

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Songs from the Smoke, by Madeleine S. Miller

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Songs from the Smoke

Author: Madeleine S. Miller

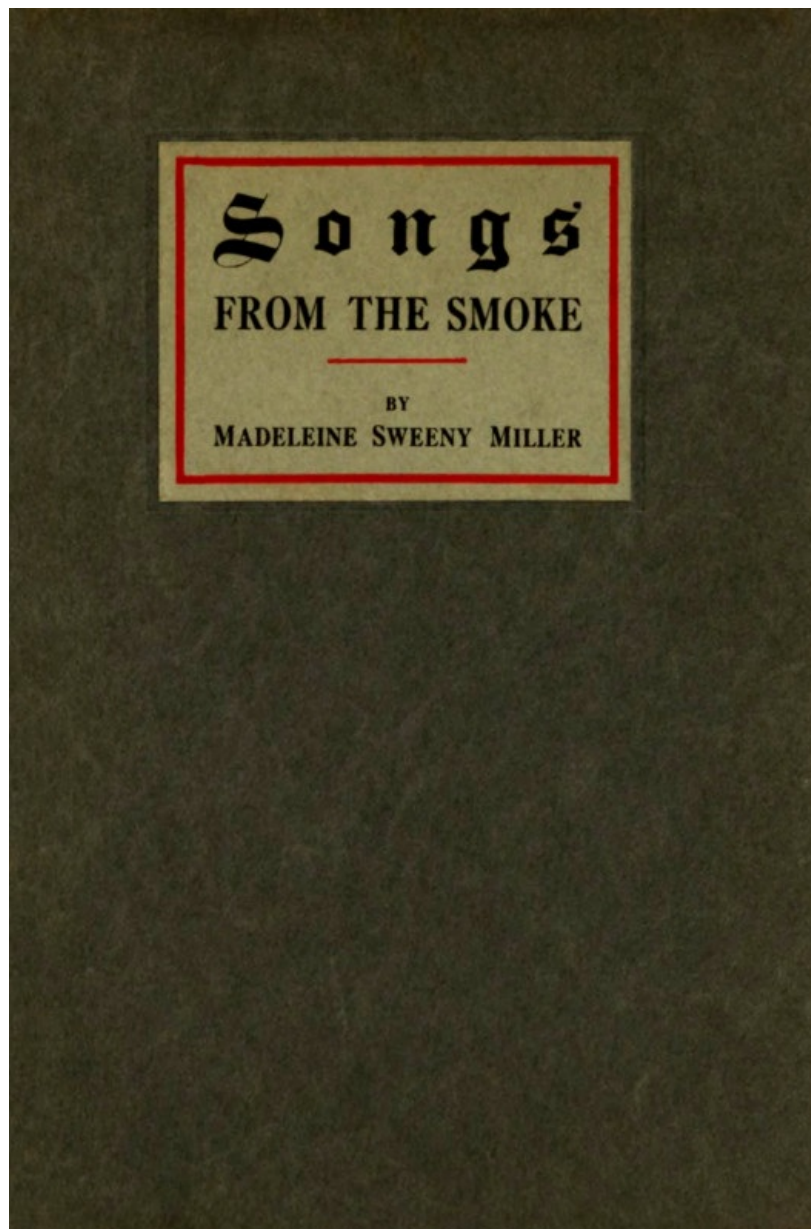
Author of introduction, etc.: Simon N. Patten

Release date: July 12, 2014 [EBook #46264]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Charlene Taylor, Gonçalo Silva and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/American Libraries.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SONGS FROM THE SMOKE ***





Copyright by N. S. Wooldridge

THE CITY BEYOND

FROM THE PRIZE PICTURE OF MR. NORMAN S. WOOLDRIDGE, WITH HIS PERMISSION

S o n g s
FROM THE SMOKE

BY
MADELEINE SWEENEY MILLER
(VASSAR COLLEGE, A.B.)

INTRODUCTION BY
SIMON N. PATTEN, Ph.D., LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

Copyright, 1914, by
MADELEINE SWEENEY MILLER

TO THOSE WHO HAVE MADE
IT POSSIBLE THIS BOOK IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

E. B. S.

G. B. S.

J. L. M.

CONTENTS

PART I SONGS FOR THE BROTHERS WHO TOIL

	PAGE
A Pittsburgh River	17
Wayside and Highway in Autumn	18
Snuffed Out	19
An Interrupted Worker's Revelation	21
Rain at the Mill	22
Your To-Morrow	24
Hymn of Cooperation	25
Immigrant Motherhood	26
The Man of the Air	27
Out from the Smoke	28
God of My Brother	30
The Delivery Boy	31
Hymn for Humanity	32
April in Fourth Avenue	34

PART II SONGS FOR THE EVENING HOUR

The Spirit of Evening	37
A Beacon Face	38
The Voice from the Field	39
The Burning of Chambersburg	40
The Wedding at Panama	42
A Ballad of Eugenics	43
Immortality	44
Sonnet to Nemesis, Goddess of Remorse	45
Thoughts of God	46
Two Monologues	47
Inland Waves	49
Soul of the World	50

PART III SONGS FOR THE SEASONS

[Pg 6]

