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TO A JAILER

The iron gate is squeaking
As if 'twere pained to see
A prisoner liberated,
From bonds of shame set free.
Its heart with rust corroded,
Like Satan it doth weep,
When one his hold escapeth
And out of hell doth leap.
O cursed imp of iron,
Why dost thou look so sad?
Art thou to sorrow so inured
That thou canst not be glad?
Yea, fool, thou bloodless wretch,
Thou carvest thine own goal;
Satan shall disown you, fiend,
And worms devour your soul.

UNCROWNED KINGS

Time was when kings by force and might
Their subjects tried to rule,
But now they talk of freedom's light
And thus their people fool.
They've put away their kingly crowns,
Their titles, too, disclaim:
They're merely Thomases or Browns
But despots just the same.

HORSE-SENSE

There aint no use er buckin',
They've cinched me good and tight:
They've got the saddle on my back,
A stout whip to wield and whack,
Between my teeth a bit I cannot bite—
They got me, yes, they got me right!
There aint no use er buckin',
I might as well by Fate abide'
And take things as they come, old pal,
And get ter likin' that corral.
Of course it kind o' hurts my pride,
But guess I'll have to let them ride.
Twas fun a-grazin' on the plains
And roam where'er you would;
To kick your heels, or split the air
By runnin' wild without a care,
But 'taint no use ter cry and brood—
They got me, pal, and got me good!
There aint no use er buckin',
Though I hate that curbin' rein,
For what's a broncho gonna do
When busters there are more than two?
I'd be a fool ter buck, that's plain,
So I'm just gonna mind that rein.

Farewell, Comrade Callery!

BY GRACE D. BREWER.

The sad news of the death of Comrade Ida Hayman Callery, wife of the well-known Socialist lecturer, Phil H. Callery, was flashed to her many friends, far and near, April 14, 1917.

Since the days of her girlhood Ida Callery had been identified with the working class movement and the organized Socialist party, working for the cause, in the name of the cause and completely merging herself into it. She served two terms as secretary of the Socialist party in Oklahoma and an equal number of terms in the same capacity in Arkansas.

Her fight in behalf of the workers was conducted with a vigor and tenacity capable of a person possessed of much more physical strength. At the expiration of her term of office as state secretary of the Socialist party in Arkansas, Comrade Callery studied law and last June was admitted to the bar in Kansas, and became her husband's partner in the firm of Callery & Callery in Pittsburg, Kans.

As a practicing attorney-at-law she conducted her work in a manner highly commended by all members of the bar association with whom she came in contact. Along with her work as an attorney she eagerly sought to help and brighten the lives of the poor and distressed who crossed her path, as she had done throughout her entire brief life of thirty years.

In the practice of law the same ideal was ahead of her that had always been, the emancipation of the working class. And even during the last hours of her life, when her body was wracked with pain, she continued to talk of the work yet to be done among the workers by the labor organizations and the Socialist party.

We, her friends, can only bow to the inevitable and mingle our sorrows and tears with those nearer to her. But we can feel with rejoicing that the spirit of Ida Callery is still in the great international movement of the working class, of which she was a part and which she loved with all her heart and soul. Her work has not been dropped. Other hands will pick it up and the march of progress will continue, which has been so ably aided by the efforts of Comrade Callery. The idea of her life, which was to realize the emancipation of our entire society from the slough in which it now exists, is the ideal of thousands of loyal comrades everywhere who will continue to press onward.

Ida Callery played well her part in the drama of life. She has left the stage, but her memory will linger long, "like the odor of a fragrant rose crushed at full bloom; like the impress of a great thought flashed on the mind," not only in the hearts of husband, daughter, mother, father, sisters and brothers, but in the hearts of thousands of comrades and fellow-workers throughout the entire land.

See! Now there greet thee ten million eyes,
 And lips uncounted smile to thy red.
 Yea, those who bow to thy crimson dyes,
 Are myriads more than all of thy dead.
 Lo! The young clap hands at thy bright unrest;
 And the child, in arms it leaps in its glée.
 Nay, babes unborn, 'neath the mother's breast,
 Are given and pledged to thy cause and thee!

Banner of freedom, and banner of peace,
 Float in thy beauty, in sign of the day
 When ravage of power and conquest shall cease,
 And moultering tyranny pass away.
 Who would not all for thy promise give?
 As I gaze on thy folds one wish have I—
 To love thee and honor thee while I live,
 And fold thee around men when I must die!

WE TALK OF THE FLAG

"Tell me about the flag," he said,
 Was putting him to bed,
 And why men wave their hats and
 cheer
 whenever it is drawing near."
 So we stopped undressing then
 to talk about the time when men
 were facing cannon shot and shell
 to serve the flag we love so well.
 I told him of the men who died
 in frozen wood and country-side,
 long years ago in battle grim,
 to keep a flag like that for him.
 I told him all about the stars,
 spotless white and crimson bars,
 and what they dreamed of and they
 sought
 as bitterly they bled and fought.
 Let no one tell you as you grow
 that nothing to the flag you owe;
 let no one whisper that it means
 but peaceful days and peaceful
 scenes,
 merely calls to mind a land
 where wealth abounds on every hand,
 because no more that flag will fly
 when men for it refuse to die.
 "And it may be," said I, "that you
 must some day serve that banner, too,
 and then if such a day should come
 that sounds again the stirring drum
 and blows once more the martial fife
 not a slave to peaceful life;
 as they were men, you be a man,
 and give that flag the best you can."
 —Detroit Free Press.

Old Cap'n Storm-Along.

THEY are buffeting out in the bitter
 gray weather,
 —Blow the man down, bullies,
 blow the man down!—
 See-lark singing to Golden Feather,
 And burly blue waters all swelling aroun'.
 There's Thunderstone butting ahead as they
 wallow,
 With death in the mesh of their deep-sea
 trawl;
 There's Night-hawk swooping by wild Sea-
 swallow;
 And old Cap'n Storm-along leading 'em all.

*Bashing the seas to a welter of white,
 Look at the fleet that he leads to the fight.
 O, they're dancing like witches to open the
 ball;
 And old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of 'em all.*

Now, where have you seen such a bully old
 sailor?
 His eyes are as blue as the scarf at his
 throat;
 And he rolls on the bridge of his broad-
 beamed whaler,
 In yellow sou'wester and oil-skin coat.
 In trawler and drifter, in dinghy and dory,
 Wherever he signals, they leap to his call;
 They batter the seas to a lather of glory,
 With old Cap'n Storm-along leading 'em all.

*You'll find he's from Devon, the sailor I
 mean;
 Look at his whaler now, shipping it green.
 O, they're dancing like witches to open the
 ball;
 And old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of 'em all.*

Ay, there is the skipper that knows how to
 scare 'em,
 —Blow the man down, bullies, blow the
 man down!—
 Look at the sea wives he keeps in his harem.
 Wicked young merry-maids, buxom and
 brown,
 There's Rosalind, the sea-witch, and Gipsy,
 so lissom,
 All dancing like ducks in the teeth of the
 squall,
 With a bright eye for Huns, and a Hotch-
 kiss to kiss 'em;
 For old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of 'em all.

*Look at him, battering darkness to light!
 Look at the fleet that he leads to the fight!
 O, hearts that are mighty, in ships that are
 small,
 Your old Cap'n Storm-along's king of us all.
 —Alfred Noyes in the Bookman.*

AS CITY PAPER HOUSE

TO A HUMORIST

This world is so weary with sighing and sorrow,
 The troubles we own and the troubles we borrow;
 O noble the work of the jester may be;
 A teacher, a preacher and doctor is he.

—NELLIE FRANCES MILBURN.