroines;
And bade them go forth on their errand of
mercy.

Suffering manhood looked with surprise and
Admiration at this band of angels;
Welcomed them; accepted their merciful offer-
ings;

Crew strong again; went again against the
Legions of the foe.
Conquered; came home victors; laurel wreathed;
But with heads uncovered with endless praise;
For these modern earthly angels.

Author of "The Call of Liberty," "Brothers
Across the Red," "Humanity's Call," "Answer to
the Hymn of Hate," etc.

X-PS 3503
E44 #25

CARDINAL MERCIER.

By Herton Bellis.

When Belgium was ground down,
Under the mailed fists,
Of the ever heartless war lords,
With their brutality and frightfulness;
Unimaginable in horror and dreadfulness:
As were never known before.

When the armies of destruction,
Bent on arson, ruin, rape—
Drinking the blood of freedom;
Toasting with tears
Of suffering innocent children—
Mothers and the aged,
Drunk with the lust of conquest,
A weight of warring lead,
Tearing the heart out of homes;
Cleaving human flesh from bones.

In the midst of these trials
Of bitterness, despair, dread,
And death; defied by autoeracy
In its most damnable deeds
Recorded in history,
The Lord sent a man
Among men!
Among nations!
Who made history.

Apostolus Jezu Christi,
Cardinal Mercier,
An apostle of humanity,
And the rights of mankind,
Who defied the beasts at bay—
Who stood by his flock,
While the wolves snarled
And destroyed all possible.

Has history or tradition
Ever described or mentioned
A more faithful or self-sacrificing
Shepherd, priest, leader, or hero
Than he?
Who stood bravely and unflinchingly
By his own in their darkest
And most appalling hour?

Author of "The Call of Liberty," "Brothers
Across the Sea," "Humanity's Call," "Answer to
the Hymn of Hate," etc.

X-PS 3503

E44 #26

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

By Berton Hells.

True womanhood; merciful motherhood!
Thru the awful, terrible turmoil of dread,
War—plague—misery and death, save her all,
In the great and glorious cause of humanity,
Attentive, obedient, serving, nursing, helping;
Cheering the sick, wounded, suffering;
The distressed and dying.

Battle-fields drenched in the blood
Of fighting heroes, is also drenched,
In the faithful feminine blood of those martyrs,
Who in their glorious sacrifices supreme,
Suffered and died for their fellow man.

'Tis the hazy dawn of a new age; a new world,
The sun is just peeping over the horizon; and
Down in the valleys of misery, hate, dread,
Terror,
Destruction and death, is lighting up the way,
For all the future to live free men, unyoked,
Unchained, unslaved, in the land of liberty.

Warm hearts, grateful souls, world wide,
Have carved deep in their memories,
Kind thoughts, respect, love,
For those angels of mercy; chiseled deeper;
Than if carved in cold granite or marble;
Their noble deeds will live in the memories
And grateful hearts of all men,
In future ages upon ages.

Woman who rocks the cradle, who suffers,
Weeps, mourns,
Stood by as the ministering angel of merciful
help,
To aid those who suffered with soothing healing
balm.

To nurse them back to life, in the thickest
Of hell's hattle fury; to do—die—with, for you.

Feminine who produced Edith Cavell, whose
soul,
Tho in heaven lives in hearts and memories;
And will stand out as an inspiration,
For those who sacrifice, gain more
Than any pen, tongue or action can tell, or
record.

The spirit of your sacred motherhood;
Speaks, beckons to all humanity,
The heart of merciful kindness is a sacred bless-
ing.

That pierces thru the dark clouds of despair;
Whispering to us; telling us we are never lost.

The birds will come; harvests will grow;
Tears weeping suffering; your seeds to sow.
Have blossomed forth to not fade, wilt or die;
Tho in clay beneath the fields silent and cold
they lie.

Your deeds have taken root anew;
Like the wild winds absorb the dew;
And thru all time a lonesome sigh;
Thru treetops tall and mountains high;
The birds in heaven will ever sing;
To your sacred souls from spring to spring.

Earthly muse from day to day;
While here eternal your memories stay;
God spoke and sent you with tender care;
May your souls be rewarded beyond compare!
Friends of man in deadly pain;
You lived merciful then were slain;
But rewarded, you now in reverence sleep;
For only the strong know how to weep.

Author of "The Lost Companion," "The Call
of a Soul," "Hell Has Moved to the Border,"
"An Old Pal O'Mine," etc.

10115
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Select Poems from the Pen of

Verton Bellis

Greetings!

May every day be a happy day
 And every year a blessing,
 May good health follow you along the way—
 And fortune your pockets caressing.

A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

—Verton Bellis, 1920

A WITHERED HEART ON XMAS.

Those bells! those bells! those ominous bells;
They haunt me on the air;

They seem to say as my spirit rebels:

"For the poor you hadn't a care."

The carol! the carol! this Xmas carol!

Happy music of holy night!

This song—this song—this—to-me taunting

song:

"Did you treat the poor souls right?"

My own—my own—my neglected own;

I've allowed them to wither in pain;

I've sown—I've sown—and caused them to

groom.

My conduct has been their bane:

To weep—to weep—yes they would all weep;

In furies of bitterest tears;

To keep—to keep—my gold to keep;

I stunted the best of their years.

Their lives—their lives—their long blighted

lives:

Were forced by me into hate.

To die—to die—and my gold survives—

O God! is this my final fate?

I'm gray! I'm gray! this Xmas day;

My body is bent with age;

For gold—for gold—for hoarding more gold;

My life has been cursed with this rage.

This toll—this toll! this Xmas time toll;

It palsies my withered hand.

A soul—a soul—a miserable soul.

Why did I misunderstand?

For lust—for lust—for gilded false lust;

Gained in gold but lost in love;

For dust—for dust—for shiny gold dust;

For its lure I'm cursed from above.

To give—to give—yes I'll gladly give;

I'll live in bought-up peace then!

And live—and live—O God let me live!

"Peace on earth good will to men!"

In me—in rage—in terrible rage;

My tired brain seems on fire;

To cage—to cage—more gold to cage;

Was my constant burning desire.

In peace—in peace—in old age peace;

Don't let my cursed heart wither!

O, cease—O, cease—O, my God cease!

For I'll now be a cheerful giver.

Farewell! Farewell old earth farewell!

This is my departing hour;

Those bells—those bells—those hired dirge

bells—

My coffin contains not one flower.

THE MAN YOU OWE.

There is a thing called Justice,

A sense of doing right.

Yet some appear blindfolded;

And stagger in the night.

We prophesied a ten years war

When we went in at the start;

They won out in much shorter time;

Saving millions on your part.