Creation Morn	53
Thanksgiving	54
On Easter Day	55
A Christmas Carol	56
The Message of the Chimes	57
A Winter Lullaby	58
Rainy Day Fun	60
Apples in Winter	61
The Birth of Spring	62

[Pg 7]

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

A Pittsburgh musician whose fame as a composer is widely established confessed to me recently that he had been for years trying to catch the spirit of the Steel City with a view of representing it in music, but up to the present time had failed to grasp anything tangible enough for expression. This failure on his part, however, and on the part of all musicians, by no means proves the absence of a very real *genius loci*. Pittsburgh has a very vivid personality. Mr. John Alexander succeeded in holding the elusive spirit captive long enough to put her image on canvas in his remarkable friezes in the Carnegie Library, portraying the ranks of labor, and now in this volume of verse I offer to the people at large the songs I have found in the various moods of the smoke. "Songs for the Brothers Who Toil" have come in moments spent watching the giant stacks along the river fronts breathe forth their mighty energy; "Songs for the Evening Hour" were born when the breeze from the hills lifted and shifted the smoke, bringing lyric reveries of voices from the silent battlefield, and embers from the burning town; and following the changing tides of years, "Songs for the Seasons" have come.

The background and inspiration of most of these songs is industrial Pittsburgh; industrial Pittsburgh, [Pg 8]

however, is essentially American in the broadest sense. Some of the lyrics are addressed to the laborer, others to the dreamer and scholar; some to the mother and child, but all of them to that noble army made up of those who are everywhere striving to bring a measure of idealism into what is of necessity sordid and unlovely.

MADELEINE SWEENEY MILLER.

[Pg 9]

INTRODUCTION THE TREND OF CURRENT POETRY

Among earnest social workers poetry is gaining a recognition that few anticipated. The reformer of the past was an orator who preferred the longer sentences of the pulpit to the concise expression of the poet. Oratory is in the mouth of the speaker; rimes in the heart of the singer. The one must be constantly repeated to be effective; the other, living in its own right, soon gets beyond the control of its maker, and creates a perpetual harvest wherever it is blown. This revival of poetry has been encouraged by *The Survey*, which recently printed a collection of social hymns. The same tendency is everywhere visible, and means a return to older modes of emotional expression combined with intense modern feelings.

If this movement in poetic expression did not have a double trend, it might be left to work out its own salvation; but the contrast between the two tendencies is too marked not to arrest attention. What is poetry, after all? Merely a survival, a relic of older modes of thought, something seeking expression only when deep-seated passions are occasionally revived; or is it a living, present force, an effective weapon of social reform? Few people can resist the impulse to write verse. Does this tendency and the interest it reflects indicate the presence of a concealed giant who could pull loads, or is it a mere survival of an old habit, like looking at a new moon over the shoulder to see what the luck is to be?

[Pg
10]

A question will help to make the issue clear. Is the function of poetry to create the emotion by which the day's work is done, as well as to serve as a relaxation for tired reformers when work is ended? Should we read poetry upon rising to get heart, or only at eventide to relax the tired mind? Is poetry to be put in the class with golf and solitaire, or with dynamos and rapid-firing guns? Ornamental art belongs in one class, functional art in the other. Poets who continue to describe Amazons and mermaids and bring us "news from nowhere" should write at night to relieve the monotony of the day, and what they write will have effect only by the relaxation it makes possible. But truly functional poetry shoots farther than any gun and cuts deeper than the sharpest knife. It goes ahead of the reformer and wakes the world to an appreciation of what he is doing. It works while he sleeps and enters a thousand minds into which his dry details and monotonous lament could find no entrance. And in this sense is not effectiveness of thought a beauty as well as its form? As we decide this question we take sides not only in poetry but in every field where thought and life are striving for expression.

[Pg
11]

The dominance of the older view is plain. Millions of dollars are given to preserve old relics and meaningless pictures, but scarcely a cent for the artist whose soul throbs with American life. When new buildings are erected the old conventions are used; no attempt is made to picture the new. The decorations of the public library of Boston, for example, are a mass of symbols to be deciphered only by the initiated. The one object that can be recognized without the aid of a guidebook is a telegraph pole. In the Congressional Library at Washington the principal figures of the mural decorations are short-skirted damsels, who flit along the wall, such as War, Peace, and other creatures of artistic fancy.

When will this epoch end, and art become related to the day's work, furnishing a motive for further output of energy? Not for a long time, possibly, in decoration; but there is no reason why its passing should be delayed in song-making. Here the motive for new expression is strong, and the avenues for reaching a public so many, that no force can prevent good poetry from reaching its audience. All virile thought, whether poetic or not, is at first functional with a meaning and an end. Only when this thought is expressed and other advances are being made, does its treatment become a mere avocation for those left behind in the march of events.

Conventional art is too often merely a medley of distorted, unusable concepts, whose only harmony is that they make a good color scheme. Poetry formed in the same manner becomes a collection of mere platitudes, whose main virtue is that they roll in the mouth. In the drama the same spirit shows all sorts of paths toward degeneration, but few by which men can rise. Are color schemes, word pictures, frontal architecture, and pathological plays all there is to art? If so, art is a paradise for the lame and the lazy. But to find a beauty in what one is doing makes it a virile function in social movements. True art comes when we are doing our best; when we are in earnest; when we throw aside hindrances and make every word, color, view, or line count.

