

COMMEMORATION ODE.

What Was Read and Sung at the Dedicatory Ceremonies

ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

The Work of a Chicago Girl Who Drifted Into Journalism.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE FAIR POETESS

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—One of the pleasing features of the World's Fair dedicatory ceremonies today was the reading and singing of the Commemoration Ode, written by Miss Harriet Monroe. Miss Monroe is a Chicago girl pure and simple, and she is inclined to be secure of the fact. Her early education was bestowed in the Moseley School. Then she went for three years to the Dearborn Ladies' Seminary, which at that time, under the direction of Zenas Grover, was one of the leading educational institutions of its kind in the West. The finishing touches to her career as a teacher were given at the Georgetown (D. C.) Convent, where she remained two years. Here she studied the art of verification. In a desultory manner Miss Monroe toiled in her literary workshop until she was 23 or 25 years of age. It may be remarked in passing that the lady is one of the fair sex that has the courage to openly avow her age. She was born on December 23, 1859, and therefore two days before the coming Christmas she will be 32 years old. Her first really ambitious effort and the one that has given her a place among the



MS. HARRIET MONROE.

...of poetry in this country... day been a toiler in the... newspaper work. Her... Sarah C. LeMorne... read Miss Monroe's... in full:... dewy flowers and from... led the standard... and his beaker fills... of blessed thence... a deep cough of... her-born of Time, who... trend with thee... gently bend the ear... in the broiler-d robes of ivory... with slow foot and inward-brooding... eyes... How to her banner? 'twas the first to rise... out of the dark for the first... And England, royal mother, whose right... hand... Molds nations, whose white feet the ocean... tread... Lays down her sword on thy beloved strand... To bless thy wretched head: Hearing in thine her voice, bidding thy soul... fulfill her dream, the foremost at the goal... And France, who once thy fainting form up-... bore... Brings beauty now where strength she... brought of yore... France, the swift-footed, who with thee... gazed in the eyes of Liberty, And loved the dark no more.

...Around the peopled world... Bright the banners are unfurled... The long procession winds from shore to... shore... The Norseman sails... Through icy gales... To the green Vineland of his long ago... Russia rides down from realms of sun and... snow... Germany casts afar... Her iron robes of war... And strikes her leap with thy triumphal... song... Italy opens wide her epic scroll... In bright hues blazoned, with great deeds... writ long... And lids then win the kingdom of the soul... And the calm Orient, wise with many days... From heavy fates to the sweet Japan... Salutes thy conquering youth: Hidding thee hush while all the nations... praise... Know, though the world endure but for a... span... Deathless is truth... Lo! unto those the ever-living Past... Unhates a mighty present, bids arise... Dead centuries, freighted with visions vast... Blowing dim mists into the Future's eyes... Their sons: 'tis all of thee, Daughter of mystery.

Alone! Alone! Behind wide walls of sea: And never a ship has flown A prisoner word of thee... Fair is the sunny day... On mountain and in lake and stream, Yet wild men starve and slay... And the young earth lies adream... Long have the dumb years passed with vac-... ant eyes... Bearing gifts for nations thronged afar... Guarding thy soul in vain from the sea... Leaving thee safe with God till man grow... wiser... At last one patient heart is born... Fearless of ignorance and scorn... His strong youth is ready to the red gate-... Kings will not open to the untrod path... His hope grows serene while all the angels... wait... The prophet bows under the dull world's... wrath... 'Till a woman fair... As morning lilies are... Brings him a jewel of the key— And lo! a world is free... Wide swings the portal never touched be-... fore... Strange luring winds blow from an unseen... shore... Toward dreams that cannot fail... He bids the three ships sail... While man's new song of hope rings out... against the gale.

Over the wide unknown, Far to the shores of Ind, On through the track alone Like a feather blown by the wind; Into the west a way, Sped by the breath of God, Seeking the clearer day... Where only His feet have trod: From the past to the future we sail; We slip from the leash of kings... Hail, spirit of freedom! Hurl this impalpable wing! Receive us, protect us, and bless... Thy knights who brave all for thee... Though death be thy soft carver, By that touch shall our souls be free... Onward and ever on... Till the voice of despair is stilled, Till the haven of peace is won, And the purpose of God fulfilled!

O strange, divine surprise! Out of the dark man strives to rise, And struggles with his soul and tears: Till, lo! God stoops from his supernal... sphere, And bares the glory of his face... Then darkness flees— This earth becomes... Man leaps up to the light... We ask a little—ill be... We seek a lamp—God's... So these who doted to go... For an idea, a purpose, a... sought but O duty, O... prevail!