These men had wives, mothers, children;

Who fared not as well as you:

We can never, never repay the debt;

To the living we must be true.

Listen! Mr. Taxpayer:

Whose wealth did he protect?

Now, while you reap your dividends,

Can you, your part neglect?

People need more than shouting,

And glory in their past;

Instead of using fire your mouth,

Just open up your heart.

The man in the busy shipyard;

The man of the noisy mill;

Received a living salary will,

And not 25 and good will.

But the boys who faced the music,

Twenty-four long hours each day;

Deserve the part that's due them

For service across the way.

Remember there's a future;

We might need these men once more;

And they're always standing ready;

So keep good will in store.

It's about time something's doing;

Only the honest way is right;

Columbia stands for equality;

Which means share and share alike.

Let's keep our page in history,

Bright, spotless, just and clean;

And show to the boys who did it

What Americanism does really mean.

When anything is worth doing,

Don't ever stop at half way.

They finished their job—well—

How about your part today?

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E 44 # 29

Select Poems from the Pen of Berton Bellis

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PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN

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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

THE CLASSIC PRESS

I AM RADIO

By BERTON BELLIS

(Official Post of KWCR Radiophone Station)

I am intelligence, education, recreation and entertainment, broadcast over all lands through the air.
I travel with the waves of ether—and am the spoken voice of man who has conquered the mystery of the unseen.
I echo all doings and great events to the ears of the multitudes.
I am one of the greatest wonders of ages and one of the most noble benefits to humanity of all time.
I am the spoken voice through the spirit of the universal power—electricity—linked with the intelligence of the human being.
I am men's thoughts scattered universally to the peoples of the earth.
I know no national boundaries and recognize no state lines and never sleep or stop before a mountain—and am never to be fortified against.
I am at home in the clouds, in the bowels of the earth and at the bottom of the deepest sea.
I am the carrier of the voices of the master artists, statesmen, etc., or a transmitter of thoughts and teachings from the institutions of learning.
I am a masterpiece of the inventive genius of the human mind.
I am a savior—life by bringing instant messages to all the world.
I am the largest stage in all the world—for I cover the world—my audience is the myriads of the multitudes—I have made the earth a theater.
I am a result of the accumulative ingenuity of man—and show how people can serve others by striving to help his fellow man.
I am the wings of instant speed for the interpretation of the intellect and conveyor of ideas, ideals, etc.
I am the universal messenger.
I am an illustrious credit to the present generation, who has shown all future peoples the way to speak, through the ether, in time to come.
I entertain and instruct little children as well as the aged and weary.
I broadcast the truth of the religion of the "Good Will to all Men."
I am the voice and music of men in the heavens.
I am a hymn of humble man in the indies universe of God Almighty.
I am the messages of encouragement, entertainment and comfort to the sick, disabled and afflicted.
I am a powerful influence for peace and good will—between nations—because healthy understanding is a part of me, and in war I can broadcast the truth over an enemy's territory and combat greedy propaganda.
I bring the songs and thoughts of far and distant peoples to the fireplaces of those who are kin and friends in other lands.
I help man to realize that all peoples over the earth are—human beings.
I travel over the barren deserts, the jagged forests, the briny seas, the frigid snows, as well as the wastes or fertile fields—I know no barrier.
I travel instantaneously over the seven seas and their shores.
I am the dreams of the poets and composers materialized in the messages and music that comes to your homes and meeting places.
I am the lightning wings of the elements of ether and the ringing, good cheer from the lands and climes of other continents.

I am instant news from everywhere and instantaneous fame.
I am a force that has been sought—found and improved by the intelligence of the human brain—that will forever be heeded as—one of the greatest, grandest and most noble, also most beneficial deeds that man has achieved and accomplished.
I am a masterpiece of the ages of discovery and the climax of all inventions for the transmission of men's messages—and second to none ever created or invented.

I AM RADIO.

Dedicated to "THE VOICE OF CEDAR RAPIDS."

A GOLDEN ROAD OF DREAMS

Swinging on the gate of memories,
Swinging down the years of time,
Traveling down the lane of the old garden way,
Back to that old school sweetheart of mine.
Over the hills of green memories,
Back yonder in youth's happy years,
Laughing again with friends a plenty,
With no cares, woes or foolish fears.
In life's garden where flowers of childhood,
Blessed good cheer with a genuine smile,
Where braided hair, gingham and dimples,
Were the rulers of the latest style.
In the heart of honest home love,
Where the soul heaved happy and free,
In a home-made heaven of happiness,
In the old, olden days of you and me.
Clouds silver, all earthly shadows,
Sunbeams shed all golden happy hours,
Rainbows beautify the raging storm's end,
Twilights reflect the glorious beauties of the flowers.
Dreams refresh living glories in one's memories.
Hearts feel the lingering happiness of yore,
All beautiful moments lived in childhood,
Fuss again in sweet thoughts once more.
Life changes from smiles to wrinkles,
Life changes from golden to grays,
But there's always a key to happiness,
Locked up in our memories of yesterday.
Back down the golden roads of childhood,
Travels the mind of a human soul,
Hand in hand with youth's sweet dream hours,
Swinging along one more memory stroll.

MOTHERS' LOVE

Just a rose that God dropped from Heaven,
In His supreme moment while creating His best,
A master gift to all eternity,
That for ages has withstood every test.
Just a sunbeam that pierces all shadows,
Just a love ray that gives us new hope,
Just a true friend that always remembers,
Whether we be convict or great man of note.
Just a jewel rivaling the wealth of all ages,
A sparkling gem sitting in the heart of a home,
With a radiant luster of faithfulness and kindness,
Sending good cheer to wherever we may roam.
Just the best deed of our Lord in all ages,
When showering gifts to us from above,
Is this untold wealth of Heavenly value,
In our own—True Mother's Love.

Select Poems from the Pen of Berton Bellis

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PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN

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THE CLASSIC PRESS

HOBO JIM'S GRAVE

As I stood over some yellow clay,
Just a newly made ruffled mound,
Where underneath my dead pal lay,
Buried in the potter's ground.

My God, I felt so lonely and sad,
Tho' I'd never had a home of my own,
But now I had lost the last huddy I had,
And was left in this wide world alone.

I just couldn't keep from a thinkin'
That God might listen to me,
So I just ask Him if He'd lend an ear,
To a hobo on bended knee.

It was just as I was sayin' my last good-bye
That my mind to Heaven did soar,
So I prayed to God for my partner's soul,
As I'd never done before.

"Lord, Jim wasn't much on chereh goin'
How to pray he never did know;
'Cause church folks ain't much on knowin'
Or carin' about the soul of a hobo.