[Pg
12]

Today cathedrals are ugly because they have no use, and art galleries are dreary because artists think only of color, legs, and weak-faced Madonnas. The day of metaphor and word pictures is gone; but the day of song has not passed. The new poet must be more concise in expression and more social in thought than his long-winded predecessors. Song is the only means of appealing to the love of musical harmony that is deep in every breast.

There is no door to the soul so good as poetry. This approach may be used by the reformer if he will write poetry because he loves and needs it, and not because his leisure hours are hard to fill. His sentences must not merely roll along, but must hit some object or arouse some deep emotion. The end must dominate the form. It is with these feelings that I have been looking through the smoke, hoping that some one would come in view to express what I feel. I think of myself as a wordless poet—one who sees as a poet should, but whose linguistic power is too limited to express what I feel. I have said to myself many times, "The coming generation will do naturally, and do well, what we do with bungling hands." There are signs that this prayer will be realized, and that the young are taking their places on the firing-line with quickening zeal and definite goals. Out of the rising generation must come not only workers, but also singers; for who can really work if he does not sing? This thought is the basis of the hope that the verses of this volume will help us feel, as well as help us work. The smoke has its charm, as well as the clear sky, and if its song is less articulate, it is more real. The first poem of Mrs. Miller that I saw made me feel that we had much in common. The present volume more than convinces me that she has opened up a new path for our emotions, through which will come new life for all. May she not only find readers, but may she be the forerunner of poets who see through the smoke into the future where all our treasures lie.

[Pg
13]

SIMON N. PATTEN.

University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
March, 1914.



THE READING BLACKSMITH

FROM THE STATUE BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, NORTH SIDE, PITTSBURGH

PART I
SONGS FOR THE BROTHERS WHO TOIL

A PITTSBURGH RIVER

Oily and black is my face, I know,
Fire-bleared and sullen am I;
Blood-streaks of ore-dust scar me
and show
Where a long barge has gone by.

Yet I reflect many houses of toil
Where the world's work is forged
through;
Where flames and muscle bring
metal to boil
While Trade is waiting the brew.

No sunset sends its long shadows of
gold
Over my dingy old face;
Only a smoke-streaked glow makes
bold,
Lighting the driftwood space.

White-coated craft keep aloof from
my rush,
Pleasure craft, modish and trim
As dainty women who shrink when
they brush
Workmen's coats, rusty and dim.

Yes, I am homely, oily am I,
Hideous, sullen, and bleared,
Yet I have answered my laborer's
cry—
Not yet is *my* conscience seared.

WAYSIDE AND HIGHWAY IN AUTUMN

There they stand, the flowering
 rods,
Rods of sunshine that are God's,
Captive sunshine held at bay
While the autumn wears away,
Promise of a coming day
When new flowers shall blow that
 way.

There they stand, the blackening
 stacks,
Stacks all charred with browns
 and blacks
Like a nest of black-scaled
 snakes,
From whose jaws which nothing
 slakes
Jaggèd tongues of hungry flame
Leap through darkness none dare
 name;
Burning night, devouring dark,
Hissing, reeling, spewing spark,
Breathing smokes that writhe
 and twist,
Taunting all that dares exist.

Yet this nest of fiendish flame—
Brood all-worthy Satan's name—
Rises up from God's own mills,
His as much as all the hills,
Where they stand, the flowering
 rods,
Rods of sunshine, held at bay
While the autumn wears away.

SNUFFED OUT

One day a Toiler walking home among a crowd of men
At sunset viewed a wondrous sight, and called the Other

Ten:

“An artist has been here to-day since we went in the mill;
He's made the housetops all aflame, and every window sill
Is shining round the burning glass that glows with brands
of fire;

His brush has left a crimson sky and colored every spire;
The grass is painted brighter green, and every dusty leaf
That silent hangs upon the tree is sketched in bold relief.”

“Just hear poor Dan; he's raving mad,” called out the
Other Ten.

“We'll see him home, he's gone, all right, he'll not be back
again.”

And then they laughed full hideously, and mocking, jeered
at him,

Till pale he grew, and scarlet turned, then, as before, was
grim:

The Other Ten, whose dusty coats encased ten dusty
souls,

Had snuffed the kindling flame of light with jeers and
coarse cajoles.

O busy men of mart and mill, O men of shop and street,
May never you their sin commit when you some brother
meet

Who, having seen a spark from God, tells forth the
wondrous sight,

But finds the soul snatched from his words, and from his
spark, the light.

[Pg 20]

[Pg
21]

AN INTERRUPTED WORKER'S REVELATION

O God, I thank Thee for the drenching
rain
That beats against my office
windowpane
And breaks my self-content.
The lightning's virile slash and crackling
spark,
That glorify the clouds though earth be
dark,
Remind me there is something still
Which can't be ordered by my master
will.
O lightnings uncontrollable
And waters uncommandable,
I thank thee that thou badst me leave my
task
And taught me how to tear away my
mask,
To see that God, the Master, still
presides
And keeps some secrets yet, whose
home He hides.

