

Coming

By C. C. Goodwin.

The heroes are coming tomorrow:

Attention! Bare every head!
Their flags are all tattered and faded,
And feeble, and halting their tread,
They fought when foes were before them,
On many a terrible day,
But who can beat back the wasting years
Or ward off their sure decay?

In the flush of their youth, when before
them

Life was a dream of delight,
When the days were an anthem of pleasure
And music made joyous the night,
Even then to their ears came a message,
"Lo! Native land is assailed,
A fort has been battered and riven,
The flag in the dust has been trailed."

The echoes that sounded from Sumter,
Smote men like a blow in the face,
The sin of it all and the horror,
The shame and the burning disgrace,
'Twas then the long roll was sounded,
A call to the true and the brave,
To take to that path which would lead them,
Up to glory or down to the grave.

Before a hurricane's coming,
The air grows oppressive and still,
And the sea birds around their eyries,
With cries discordant and shrill,
Wheel round and round in their unrest,
For they know a tempest is nigh,
They know by the stillness uncanny
By the portends of earth and of sky

But high on his crags the sea eagle,
Looks out on the ominous haze,
In anger, his plumage half ruffled,
His fearless eyes all ablaze,
And when, with the in-rolling billows,
Sounds the first low menacing wail
Of the storm that is nearing the seashore—
The sea-beating, shore-shaking gale—

He poises his lordly pinions
And swoops down the tempest to brave,
And mingles his screams of defiance
With the clamors of wind and of wave;
For his home in the crags is his own,
His eaglets are nested there,
And for that rude home and life's safety
He is ready all dangers to dare,

Sweethearts and wives and mothers,
Paled when that message was read,
Visions of heart-breaking partings,
Of battlefields strewn with the dead,
Of hopes that were sweeter than heaven,
By the fierce sword of battle cleft;
Of homes dismembered, and children
Of fathers and brothers bereft,
Of wives left alone with their burdens,
Of sorrows the land to flood;
And that the cup be put aside
Was their prayer to the Infinite God.

But the more that message was pondered,
More grave grew the faces of men,
The shame and the sin and the menace
Made clear the demand upon them;
In a day youth put by its follies,
In a night beardless boys became men,

Then the long roll of drums became music,
To trumpet calls men said "Amen."

Why tell of the partings, the farewells,
The marching, the camp life, until
Up from the valley of shadows,
Came the blaze of real war, and the peal
Of the roar, the lightnings and thunders,
The war's pestiferous breath,
On the land and the sea the struggle,
The mighty harvest of death,
The conflict waging for months and years,
The tread of that wine-press of wrath
Till states lay prostrate and severed
As through them was mowed that path.

High names were carved out by heroes:
On the immortal height
They are written now where the ages
Can never obscure their light.
But the loving hearts that were broken,
The brave hearts that ceased to beat,
Who can recount the grim story
Or half its sorrows repeat?
Till the whole land was draped in mourning,
And tears like spring rains were shed
By mothers whose hearts were broken,
For their children, like Rachael's, were
dead.

Until Peace like a benison came,
And the land, though smitten and torn,
Had gained new renown and new power
By the mighty ordeal it had borne,
And our flag among the nations
A higher sov'reignty bore;
The symbol of a power sublime
A statelier splendor wore,
For in the fiery trial
Freedom had won and right,
And on our land, and on the world
Had dawned a holier light.

And the heroes who answered "Aye"
When the call for the sacrifice came,
Those who were left from the carnage
From the red war's consuming flame,
Unspoiled, to the home roofs returned
And round the home altars singing,
Merged back in the ranks of Peace,
A loftier manhood bringing.

And now the few who still linger
Of all that sublime array,
Are coming to do us the honor
Of halting their march for a day,
In our midst a campfire to light,
And once more the past to recall
Of that struggle they made for the right
When native land hung in the scale.

They are coming, the heroes, tomorrow,
Attention! bare every head!
Their flags are all tattered and faded
And feeble and halting their tread.
'Tis for us to give them warm welcome,
To steady their faltering feet,
To give them a welcome, that all their lives
Will to them be a memory sweet
For under the shadows of death
They marched, our country to save;
The best we can do, will be little—
They are marching now to the grave.

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announces Joseph Hart's "Futurity Winner," a one-act racing drama, James Thornton in "Songs and Sayings," the Camille Trio, European bar (horizontal) artists, The Worthleys in a sketch called "On The Beach," Martini and Maximilian in eccentric comedy, Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman in "The Chauffeur and the Maid," and the Kemps in "Going to Dahomey."

FAIR ROUGH RIDER WILL APPEAR.

"No, I'm just a cow-girl, and you can't have my picture to run in any society paper," said Miss Loye Roseberry, of Fort Worth, Texas, who will participate in the Wild West show, which is to take place at the Fair Grounds next week.

Miss Roseberry is the champion lady rider of Texas, though only seventeen years old, and weighing but a hundred and twenty pounds.

"I'm not afraid of being beaten by those wo-



Abbot and Minthorne Worthley at the Orpheum.

men riders from Wyoming and Colorado," said Miss Roseberry. "I have ridden all kind of horses in my day, and even if I'm not so old, that day is a rather long one when you consider that I have been riding since I was five years old. I understand that this is to be the greatest Wild West show that has ever happened in the West. That is the reason that I have come so far to participate. I said a little while ago that I was only just a cow-girl, but really I was joshing then. As a matter of fact, I am an all 'round athlete. Feel this muscle. Isn't that great? I got some of that playing golf. Then, too, I am supposed to be a pretty good musician, and have received some tempting offers to go upon the vaudeville stage, but my parents don't like the idea very well. Anyway, I like this wild, open life the best. I'll just yell my head off during the four-day tournament at the Fair Grounds next week. Really, don't you think that it's the grandest sight on earth to see a lot of fearless cow-boys tearing up the earth on a bunch of bucking broncos? For real sport that has anything that I know of beaten a mile."