Lord, Jim never done no stealin',
He never did care for no nothin',
In his heart was a human feelin'
Clean goodness was just himself.

Please do take care of him, Lord,
Give him a chance in the promised land,
I ain't no choir to play an accord,
But here is my akin's hand.

Heavenly harps are made of costly gold,
But if Jim ain't used to that,
If some poor sufferer his story told,
Jim 'ud help wherever he's at.

Lord, I don't know much about prayin'
But am forced to ask this by my grief,
An' I know you will hear what I'm askin'
'Cause Heaven's allus been my belief."

I planted a nice young cherry tree
Right over the spot where he laid,
So every spring when the blossoms come
The robins can sing in their shade.

It ain't no tomb, it's just a plain mound,
Where he rests in the potter's field,
Somehow, I know in my heart of hearts,
God heard me when I appealed.

For a mokin' hird a singin' close by,
Right up on a willer limb,
Seemed to say to God right up in the sky,
"O, God, you must take Jim in."

TO A DROP OF WATER

Thou hast trickled in the veins of conquerors,
Or the perogian of a weakling's fear,
Thou hast quenched the thirst of fair maidens'
Lovely lips,

Or been the salty brine of a mother's tear,
Thou hast been the warm sweat of the toller's
brow,

Or white froth on the girth of a slave,
Thou hast been excised by a hattle-ship's prow,
Or dripped in some monidly, cold grave.

Thou hast sparkled as a fetish to the gods,
On the altar of divine sacrifice,
Thou hast been softly sprinkled in baptismal
rites,
In the hope of a future paradise.

Thou hast played thy part in a summer shower,
That moistens this good fertile earth,
Thou hast opened the petals of fragrant flowers,
And given foliage a grand new birth.

Thou hast nourished with moisture the golden
strains,
And all fruitage so luscious and sweet,
Thou hast shined as pearl on morning dew,
That's an elixir to o'er wearied feet.
Thou hast furnished power to run many mills,
Civilization's indispensable tool,
And sparkled in the glass of chery red wines,
For both temperate and the fool.

Thou hast been the part of dampness foul,
In the dungeon of the condemned,
Thou hast anointed the martyr's brow,
In castles, or used for cities' walls to mend.
Thou hast found rest in the microbe's home,
And hast saved many a human life,
Thou hast been a part of the mammoth sea,
In their wave heatings—tornado and strife.

Thou hast lived forever—and yet forever—
You still are forever new,
You either travel up in celestial skies,
Or are a part of the destroying mildew.
Thou hast seemed a part of a sheet of gold,
When the sun cast its beam on the lake,
Thou hast been the part of a crystal spring,
Where the bathing birds daily partake.

Thou hast been winding ribbons of gauze tur-
quoise,
In trihutaries of a mountain stream,
Thou hast been the mist that belouder our eyes,
In Heaven's fond twilight dream.
Thou hast traveled towards the majestic sun,
Forming clouds of radiant-hued flame,
Of silvered images floating high, o'er—
Man's earthly and beloved domain.

Thy values are varied and numerous,
More than human tongue or pen can tell,
Far more than one can estimate,
Though it's just a small drop in hell.
Thou hast dampened the songbird's musical
throat,

As he warbles his notes with glee,
Thou hast helped to grow the seasoned forest,
That ripen on the bearing tree.

Thou hast been a part of the honey sweet,
Sipped from the fragrant wild flowers,
Thou hast been the origin of the perfume,
That's emitted from the shady howers,
Thou hast been part of the storm—the mighty
shower,

And the ocean or a peaceful stream,
Thou hast been the magic wand of earth,
That awakened nature's foliage dream.

Thou hast lent thy mite in shaping the earth,
Worn the mountains and leveled the land,
Thou hast assisted in giving powers,
More than humble man can understand.
Thou hast dripped in blood from a gullotine,
Or hast glittered in the vessels of a shrine,
Thou hast made of a fog a natural screen,
Or nourished gods of an ancient divine.

MISTAKES

Let each mistake be a mile post,
On your future road—to win,
To help in life's ever—hard school,
Of experience—
Make each mistake a memory marker,
That you'll never pass again.

Select Poems from the Pen of Berton Bellis

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PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN

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THE CLASSIC PRESS

I AM MUSIC

(Dedicated to Columbia University)

- I am the song of the universe.
I am the gurgle of the sparkling, silvery brook-let, the monotone of falling waters of the mountain stream, the dance of the rain on the lonely cabin roof.
I am the pater of children's bare feet on a city street that offsets the dull clamor of busy commerce.
I am the harmonies of the earth and celestial bodies.
I am the voice of the reasoning power of the eternal love of God.
I am the unspoken, unarticulated voice of love.
I am the siren of the universe.
I am the spirit that breathed the happiness of the universe into existence.
I am the wailing voice that brings peace and order out of wreckage and chaos.
I inspired the Songs of Kingman and Psalms of David.
I am the wordless, winning voice of the Almighty, the eternal God.
I am the paradise of deep love in human feelings and emotions.
I both inflame and soothe.
I furnish comfort to the aged who have lost a life's mate—and bring sweet dreams of yesteryear and childhood.
I lull restless babies to sleep and excite warriors to battle.
I soothe the vanquished in defeat and cheer the victor in success.
I congratulate the proud parent at the birth of a child and soothe him when one has passed to the Great Beyond.
I was the inspiring notes from the harp of old, blind Homer, and aided him in composing his immortal verse.
I deeply touch the world with shame for the way they have treated past great masters such as Mozart in the garret and others.
I furnished cheer and comfort to the hard Dante in his miserable exile.
I utilize the crude harp of the child, the coarse bagpipe of the Scotch Highlander, and the magic flute of the hillside shepherds.
I melt audiences to tears through lovely lips and with drum and fife I scale the Alps.
I am purity—truth—wholesomeness and you when your heart is true and your soul is mercy.
I am the promoter of art and enlightenment.
I am the kind words of admonition from a loving father to his son.
I am the thoughts of an artist who works only for the betterment of humanity—and forgets himself.
I am the devoted lover speaking wailing words of torching fire to his soul mate.
I am the sweetest and most enchanting chord that touches the human ear.
I am the beautiful voice of love that a mother sings to her babe.
I am that hypnotic—something—that man can feel but cannot see, and I am free by the grace of God to both king and peasant.
I am the tamer of wild beasts and soother of the savage breast.
I am the inspiration of the human soul that radiates from the stringed instrument of pan, by lovers of beauty and mankind.
I am the human soul in action and in tune with the Omnipotent Infinite.
I am the chimes of the combined merry laughter of children.
I am the bitterness and salt in a maiden's tear, or illuminating sunbeams of her soul in her laughter, that rings with love.