RAIN AT THE MILL

Fog filled with dust,
Rain full of smoke,
Air bearing vapors that stifle and choke;
Odors of must
Drenched with wet steam,
Puffed from the stacks shooting flames of
red gleam;
Tricklings of rust,
Leaked through the roof,
Rotting men's garments the warp from
the woof.
Then a young face freshly touched by the
rain,
Molded in sorrow and sweetened by pain,
Looks shyly in through the wide-open
door,
Waiting for father, at work down the
floor.
And when he sees her and notes how the
boys
Gaze in delight till their staring annoys,
Quickly he goes to the child of his heart,
Hungriy kisses her, bids her depart.
Then walking back with the basket she's
brought,
Works with the joy that her coming has
wrought;
All is more bright in the mill than before,
When he remembers that smile at the
door.
What if the dust,
Odors of must,
Rise from the flames that shoot out their
red gleam?
What if the smoke,
Fire-fumes that choke
All afternoon bring their stifling steam?
For he is thinking of home through the
rain,
Where a young face at the clear window
pane
Watches at evening, as one long before
Watched for the father and smiled at the
door.

[Pg 23]

[Pg
24]

YOUR TO-MORROW

Who is it walking yonder
With the lunch pail on his
arm?
It's the future of your country
And you dare not do him
harm.

There are some who call him
brother
In a philanthropic mood,
But he looks to many another
Just a wretch from labor's
brood.

Will you grant consideration
To this man of dusky brow,
Who is toiling on probation
For the rights that you
have now?

Will you grant him honest
hire,
With a day to rest and live?
He has reaped you your
desire,
Must he cry to you to give?

You can guide him while he's
waiting
And establishing his heart,
Teach him courage
unabating,
Teach him God will do his
part.

Yes, just now he's plain
Croatian,
But if you will help him
through,
He will some day guide the
nation
Which depended once on
you.

HYMN OF COOPERATION^[1]

(TUNE: "BEATITUDO")

O God of gifts exceeding rare
To brothers here below,
Accept our grateful, anxious
prayer
And make our talents grow;
O take away the unused gift,
The power allowed to drift;
Show us that weak things from
above
Gain strength to heal through
love.

The truths, O Lord, Thou late
hast taught
Have made us clearly see
That when we serve Thee as we
ought,
Then only are we free.
Grant that Thy plan of majesty
May let us work with Thee
To change the water into wine,
And grosser things refine.

O God of gifts exceeding rare,
Help us for life prepare,
Till by our striving here below
We feel our manhood grow;
Preserve us gentle in our
strength,
And patient with the slow,
Till we deserve such praise at
length
As only Thou shalt know.

[1] Copyrighted: "Survey Associates," 1914.

IMMIGRANT MOTHERHOOD

Down yonder she sits in the half-open
door,
'Tis plain she has never had time to
before;
Her first little child sleeping there on her
breast,
Poor soul, how she feasts on this banquet
of rest!
But all is so strange to her, people don't
care,
They just pass her by with a questioning
stare.

How youthful and brave is the round-
molded face,
Still fresh with the blood of her farm-
dwelling race.
But O, the keen pain as she sees in her
child
A trait of some kinsman at home in the
wild,
For here all is strange, and these people
don't care
How nearly she's starving for those over
there.

Too soon she must leave the wee son of
her youth,
To toil in the shops with the bold and
uncouth;
To roll fat cigars or to tie willow plumes,
Or stand the day long by the thundering
looms,
Where no one is strange, and the bosses
don't care,
But all pass her by with a growl or a
glare.

Yet, courage to you, little mother of men,
Some day the whole land will protect
you, and then
Your pure young blood will freshen our
race,
Renewing our life, setting hope in our
face,
And you'll find it so strange, how all of us
care
Who once passed you by with contempt
in our stare.

THE MAN OF THE AIR

O ruddy-faced worker astride the high
crane
That rides you aloft over city and plain,
What thoughts are you welding, O Man
of the Air?
Is God in your heart, for His love do you
care?
His name are you singing
While lithefully swinging
Astride the steel crane, O brave Man of
the Air?

It matters so little what language you
claim,
For God comprehends every tongue you
can name;
It matters so little what land gave you
birth,
For God's holy presence inhabits the
earth.

O handsome-framed worker, so much of
the town
Sweeps under your gaze as you glance
boldly down,
Yet all you can see from your perilous
height
Shall yield to the claim of your virtuous
might
If God's name you're singing
While hammer-blows' ringing
Announce you triumphant, O Man of the
Air.

The magnates of earth waddle under
your feet
With all who must walk in the close city
street,
While you sit enthroned in your laborer's
chair,
Gold-crowned by the sunlight, O King of
the Air!

OUT FROM THE SMOKE

[Written in appreciation of the work of the Fresh Air Homes throughout our land.]

Out from the smoke we have sent
them,
Into the sunshine to play,
Out of the darkest of alleys
Into the brightness of day.

Friends they shall find in the
orchard,
Butterflies, bird-nests, and
cows;
Feasts they shall pluck from the
fruit trees,
Palaces build in their boughs.

Voices that whined in a cellar,
Laughing, shall send a clear
shout
When they have caught on the
brook-bank
Splishety splash! their first
trout.