- I deeply touch the heart and soul and am deeply felt by both friend or foe.
I am the song of the poet interpreted into the songs of ages.
I am poetry in harmony with God and the inspiration of the Infinite universe.
I am the Heavenly chords that enchants and entrances the human soul.
I am the euphonious chords whispering through the summer zephyrs in the unpruned, natural wildwoods.
I am the charming fascinator of the happiness and inner deep feelings of nature's expression.
I furnish music at the awakening hour in the song of the robin from the heavens and echo the voice of paradise at eventide in the super strains of the nightingale.
I supply your good-night anthem in the nightly carol of the grasshopper.
I am the sweet lullaby at the cradle and the hymn of God's eternal peace at the grave.

I AM MUSIC

THE CALL OF A SOUL

An Answer to "Some Time"

- My heart seems withered in sorrow,
The hours are lonesome and blue,
I dread the expected tomorrow,
You don't know how I miss you,
All the world seems bleak and barren,
Since the day we two had to part,
Even songbirds to me sing no gladness,
You are craved by a true broken heart.
Sunshine to me seems darkened,
The stars they twinkle no more,
All nature seems only to haunt me,
Since my happiest days seem o'er.
At evening I gaze up to heaven,
And pick out the brightest star,
Just stunned as I dream and wonder,
Of my own who from me is afar.
The sorrow of mourning the living,
Is far worse than grieving the dead,
Thank God, that you are forgiving,
My heart's smothered in misery and dread.
Miserable hours are now my companions,
My conscience now knows I was wrong,
I have found the falsehood of others,
Misled life's rarest and sweetest song.
All my thoughts seem dark and dreary,
I feel this lonesome despair,
There's none to replace my dearie,
For others I cannot care,
I'm starved for the sunshine you gave me,
Hungry for the happiness of the past,
Life seems just cold and barren,
I cannot forget to the last.
It seems you are ever before me,
I know not such a thing as rest,
Each moment I want you only,
Love's fire has kindled my breast.
I know not the joy of laughter,
Flaming passions have smothered away,
All life seems dead—thence living,
My soul seems burning today.
My thorned heart is bleeding and aching,
Too much for a human to bear,
My soul is forever seeking,
And calling you most everywhere.
What a fool I was to grow angry,
What a price I had to pay,
I have felt the sting of the glitter,
And the horror of true love's decay.

Select Poems from the Pen of Berton Bellis

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PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN

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THE CLASSIC PRESS

A WILWOOD SYMPHONY

Where toadstools hide 'neath the cat-tails that border the old lagoon,

The moon glow dresses the orange blossoms in curly eddies, while they perfume,

Hawthorn flowers incense the wonder skies where birds lavish their plume,

'Neath the brush hides the ballfrogs where the insect meets his doom.

Bowed grasses pearly with honey dew look like glittering gems,

Sparkling as soft zephyrs dance and curve their easy bending stems.

Mid-summer breezes whistle an old love song through the poplar tree,

While old wagon wheels creak and bring back old memories to me.

Where the mockbirds are singing and the meadow lark answers back,

Ivy vines are now hiding our old cabin shack. An oriole is calling to his mate the last notes before the night,

While an old sleepy owl sentines from an old bare limb, so all will be right,

Where fiery clouds seem blazing in the arial garden of the gods,

And the heavens seem a crystal sphere at which the old oak nods.

Where the humming of the brooklet and gentle laughter of the rill,

Keep time with falling waters o'er the cascade on the hill.

Where the male bird sings a love song and his mate answers with a note,

Songs more beautiful than humbla man ever wrote.

Where hard working ants drag little sticks and hornets torment the bees,

Where bears hunt wild honey hidden in the trunks of hollow trees.

A hound dog brays from some distant hill as he trees a coon somewhere,

Or some wildcat snarls back and bristles up his hair.

Where the woodchuck digs a home and the rabbit tries to hide,

And weeping willows dip and kiss the living waters at their side.

Wild birds now sing in the green where mighty empires stood, now dust beneath our feet.

Where pomp and glory reined, now age sounds her echoes of decayed defeat.

Man's marble monuments flow away in dust while God builds mountains that grow,

Nature's will is like the sunshine and man's like the melting snow.

Man marmers a soliloquy to himself in burning ecstasy of the wild,

After all great civilizations to nature are as a child.

Man can but a picture paint or poem write, while God improves eternally,

Then closes His day with dream twilight in a sparkling velvet canopy.

Man hides his weepings in a heart that sighs, like rust hides in flowers' roots,

But laughing spirits are soaring high in new found flower shoots.

What fools have listened to the sweet words of the knave rapping a Judea kiss?

Yet, the oldest flower of the bed would not let it go amiss.

The magic influence of the enchanting lane melts two hearts into one,

Where words of living passions are as flames of electric sun.

Love like burning lava cremates flowers into incense divine,
Invigorating human veins, intoxicating souls into heartbeats of ecstatic rhyme.

Every living soul has a yonder star so the sky-lark sings,
And all is fair until cupid runs amiss and tangles up the strings.

Then like the crazy wave stinging everything it sees,
Creating havoc in the hives of the harvest honey bees.

What is an empire to nature when time takes a notion all things to recall?

All creation is so vast man knows little at all. Lilies are like icy arrows poisoning happiness in a terrible stinging death.

Like the frost killing summer's flowers in a frigid cold dead breath.

Who knows but that a worm is happier than the Who mate can say what microbes mate in a wedding ring?

IN THE LAND OF GOLDEN DREAMS

The wealth of happiness stirs my blood,
Beauty enriches my soul,

My pulse quickens at the jeweled thought,
Where contentment is my goal.

Let others throw embittered ink,
To sizzle and flame with hate.

Or utter a satiric phrase,
But to my thoughts give a healthy state.

Hours in the land of golden dreams,
Sailing on nature's true highway,

Let your thoughts glisten gleams,
While sunbeams dance in the fray.

A soul can drift on the beat of life,
Like driftwood on gurgling currents,

While birds bathe on the brooklet's fringe,
Wrong thoughts are only transient.

Purest passion's heat will warm your soul,
To natural instincts that are tender—

When one makes happiness a goal,
Troubles vanish like a dying ember.

Yes, golden dreams of the parts of life,
Enchants a soul so bewitching,

That radiates friendship for everyone,
And goodwillship is most enriching.

So at times take a trip in golden dreams,
Whether you be crowned king or toiling peasant.

For what is life without happiest content,
And making others' moments most pleasant?

A DREAMER

I'm a dreamer and gladly admit it,

And love life's songs and flowers and bees,

I'm laxy and dream by the roadside,

Near dancing shadows, beneath lovely trees.

I'm a zyzoo and very proud of it,

And roam in the big open spaces,

Just a vagabond that glories in travel,

And in viewing new and strange faces.

I'm a rolling stone that keeps on rolling,

Down mountains and through valleys and dles,

And sleep near the lullabies of nature,

And hear true stories as told by real men.

I've a hatred of whistles for labor,

Just instruments invented by man,

To enslave human labor for a boss's master.

And not created by God in His plan.

Select Poems from the Nest of Berton Bellis

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PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN

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THE SONG OF THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

- Sons of the ages—songs of the universe—songs of eternity,
The archaeologist works and sines with the drifting, golden sands of time.
Books of earth strata—books of parchment—books of papyrus—books of baked clay,
Digging—heaving—studying man's good and self-made ages of crime.
- Vaults of the mighty—graves of the weak—dust of slumbering humanity,
Speaks to us from the shadows in the depths of ancient cave,
Eternal love—everlasting hate—human poison—human brotherhood,
All are under man's control when he wants to be fair.
Running waters—living verdure—perfumed flowers—ripened fruits,
All grace the earth and give the human food, drink and rest,
Youth of generations—knowledge of ages—intelligence inherited,
All stimulate mankind as falls the hazy curtain of the past.
- Peacock thrones—lion stalls—crocodile ponds—vats of harem oils,
Decorating the courts of ancient power hungry man,
Marble statues—mud gods—broken and forgotten idols—pottery,
All breathe the life of some ancient and buried clan.
- Slave chains—handcuffs—dancing girls' tambores—harem eunuchs' whips,
Passions, lust and fire quenched 'neath the ruins of today,
Musk, sandalwood—frankincense—holy incense,
Perfume rises again when the sun warms the long dead clay,
Christian—Mohammedist—Buddist—Zoroastrian—Jew,
All trod the way of life and each helped to till the sod,
Caucasian—Arab—Tartar—Negro—Mongolian,
All visioned, worshipped and through their creeds understood their God.
- War dancing—spirit dancing—dancing girls for mighty Pharaohs,
Rhythm of graceful movements where souls of red blood burned,
Lions—jackals—lizards—crocodiles—cohras—spiders—tarantulas,
Now keep silent watch o'er the ruins that are creeping time has earned,
Philosophers—prophets—scientists—inventors—educators,
Worming into knowledge and registering the facts,
Painters—poets—pontiffs—warriors—statesmen—rulers,
Pass in moving episodes of history as we scent and follow their tracks,
Slaves—soldiers—peasants—serfs—savages—barbarians,
All pass in view as their living history speaks anew,
Ra—Path—Troth—Pan—Apollo—Venus—Hercules—Thor,
Heaven priests lived in luxury as keepers of the idols and the gods.
- Babylon—Uz—Memphis—Troy—Carthage—Damascus—Samarkand,
We bridge the gap of knowledge between yesterday and tomorrow,
- Gladators' blades and shields—Knights' chains and armour—my India's handkerchief,
All are web covered in the mould of historic sorrow.
- Gullotines—blood stained arena sands—head chopping axes—human torch stakes,
Hidden romances and tortures that racked the body and maddened the brain,
Splendor—pomp—display—hunger—poverty—superstition—black art,
Cunning—treachery—intrigues—brought the oppressed masses pain,
Egotism—despotism—cruel ambition—tyranny—dictators—hiredlings,
Mephistophole's mask of deceit mocks the virgin's sweetest smile,
Dynamites—religious bigotry—crafty heathen monks—political scorpions,
Poisoned men's brains for each step and assimilated knowledge with bile.
- Funeral pyres—racks—pillories—bone breaking wheels—hunch screws,
Torturing the learned, honest, intelligent, truthful thinkers of the land,
Truth—reason—light—facts—toleration—knowledge—culture,
Retarded by the crafty—stern rulers and heathen priests' command,
Display—hunger—poverty—passions—curses—pestilence—disease—filth,
Fooled multitudes and the rabble invited to murder mobs,
Mummies—bronze statues—paintings—carvings—engraved poems,
All repeat the wall of the oppressed and echo anguished sob,
Temples—sarcophagi—urns—images—jeweled strong boxes—furniture,
Covered with desert sands where birds never, never sing,
Gravel—glacial deposits—corrosion—dry ocean beds—eternal overgrowth,
Knitting a vale of interest as each year comes back to spring.
- Pyramids—sunken baths—Indian mounds—altars—sacrifice blocks,
Zasher's tomb and records of the ancient architect and imhoep,
Ice—snow—oceans—deserts—date palms—northern pines,
Men's minds are perfumed by men's knowledge gathered in each forward step.
- Ravens—eagles—hawks—vultures—huzzards—falcons,
Man travels back past the guide posts of ancient time,
Greed—lust—jealousy—contempt—robbery—hribery—arson—murder,
Hate has baptized man's happiness all along the living human line,
Green pastures—ermine capped mountains—silver—purple clouds—jagged trees,
Twilight songs of the star spangled desert night winds,
Sand dunes—gulleys—barren rocks—cavities—flow-ers,
Singing the hymn of ages as the universe a cycle bends.
- Brownish golden sands—creeping to eternity—waters always traveling,
Yellow—gray cliffs of rock where remains are held fast,
Fossil shadows—mastodon's bones—sunken greatness—craced animal glory,
Worlds eternally drifting into the fathomless future from out the past.

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AND SHE—CALLED HIM—HER FOOL

He followed her footsteps,
He bathed in her smile,
His worshiped her graces,
And lavished her in style,
He sang sweet love songs,
And showered her with praise,
He drank deep of her eyes,
And dreamed of new days—
And she—called him—her fool.

He thought life all sunshine,
And golden her voice,
He gloried in her breezes,
And felt her—his choice,
He walked in the moonlight,
And sang from his heart,
He was real and romantic,
In love's honest art—
And she—called him—her fool.

He drank deep of love's nectar,
And pressed perfume from the rose,
He was torn on hate's thorns,
And love's passions arose,
He forgot his good senses,
And fell a willing slave,
His—will—had sunken,
In a deep living grave,
And she—called him—her fool.

Like all fools since the ages,
Began long, long ago,
He understood—not women—
But worshipped—a show—
A fool and a vampire,
Played the game of life,
He dreamed—that he—could make poison,
A sweet charming wife—
And she—called him—her fool.

When love's fire burned lowly,
And she found new game,
Then the fool fell in the mire,
Where stagers the dregs of love's slain,
He fell to the bottom,
Of hell's lowest pit,
And she mocked him—and scoffed him—
And sneered—while she'd—pit—
And she—called him—her fool.
(Dedicated to a Copper-Head).