Out of the smoke to protect them,
Mother has gone with her
brood,
Glad to forget for the moment
Struggles for stockings and
food.

Back to the smoke they'll be
coming,
Out from the sunshine and play,
Back to the darkest of alleys,
Out of the brightness of day.

But if the winter bring hunger
And the cold rooms, discontent,
Courage will come as they vision
Summer days heavenly spent.

[Pg 29]

So from the smoke we must send
them,
Into the sunshine to play,
Out of the darkest of alleys
Into the brightness of day.

[Pg
30]

GOD OF MY BROTHER

Father of Workmen and Giver of
Rest,
Smile on Thy sons as they build
Cities and nations who long to be
blest,
Craftsmen enrolled in God's
Guild.

And to my brother who toils with
the rest
Where the shops roar with
power,
Grant hardy courage as strong as
his breast,
Bared to the task of the hour.

Send him each morning with ardor
renewed
Back to his task begun;
Show him Thy face in his goals
pursued
And in all work nobly done.

THE DELIVERY BOY

I've noticed that no one has bothered to
write
The praise of a poor little shivering mite
Like me in a story or leather-bound book
To read in the glow of a warm ingle nook;
No painter sees art in my wind-blistered
cheeks,
Or picturesque poses in me ever seeks;
I'm nothing unusual, nothing sublime,
My gentlest endearment is, "Get here on
time."

I'm never too tired to be sent out at night
At some one's request for fresh thrills of
delight;
It may be a dress, or it may be a flower—
Whatever it be, it must come on the hour.

How seldom the voice at the door tells me
"Thanks"!
How rarely one heart from the great
human ranks
Inquires of my soul, if it be weak or well,
When maybe I'm verging the borders of
hell.
For no one has thought me a subject for
song,
Or singled me out from the hustling
throng;
I'm nothing pathetic, nothing sublime,
I'm only worth while when I "get there"
on time.

HYMN FOR HUMANITY

O God, divinely discontent
With men's unmended ways,
How great the love Thou
gladly spent
And spendest still, always,
In calling men until they see
Thy perfect world-design
Of Corporate Humanity
With Christ its Head divine!

With Christ its Head divine,
supreme,
Connecting every limb
With tender nerves that
tangled seem,
Yet all return to Him;
In love directing every part
And sensing every shock
That palpitates the common
heart
Till all its chambers rock.

How can the eye offend the
hand,
Or tongue revile the arm,
Or foot prefer alone to stand,
Without some mutual harm?
God made us partners, man to
man,
And gave us Christ for kin;
Shall we destroy His perfect
plan
By selfishness and sin?

O God, make us as discontent
As Thou art with our ways;
Help us to spend the love
Thou sent
With Christ, who stays
always
To speak with us until we see
Thy perfect world-design,
Of Corporate Humanity
With Christ, its Head divine.

[Pg 33]

[Pg
34]

APRIL IN FOURTH AVENUE

The shadowing walls of stone-and-
granite gloom
Are damp as with the vapors of a tomb;
They press me in, my very life to
crush
And trample under men's convulsive
rush.
While out beyond, the laughing
gardens bloom
With flowers woven on the magic loom
Of velvet lawns, where leafy lilacs
brush
The flirting wings of every dallying
thrush.

And there, O God, not here between
these walls,
May earth receive me when Thy Spirit
calls
My soul to dwell in Spring's eternal
Room
Far out beyond, where laughing
gardens bloom
With flowers woven on the widening
loom
Of endless time that spins no death
nor doom.

PART II
SONGS FOR THE EVENING HOUR

THE SPIRIT OF EVENING

O, the day hurries by
With a flush in the sky
 Like the blush on a young girl's
 cheek,
While her feet touch the tips
Of the hill, and her lips
 Are moist with a dew that is
 sweet.

On the slopes she has kissed
There cling veils of white mist
 She has loosed from her
 shoulders in flight.
And I reach through the haze
Till my soul reels and sways,
 Asking Evening the secret of
 Night.

Then I see the veils shift,
Setting shadows adrift;
 The Sibyl has cycled her flight.
And my soul in its gaze
Through the challenging haze
 Stands baffled and blind in the
 night.

A BEACON FACE

To-day a passing throng with anxious pace
Brought me a glimpse of one sweet, noble
face
Transfigured by the tenderness and grace
Of seasoned sorrow and a hard-lost race.

It shamed me that I looked so sullen, sad,
When I, full richly blessed and amply clad
Should live in smiles and making others
glad,
And keep within whatever spite I had.
This face, whose smile was built on grief
lived through,
Both lifted up my own, yet warned me too,
For as the shining beacon, born of barren
rocks
And reared on reefs that hide their rending
shocks
Would not be there dispensing its warm
light
Were there not dangers lodged in wily
night;

Just so, this passing, patient face
Could ne'er have touched me at my hurried
pace
But for the courage of its tender grace
That came with sorrow and a hard-lost
race.

THE VOICE FROM THE FIELD

[Dedicated to the National burying ground at Gettysburg on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of that Battle.]