DOWN ON THE MOOR

As I stood on the wastes of the nether moor:
And gazed at the surging sea;
And looked into the cobalt of the vast beyond:
Bewildered—and yet my soul—ears free,
As I gazed across the waters aloft:
Bright twilight played and enchanted the sky;
While warm soft breezes invigorated my frame:
Nature dazzled my much becharmed eye.
On the shaded hills, now emerald green:
Flowers scented the cool evening air;
While songbirds warbled their soft lullabies:
To their young ones safe nesting there,
The roses were peeping foretelling of spring:
Flocks of birds had winged their flight home:
Bright stars had begun the horizon to fleck:
Making footprints on heaven's blue dome.

All life and living is a beautiful dream:
Each sphere has its unique delight;
I come—I am here—and whenever I go—
God's gifts will my evils requite,
I am content with a God to create such love;
Such beauties—and wondrous charm;
And know when my soul leaves this sphere:
I'll never know the meaning of harm.

PHANTOM SHIPS IN TWILIGHT SEAS

Like in the days of old when pirates hold roamed
O'er the white capped seas,
Floating clouds o'er head, like ships from ages
Agone, sailing before the breeze,
Blazing 'neath the twilight sun like phantom
ships of bygone days,
Some were scuttled and met Davy Jones and
others found new plunderlust frays,
Rolling thunders echoed like the cannon's roar
in the horizon's saffron space,
Lightning belched flames from the cannon's
mouth in aurora's fighting chase.
Stars hissed like shrapnel fire-balls shot on some
prized argosy,
In a broadside from a black flaged wolf on the
gurgling howling sea.

Sea gulls sailing in the rainbow purple-blue-gold,
seemed like horns of lead
While a parrot cursed the captain's commands
turning the azure-blue to red.
The sun looked like a fiery cannon ball shot in
the golden west,
The moon followed on like a parting shot at
the frigate's armored crest,
Salt breezes mounded upturned hats, rolling
boots and blood chilling steel,
Or a pilot drunk with East Indian vines staggered
at the wheel.
You could smell the musk and incense burn as
ships smouldered in the deep,
While tear-pearls fell like drops of rain from
a maiden's mournful weep.

Galley's of sweating slaves on the Mediterranean
sea of Algiers or Tripoli,
Or galleons near Hellenic coasts, or on an
Italian enchanting sea.
Where scoreless vessels dipped their sails in the
cobalt starlight blue,
Ghost ships sailing with their canvass spread
before the gales that blew,
Strong chests of bronze, iron and oak, o'er heavy
anchors a-weigh,
Pirate demons unfurled their sails and gambled
for women in the bay,
Booty of gold and silver bouillon, slaves and
spice from the blood drained coasts,
King or chief hold in ransom's bondage by
mocking scoffing boats.

Scorching winds from the inferno's howles tanned
the faces of the lot,
Fiends of the raging elements and souls that
even God forgot,
Priest or pilgrim, princess or slave, walked the
plank to a watery grave,
Christian, Jew, or Mohammedan, met eternity
beneath the wave.
Savage breasts and angels' souls, in the devil's
grip above the graving foam,
Cursing, drunken laughter, screaming yells, or
prayers learned at home,
Silence, hissing shouts, bleeding human forms
thrown o'er the bow,
Quivering flesh and hearts torn out—seemed
to call for cheers—somehow.

Cat-o-nine-tails red-striped the virgin's back while
brutes laughed at her snow white form,
Then molten burning lead, like heads of red,
broke loose in heaven's storm.
'Twas a volcanic shower belched from a seething
laks of everlasting fire,
The elements had won the fight against man's
greed and savage beastly desire—
Then the phantom ships disappeared in the hazy
mists of ages in their flight,
And the moon once more, rose rich o'er head,
and smiled at a dreamer's delight.

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NATURE KNOWS NO SHROUD

Beautiful cherry blossoms grow and draw life
from the grave of earth.
For there is no soil but has had life—death—
and rebirth.

Scolding robins dress the plum tree's hair—or
linnets sing in wild-land's glory,
A lonesome soul's aching pain turns to hopeful
love in life's ever changing story.

Wild canaries miss the hawk's swift death by
hiding in the goldenrod,
As an eagle talon's a rattlesnake—blended in
the sod.

Lakes of fire seem burning in cloudland skies
of sunset's glittering gold,
Where our old casks take counsel of the wine
and burn dead and cold.

O'er the hill's green breast a beautiful butterfly
snubs a shaggy moth.

While wood-fringe against yonder sky looks
like old brown faced cloth.

You can hear fiddlers of rubbing branches
resined by the bleeding pine.

While dancing leaves swing partners and all
nature is in rhyme.

What angels dropped the moonstones that bead
the morning dew?

This earth has been a graveyard—yet—has born
life forever new.

Where aurora, goddess of the wonder twilight,
dreams in heaven's azure line,

Which stuns a soul with beauty's bewitching
art—showing God is forever true.

Dampness corrodes foul weedlings growing fragrant
roses in their place,

Breathing perfume, and loveliness to blush on
the earth's wrinkled face,

Where peach blow looks like some ancient mystic
Chinese porcelain,

Dug up from the ages of the past and breathes
an incensed poppy dream,

Green shooting sprouts push snails aside and
bore to the summer's breeze,

Near timid ferns where crickets hide in cool
shadows of stately trees.

Beautiful red and bluebirds alternate flying across
an emerald lane,

Or a mournful raincrow throats a note that
makes one think of rain.

Redheaded woodpeckers trip-hammer a worm-
eaten tree standing in the wood.

While swallows fly o'er cane-brake where a
flirting sunflower stood.

Wild geese fly in earth shading flocks flying to-
ward northern summer skies.

O'er lavender flowers in evening's afterglow in
hlooms beyond a prize.

Floating dust and past human hearts ride with
honey pollen in the breeze,

Enlivened anew by singing birds and buzzing
honey bees.

Living, stunning, royal beauty, robes all creation,
for—nature knows no shroud,

Only man and mad things feel an impulse that's
lowly and proud.

One season's fruits are next year's flowers—so
with all living things.

Fall's fading blossoms arise after melted snows
and gladdens early springs.

The dark portals of earth's velvet night are
brilliantly shining on the other side.

So as in life—there is no death—as o'er eter-
nity's highway we ride.

Living shade timbers are later a mansion's walls,
warming those of the human kind.

Passing along as a generation in the chain of
life—a spark blown by our great God's
mind.

The last moon rolls from a distant hill and hanks
on the branch of some naked tree.