Across the field in silent files they sleep,
With none to rout their ranks while Death
doth keep
His watch relentless o'er the nameless
heap
Of unknown men beneath the numbered
stones.
More orderly are they than when they
marched
In broken regiments the sun had parched
And powder torn, across the fields, fire-
arched.
And from their silence now rise up loud
tones
Which speak to all that breathe, a new
command,
Whose voice shall ring through all the
peaceful land:
"Be strong! Keep brave thy heart and
clean, thy hand,
To right with promptness all the wrongs
that rise
To hide the God-head's face from
brothers' eyes.
Rear up in love the Nation's life we bore!
Be strong, be strong, till wrong shall be no
more!"

THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG

[JULY 30, 1864]

They come, they come,
The town with fear is dumb!
Their guns have fired from Federal
Hill,
It seems we hear their voices still
Demanding gold in tones more
bold
Than all the warnings ever told
Since Chambersburg these
hundred years
Has triumphed over frontier fears.

They come, they come,
With ruin planned for some
Whose homes, the seat of hearts'
desire,
They pitilessly loot and fire
Till only desolate ashes mark
The sight of hearths forever dark,
And only memories live unmarred
To haunt the walls the flames have
charred.

They're here, they're here,
They're snatching all that's
dear!
The glare of flames, the noonday
night
Of smokes that choke our shrieks
of fright;
The screams of birds, the horses'
neighs,
The pets that mourn in countless
ways;
The splash of silver thrown in
wells—
All this of hideous plunder tells.

They've gone, they've gone,
Their ranks are speeding on;
Their vandal work accomplished
now,
They southward flee and care not
how
Our sick, unhoused, have joined
our dead,
And well men vainly seek a bed
Whereon to lay the frenzied head
Of some dear one, by fever fed.

They've gone, they've gone,
Their years are speeding on.
Yet, should they come again to-day
We'd greet them in a fervent way:
The Chambersburg they left in
tears
Is born anew these fifty years,
And crowned with triumphs toil
has won,
Stands royal host, with silenced
gun.

[Pg 41]

[Pg
42]

THE WEDDING AT PANAMA

Severed forever,
Yet closer than ever
Two neighboring continents lie.
The day when these lands
Could reach out and touch hands
Forever is gone and passed by.

Severed forever,
Yet closer than ever,
For what a new union is this!
They are neighbors made kin
Since the wedding has been
Of seas that were wed with a kiss.

Now both mighty oceans were born of
these lands
That fed them with streams from
their breast,
And wedded, will bring to the old
parent-sands
New wealth from the East and the
West.

So, kindred forever,
And closer than ever
Two neighboring continents lie:
Their children are one,
A new era begun,
That's watched with a world-sweeping
eye.

A BALLAD OF EUGENICS

“Our modern monogamous family represents the survival of religious, ethical, economic, and legal elements from all the intermingling streams which unite to form civilization.”—*Edward Devins*.

A mighty stream runs past my
house,
Right through my grounds it
flows;
From unseen springs it comes,
and then
To unseen springs it goes.

And rich deposits in my fields
It brings from distant lands,
The welcome wealth of mingled
streams
That rose from blended sands.

But oftentimes a drifting wreck
It carries to my door,
And I must hold it, I who see,
To check it evermore;

Lest some one farther down the
stream
Whose face I cannot see
Might snag his craft and perish
there,
And dying, censure me.

Not lightly can I turn its way
Aside from channels old,
Yet I can change the shores I own,
Thus much can be controlled.

And all that marks my lifetime's
goal
Is that its onward flow
Down past my house and through
my lands
May ever purer grow.

IMMORTALITY

[Suggested by the death of a young girl.]

The white, soft robes that cling
About her tender form and
 young
Have caught earth's last faint
 breeze
And flutter in the earliest
 breath
Of God's new-dawning day,
Revealing on the topmost step
The slender foot that rests
Upon the threshold she shall
 cross,
And baring the young arm
That mothered infant Hope.
And in her dreaming eyes so
 mild,
That glance a moment down
To where her loved ones
 longing dwell,
There lives no hungering
 regret;
For on the doorway latch there
 rests
The fragile hand so pale;
It moves, the door swings softly
 now,
The sweet soul enters in,
While one long ray of light falls
 through
And filters down to earth.

SONNET TO NEMESIS, GODDESS OF REMORSE

O Nemesis, thou goddess born of Night,
Thou younger sister of stern Death and
Sleep,
Close-couched art thou with those grim
Three who keep
The spun and measured threads of life aright;
O Nemesis, that shuns each form of light,
By night o'er all the world thy glance doth
sweep
To seek out crime, its penalty to reap
When rosy dawn has put the stars to flight.

Thy fateful voice rings dread from age to age,
Oft times as baying dog or hooting owl;
And clear upon thy all-recording page
Is writ each deed e'er done with purpose
foul.

Not even can thy brother Death assuage
Thy pangs, Remorse, more dread than
Cerberus' growl.

THOUGHTS OF GOD

Whoever the God that has called me to
light,
Has willed that my soul should have faith in
His might:
God is our fountain-head, God is our
source,
From Him and to Him we follow our
course;
Wavering, some of us, some ever bold,
All of us coming at last to His fold.

TWO MONOLOGUES

[Suggested by an article in the Philosophic Review.]

THE NIETZSCHE MAN

I'm despot here, imperious tyrant too,
And glory in my master-loneliness.
What matters it if kindred I have none,
If none I deign to call my kindly friend?
My greatest friend is my most virile foe,
Who gives me widest room my strength
to prove.
All-conquering, master-man,
Through will to power, through power to
life I press.
I love my neighbor, shield the poor, the
weak,
I tarry on my way to cheer the brute
Who claims compassion for a wounded
paw?
I want no pity, and no pity give.
Shall I who thirst for life, and must
achieve,
Have ought to do with death, disease,
Or racking pain, unless it be
To mount aloft by trampling on men's
graves,
By trampling over graves to mount aloft,
Aloft, till I have shaped a world myself,
Of men who live, but only live to serve?
I want no pity and no pity give.
The strong shall help the weak to die—
True charity is this, to keep the virile
stock
Of master-morals whence I late have
sprung
Free from the softening manner of the
weak
And so, forbearance, love, and sympathy,
Your unsubstantial spirit and the God
You name the friend of sinners and the
poor,
I banish with contempt. What peace can
they,
What fullness, strength, purvey to me, a
lord
Of Truth surmounting womanish pity,
love?
For I'm the Last of Men.

HIS RIVAL SPEAKS

I'm maker and mover of men,
I've power as much as I will,
But not through compression
Nor bold violation
Of every man's birthright to live.
Aye, talk all you will of your natural man,
Of Titans discharging their strength,
Say even, we're softened, degenerate
men,
Our God and philanthropy, weak.
And raising the fallen, supporting the
frail
Is folly, and hindrance to progress, you
say?
But stay, Overman, and look deeper, I
pray.
You'll find it's no unworthy task
To utilize forces now running astray,
Restore to full strength the degenerate
crowd.
Aye, this is a task not unworthy of you.

I too aim at power, but not for myself:
The more men I love, the more I can
 serve,
'Tis thus I would measure my strength.
You move in your separate realm where
 you're king,
But I rule a world that is larger than
 yours,
A world of God's vigorous sons.
I'm maker and mover of men if you will,
And more, I've the love of them all.

INLAND WAVES

A heaving sea life seems to
me,
Its passions, surging waves.
Each soul embarks upon that
sea
And each the billows
braves.

Ambition's wave o'ertops the
rest,
But when the storm-clouds
form,
Is first to feel upon its breast
The fury of the storm.

Hope's waves at first in
ripples flow,
But as they onward glide,
To billows swell, then larger
grow,
Advancing side by side.

Each bark is frail, its strength
is small
To cope with waves so vast,
Yet one great Guide can pilot
all
And harbor them at last.

SOUL OF THE WORLD

O Thou great Father and Progenitor,
Dispensing form to mists ethereal,
Thou universal Builder and great
 One,
Transcending heaven, plain and sea;
The world-soul animating all,
And calling latent life to glories new,
Supreme, yet dwelling in the merest
 stone,
Directing all things to the perfect
 state!
Teach me to nurture then, within my
 breast,
Traces of the world-Creator's self
Infused to mortal members at my
 birth.
Thus shall I rest a part of the great
 One:
I cannot die, the world-soul is within
Which wakes, to sleep in Thee, and
 wake again.

PART III
SONGS FOR THE SEASONS

CREATION MORN

An oily tide on a shining beach,
Then, out as far as the eye can
 reach,
The spaceless plain of waiting sea
And hush of glad expectancy,
Breathed from the gray, cool,
 sunless light
That weds the day with darkest
 night.
While out where ocean greets the
 sky,
A range of purple cloud-peaks lie,
That circle round the silent sea
And hide the glorious mystery
Of God's great secrets which the
 day
May bring to us, or bear away.
Then palest rose tints up the
 crest
Of some peaks more than all the
 rest,
And soon a single line of gold
Comes tracing them in etchings
 bold,
Till, lo; the ramparts disappear,
God's sun of righteousness is
 here.
Men's little ships sail out to sea
And from the depths, call back to
 me,
Who find in this day newly born
A glimpse of earth's creation
 morn.

THANKSGIVING

Many mansions, Lord, are
Thine
In the universe, Thy home;
Glowing planets bear Thy
sign,
Seething yet with primal
foam.
Star-clouds, still a shapeless
horde,
Nascent cells
And burned-out shells,
Unborn worlds that wait Thy
word
Hold Thee as their tenant,
Lord.

Yet no fairer home is Thine
Than the fields of Autumn
Earth,
Where the fruit of tree and
vine
Spread a feast of
matchless worth;
Every field her gift hath
sent,
All the year her labor spent;
Every man hath shared his
gain
From the wealth of mine and
plain.

Yes, the stars of newer birth
By their beauty praise Thy
name,
All the heavens joining Earth
Thy wide bounty to
proclaim;
All Thy mansions, Lord are
fair,
Yet can none with Earth
compare,
For Thy Holy Son dwelt
there,
When He came, man's life to
share.

ON EASTER DAY

My waking eyes
Behold new skies
 With Easter's dawning glory
 bright.
Since Thou didst rise
New meaning lies
 In morning's young, transforming
 light.