While wild, sweet singing birds sing songs of
love—God's messages, throughout eternity.

LIVING GOLD

The white swan brings her broodlings o'er the
green padded lily pond.

While green and purple throated blackbirds
scold from some naked tree beyond.

Mockingbirds look into the brown-gray dusk and
sing from the mead.

While soft winds carry thistle-down and bright
velvet from the reed.

Where waiting hugs dance and glide o'er silver
waters of the spring.

Or frogs leap in and ripples float to green
hanks in a crystal ring.

The trees wear harnished locks and crowns of
glittering, living gold.

And dew drops, like pearls on a string, fall in
a jeweled fold.

The crescent moon dips up the stars and spills
meteor's o'er the earth.

While dream clouds float silently weeping and
giving meadows a glad rebirth.

Where the crafty spider pursues the fly and the
blind hornet takes his part.

Stinging, struggling, fighting, tearing web
threads and aspersing to the heart.

Where sunsets reflect the colors of wild flowers
to mankind.

Telling all creation before the night that God
has a purposeful mind.

Where grasshoppers carol an evening song and
scold earth worms who are hid.

'Neath the carpet mass where dancing shadows
are from sunbeams rid.

Where the veils night spreads its purple portals
o'er the azure sky.

And then some sweet wren to her young sings
a wildland lullaby.

Where the moon's silver disk is spanned across
the starlight night.

In eternities chase of the sun and moon in
peaceful delight.

What human soul seeing and feeling the beauties
of the universe,

Fears death's glorious adventure that ends not
with the breeze?

The sun has thawed the hills and flowers open
to the bees.

The swan's swimming pond looks like a looking-
glass hidden 'neath soughing trees.

The oriole is lyrically singing while a snail peeps
from his armored shell.

While some caterpillar has wretched and spun
a thread o'er a hornet bell.

The sun has glided a path o'er the moon's silvered
highway.

While stars like sparkling diamonds enrich the
dome after a busy day.

Foolish moths hurt themselves against the per-
fumed tapers of the night.

Where locust and magnolia bloom scent the
cool air with delight.

Where a wild call from some silver wolf seems a
dirge of a dying, changing soul.

Or winds rock the blue-bells and the elements
ring a natural toll.

Where bleeding-hearts dip perfume o'er the ones
who crush them down.

Baying sweet fragrance to grace the careless
fool, or, clown.

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PEACEFUL VALLEY

Breezes carry the wine fragrance of the wild
throughout eternity,
While rivulets with changing shades bowknot
the land.

Stormbirds chatter in the old catalpa tree making
umbrellas of the leaves,
While the busy ant drags tiny timbers and
countless grains of sand;

The oriole builds a nest of twigs looking like a
bullet in some tree,
While fireflies weave golden lights in the velvet
tapesty that's coming o'er the green,
Drunken zephyrs stagger o'er the grasses laden
with the perfumed honey dew,
On hills that slumber each year then rerobe in
another brilliant scene.

Nature's wealth of eternal glory is celebrated by
the star fires of the universe,
While little man's brain tries to drink in what
such wonders mean.

Birds of the wild sing the chorus of the ages
'round an old oak tree,
While winter's naked branches shadow from
bars across the woodland floor like a prison
dream,

Scarlet flaming purple down and emerald-tops
evening skies dazzle the brain,
While tort pearls bead the grasses in the dew
of earthly dawn,

Billowy autumn clouds make rain white leaves
dance up to the sky,
A feast in this natural gallery of fine arts is a
glory to look upon.

Sparrows quarreling o'er worms and darting
shadows dance in rhythm,
Where the lightning and verdure purified air
floats on and on,

The morning star greets the universe with a wink
o'er the main,
While the evening stars go to sleep in nature's
phenomenon.

Birds hurdle small branches in the old naked,
dead, worm eaten tree,
While wild fowl span the light wind o'er the
river banks of green.

Rotting old logs act as silent watchmen o'er the
snakefeeder and darting butterfly,
While wild game sip pure waters and rest and
bask and dream.

There is no death where all is life as matter and
force simply change,
Living summer's breezes sigh through the hem-
lock and laugh with the blushing of the
rose.

Nature re-looks throughout eternity in the same
garments distilled,
Man can meet God in the open and nature her
laws will disclose.

All life refreshes and reforms in the paradise of
endless time.

Life will live—yet, life must pay as nature
demands her toll.
First comes the sunlight, then shadows, then
light again upon endless forms,
As in all skies is the watchful hawk bent upon
destroying the singing soul.

Lovely women like the flowers break their heart
and bleed upon the thorn,
Then think who a pauper Croesus was in the
natural gardens of the eternal God.

Butterflies break their wings riding against the
heavy storm,
Like humble man's nature of envious greed as
he struts his slave kept sod.

The smiling sun cheered the universe with a
peep o'er the edge of Heaven's blue,

While enchanting, sweet notes are rolling down
the ages in the voice of the bird,
Wild music from the wind played timbers or the
happy monotone of the waterfall,
In the stimulating magic of wondrous joy
that cannot be told by word.

Where the depths of the human soul seem art-
esian wells of joy and love,
Where cobalt and saffron burn in skies of end-
less blue.

Gypsy twilights sow golden beams on floating
clouds each absping some ancient god,
Why should man worry about empty care when
all life can be true?

Each grain of sand upon the earth has lived in
some former time
For there is a battle of all living things from
the Heavens down to the mire,

The soul of beauty is the grace of God that
bewilders small thinking men,
Even the sweetest passions sometimes smoulder
long then burst again in fire.

The breathing of the universe is wide and man
knows not its end,
One breath of nature is an eternity to man and
all living things,

The smiling moon has sailed across the centuries
until our time of today,
Like the rose on the desert surrounded by the
fireflies of the springs;

Soft breezes always pipe the river-reed and upon
the weeping willows sigh,
The eagle cuts the air and meets its shadow
upon the mountain peak,

The brown disappearing pheasant drums the air
then sails motionless away,
While the crouching panther climbs on high
for unsuspecting forage to seek.

Yonder woodland is a city where birds sing, love
and play,
In the symphony of the wildwood near a chorus
of waters on a mountain side,

Winds blow down the canyons like a trumpet of
the ages,
Causing the rumbling, cracking, creaking, and
breaking of the timber down a slide.

Lazy winds drink up the dew and intoxicate
like exhilarative wine,
Awakening the hidden instincts of man like a
new dream from the poppy seed.

O, nature can invigorate and cause happiness or
poison with the vine,
Where thorns tear and thistles pierce or flowers
perfume as they bleed.