For Thou art the dawn of the world,
 dear Lord,
Our Christ of the breaking day.
 Death was the night
 And Thou, the first light
That showed where God's pathway
 lay;
 Sin was the dark
 And Thou, the first spark
That rolled the late shadows away.
Thou art the dawn of the world, dear
 Lord,
Our Christ of the coming day.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Come, weary ones, with care
oppressed,
Cease earth-born care and
strife.
Come children, too, rejoice in
life,
The Holy Child is born.

Disease and sorrow, yea, e'en
death,
Have reigned on earth too
long;
Her rightful monarch praise
in song,
The Child of Bethlehem.

Behold the night in silence
wrapped,
With perfect peace bespread,
The star above Christ's infant
head
Which guides the Wise Men
there.

Glad angels guard yon manger-
bed;
Now hearken how they sing
The praises of their new-born
King,
The Child of Bethlehem.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHIMES

“Joy to all, this Christmas morn,
Christ our Saviour has been born.”
Peal the chimes in yonder steeple
Ringing forth to all the people.

“Joy to all, this Christmas morn!
None are friendless, none forlorn.
Those whose hearts by grief were
saddened
By the Saviour's birth are
gladdened.

“Joy to all this Christmas morn!
Barrier gold and selfish scorn
Vanish, while in hymns of praise
Rich and poor their voices raise.

“Joy to all this Christmas morn!
Overflowing plenty's horn,
Wondrous treasures round us fall,
Gifts from God to great and small.

“Nature's gift's a cloak of snow,
Under which to live and grow;
But to man is given love,
Love of Christ, from God above.”

A WINTER LULLABY^[2]

Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear,
Sleep, little one, thou hast nothing to
fear;

Safe in thy crib by the blazing log fire,
Rocked by a hand that never can tire;
Under thy coverlets dainty and warm,
Thou knowest naught of the keen
winter's storm.

Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear,
Sleep, little one, thou hast nothing to
fear.

Under the skies of night, crystal and
cold,
Studded with all the bright stars it can
hold,
Sleep the wild flowers that fell with the
frost,
Sleep the wild flowers the autumn
breeze tossed.
Leaves and new snow keep them dainty
and warm,
What can they know of the keen winter's
storm?

Some day will Spring with her torch and
her rain
Come to the place where the flowers
have lain,
Melting their covers of glistening snow,
Bidding her zephyrs through treetops to
blow,
Thus she will wake them and kiss them
with dew,
Calling them forth to life that is new.

So, baby dear, when to-morrow's fresh
light
Dawns on the world that is shrouded in
night,
Then will the angels who guarded thy
sleep,
Give me their watch o'er my baby to
keep.
Thou with thine eyes of the heaven's
own blue,
Waking, will call me to life that is new.
Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear,
Sleep, little one, thou hast nothing to
fear.

[Pg 59]

[2] Set to music by Professor Silas Pratt, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

RAINY DAY FUN

[For Children]

One day it rained, and we all cried
Because we couldn't play outside.

But mother said, "Dears, don't
complain,
We'll still have fun in spite of rain."

And so we fixed a big parade
With really guns, and weren't afraid,

Because we knew they wouldn't shoot.
Our Dotty wore her bathing suit,

While overalls we found for Jack,
With Daddy's old blue fishing sack.

Leroy was oldest, so he wore
A scout suit from the boy next door.

Then—

"Left, right." Up and down we marched.
"Hurray, Hurrah," till all our throats
were parched.

Storming round our mother's chair,
Giving her an awful scare,
"Hurray, hurrah," up and down we
marched.

And when we captured her at last,
We kept her there and held her fast

Until she bought us off with lunch,
Then how we ran, her hungry bunch!

APPLES IN WINTER

A heartsome thing it is to look
At evening in your study
And find beside your favorite
book
Some apples cool and ruddy,
Whose russet, yellow, brown,
and red
Are memories of the richness
shed
When lovely Autumn tossed her
head
And from the hilltops lightly
fled.

Their spicy skin, so crisp and
tart,
Recalls a nook where winds
have been
To flavor them with highest art
By driving dew and sunshine
in,
While foaming juice and
luscious meat
Suggest the fragrance of the
rain
That flavored them with
essence sweet
And ripened them to match
the grain.

A heartsome thing it is to look
At evening in your study
And find beside your favorite
book
Some apples cool and ruddy,
Whose russet, yellow, brown,
and red
Are memories of the richness
shed
When lovely Autumn tossed her
head
And from the hilltops lightly
fled.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING

1

Quick streams of little waters
flow
Beneath the winter's crusty
snow,
And everywhere that you
may go
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring you
know!
For bubbling till they break
the snow
The little waters singing go:

Chorus

"Come join the Company of
Spring,
Come robins, wrens, come all
and sing.
We'll make our ice-caves laugh
and ring,
We'll blend our torrent-song of
Spring."

2

The gardener trims the anxious
trees
And little twigs fly in the breeze;
"Come float, come float, play
you're a boat,"
The waters call, "Come float.
The noisy robins' earliest note
Is bursting from his tiny throat,
come float."

Chorus

"O, join the Company of
Spring,
All you whose hearts are on
the wing.
Our winter-cares away we'll
fling,
And rhapsodize the living
Spring."

What appeared to be clear typographical errors were silently corrected; any other mistakes or inconsistencies were retained.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SONGS FROM THE SMOKE ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable

effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.