ETERNAL LOVE

Through countless ages, through all time,
I'll be yours, and you'll be mine;
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two mates together brought;
Awakened by love kindled bright,
Each to each other a shining light.

When alone, just lost and sad,
He misses her, and she her lad;
All future days we are no more two,
For you are me, and I am you;
With burning hearts so kind and true,
To please, to help, and good things do.

Good tidings I send, a wealth of love,
I swear I'm yours, To Him Above,
For such blessings as you have in store,
Shall receive love in return forever more,
And every day a blessing true,
May God so grant, I'll give to you.

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What People Say:

"The doors of the Bates School, St. Louis, Mo., are always open to America's greatest living poet—Berton Bellis."—From an address of the Principal, Mr. Dickey.

"I am sure your writings will always be of universal inspiration for the people."—Professor Dr. Cornelius Byrner, Chief of the Department of Music, Columbia University.

"While I am not an expert judge of poetry, I can at least agree with many of your thoughts. War certainly makes a dismal picture."—William Jennings Bryan.

Poem "Andrew Carnegie." I shall show a copy of these verses to Mr. Carnegie."—Henry S. Pritchett, President, The Carnegie Foundation For The Advancement of Teaching.

Poem "College." "I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing it."—John G. Hibben, President, Princeton University.

"You show a keen insight into the heart of a child and a keen appreciation of their view point of life."—A. C. Strange, Supt. Public Schools, Baker, Oregon.

"Your poems were read at two ceremonies around Washington, Memorial Day. The Confederates had their reunion here—National—and I gave several of the poems and the parties appreciated it."—Asst. Adjt. Gen. O. H. Oldroyd, G. A. R.

"I have read your poem which appears to me to be very much worth while. I am today referring it to the Liberty Loan Committee. Glad to be of service to you."—Champ Clark, Speaker, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.—Poem, "THE VICTORY LOAN."

"My fellow teachers shall enjoy them. You may be assured that they will leave joy in the heart of every reader."—L. E. Eggersten, Supt. Public Schools, Provo, Utah.

"I thank you very much in sending your noble and generous poem. It is highly inspiring in thought and your thoughts are deep and elevated. I have been very happy in reading it, and take great pleasure in congratulating you."—Joseph Barthelmy, Professor of law at the University of Paris and at the School of Political Science, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, France.

"Farewell Of The Blue And The Gray." "Have read it with much interest, and your sentiments indorsed by all the Old Boys in the Georgia Soldiers' Home, Please accept thanks from The Old Confederate Veterans of Georgia."

"One never knows what genius is alongside them until it bursts out in all its splendor."—Joseph A. Rose, Department of Commerce, San Juan, P. R. Light House Service.

"I congratulate you upon the success you have achieved."—H. J. Allen, Governor of Kansas.

"As a friend and associate of President Wilson, I am deeply moved by your tender tribute to him, and your fine understanding of his purposes and aims."—Former Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker.

"I hasten to thank you for the poems which you have composed about me with exquisite amenability. I am touched by your benevolent sentiments towards me, I see in them praise addressed to our people and that especially it is which above all gives it value in my sight. I eagerly seize this opportunity to transmit to you my expression of the profound gratitude felt by the Belgians to the noble American nation. The brotherly aid of the United States has saved them from famine and servitude."—Cardinal Mercier.

"To the American poet Berton Bellis. Most sincere congratulations from a friend of childhood days who has seen you climb from a boy up the ladder of great success as a poet of master skill and recognition. Fame always rewards such a genius. Your usefulness and warm heart for the unfortunate have paid you beyond what gold can buy—A home in the hearts of men."—Mrs. C. H. Whitlow.

"Your works have, indeed, done their full part in stirring the blood of the patriots of our great country."—National Council, World War Veterans, Charles M. Raphun, Adjt. Gen.

"Farewell Of The Blue And The Gray." I certainly congratulate you on your view point and it is just as you say, "The hour is drawing near," though far apart in the 60's we are brothers and friends now. Shall distribute copies in our G. A. R. Posts."—Joseph Brooks, Post Dept. Commander, Headquarters, Baltimore, Md.

"His Excellency finds most beautiful."—President Monical of Cuba.

"Your verses touching as they do, upon a world's suffering and grief and with their fine Christian sentiment, reach me through the mails. I am glad to have them with the author's signature. The cross has come to have a great, new, significance to us all."—A. H. Armstrong, Executive Secretary, The Church Federation of St. Louis.

"I am President of the Adams County Memorial Association and will have one or more of these poems read on Memorial Day."—James E. Adams, Quincy, Ill.

"Your poems do wonderful things to help lift this sad and tired world up out of all sorrows onward and beyond to those heights of happiness."—Alexander Geides.

"The grade teachers perused your tribute to the teachers with no little feeling of appreciation. "STAND BACK OF YOUR TEACHERS OF LEARNING" it is just that, which will enable them to take courage and more courage."—A. G. Willow, Sec'y. St. Louis, Mo.

"We congratulate you on your good work."—Missouri Historical Society, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, Mo., N. Harvey Beauregard, Arc.

"I have placed these in the hands of our teachers of literature in the upper grades."—W. J. Hamilton, Supt. Public School, Oak Park, Ill.

"While teaching school at Freeburg, Ill., I asked my pupils who was the greatest modern poet during the World War and what was their favorite poem? They named Berton Bellis as the poet and 'The Poem Of Peace' as their favorite poem.—B. Waldo Smith.

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COMING ON THE AIR
By BERTON BELLIS

Good morning, afternoon or evening
Wherever you may be
To the ladies, gentlemen and children.
At home or across the sea.
We send warm and cheerful greetings to all you
folks,
And hope as you turn the dial,
That you tune us in and stay with us.
While we send you happiness and a smile.

As Radio knows no boundary lines,
Or positions, or even a clan,
Our messages speed on and on,
To the heart of every man.
The entertainers of our station,
And working staff as well,
All enjoy entertaining you,
Much more than we can tell.

To lighten your hearts and cheer your souls,
And make life more worth while,
To radiate gladdened heartbeats,
And make goodfellowship the style,
May the notes from our musical instruments,
And human voices cheer your heart,
So we may become lasting friends,
Before this hour we part.

And when our program is over,
We'll not ask for pay,
But if you have time, drop us a line,
Or telegraph, and say!
You don't know how it cheers the bunch,
To read your warm encore,
It's the inspiration for our crowd,
And brings 'em back once more.

So, all of you folks just feel,
That we grasp you by the hand,
And shake old friends' cause.
We're all just folks, that you can understand.
Now listen in and we'll do our best,
To entertain you for a while,
And remember friend—we appreciate you,
For honest, warm friendship is our style.

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