To find a world—blessed his purpose! The hero knew not what a virgin soul Laughed through glacial eyes when at her feet he laid... The dusky trappings of man's masquerade... She who had dwelt in forests, heard the roll of lances down-thundering to the sea... Beseid from gleaming mountain heights Two oceans playing with the lights... Of eve and morn—ah! what would she With all the out-worn passantry... Of purple robes and heavy mace and crown... Smiling she casts them down, Unites her young anatomy... O! hair unbound and strong limbs bare and brown.

Yet they who dare arise And meet her stargazer eyes Forget old loves, though crowned queens these be... And whether her winged feet fare— So sweet, so fleet, so goddess-pure is she... Her voice is like deep rivers, that do flow Through forests sending low... Her step is softest moonlight, that doth... forego... The ocean to its course... Gentle her smile, for something in man's World-worn, time-wearied, furrowed deep... Thrills her climate heart with a more tender... grace... Softly she smoothes the wrinkles from his... brow... Wrought by the baleful years, Smiles sunshine on the hoar head, whispers... New charges from the awakened will of... men... Words all of fire, that thrill his soul with... youth... Not with his brother is man's battle here... The challenge of the earth, that Adam... heard... His love breathes in his eager ear, And lo! the knight who warred at love's... command... And scarce the face of Europe, epeaths... his sword... Hearing from untaught lips a nobler... Taking new weapons from an untaught... hand... With axe and oar, with mallet and with... spade... She bids the hero conquer, unafraid... Through cloud-veiled Titans be his lordly... foes— Spirits of earth and air, whose wars brook... no repose.

For from far-away mountain and plain, From the shores of the sunset sea, The unwearied rulers complain, complain, And from the wastes to defend their... reign... Their threatened majesty... The low prairies that lie in bloom... Such out to the summer air: Shall our dark soil be the tomb... Of the flowers that 'twas so fair! Shall we yield to man's disdain, And nourish his golden grain... And bid him beware! Beware! And the forests, heavy and dark and deep... With the shadows of shrouded years... In a murmurous voice, out of age-long sleep... Ask the winds: What creates rude... Would storm our solitude? Hail his no fear, no tears? The prone rivers lit up their snow-crowned... heads... Arise in wrath from their rock-hewn beds, And roar: We will ravage and drown... Ere we float his white ships down... And the lakes from a mist... Of amethyst... Call the storm-clouds down, and grow ashen... and brown... And all the four winds wail: Our gales shall make him quail... By blinding snow, by burning sun His strength shall be undone... Brothers of wind with these— Hew bars of flint, and darkly haste... From sheltering trees and trees; And mutter: Away! Away! 'Tis children of white-browed day! Who have proved that will gods' reign... We torture and trap and slay... Herald of light, the windows fall in vain... Herald of God, in vain the powers con-... spire... Armed with truth's holy cross, faith's... sacred fire, Though often vanquished, he shall rise... and brow... Nor rest till the wild lords of earth and air... Be to his will, his burdens glad to bear... The angels leave him not through the long... strife... But hark! large annals of their own wide life, Luring him on to freedom... On that field, From giants won, shall man be slave to... man!

Lo! dan on clan, The embattled nations gather to be one, Clasp hands as brother 'neath Columbia's... shield... Upraise her banner to the shining sun... Along her blessed shore... One heart, one song, one dream— Man shall be free forevermore, And love shall be supreme.

When dreaming kings, at odds with swift-... paced time, Would strike that banner down, A fobler knight than ever wit or rhyme... Unveiled his thunder leaps to meet the... storm... From God's right hand man takes the... powers that sway... A hero of our younger race! He bows them down; he bids them go or... slay; He takes them for his wars... He scans the burning pages of the sun, And names the invisible orbs whose courses... run... Through the dim deeps of space, He sees in dew upon a rose inpearled... light... The swarming legions of a monarch world... Begin life's upward race... Long dumb to his despair, And dreams of golden years... Meet for a world so fair... For now Democracy doth wake and rise... From the sweet slough of youth... By storms made strong, by many dreams... made wise, He cleaves the dark of truth... Through the armed nations lies his path of... peace... The open book of knowledge in his hand, Food to the starving, to the oppressed re-... lease... And lo! to all he bears from land to land... Before his march the barriers fall... The law grows gentle at his call, His glowing breath blows far away... The fogs that veil the coming day... That wondrous day— When earth shall sing as through the blue... she rolls Laden with joy for all her throbbing souls... From each man's call to sin rebound no... more... Across her seeming fields... And pain shall... sleep... Soothed by brave science with her magic... power... And war no more shall bid the nations... weep... Then the worn chains shall slip from man's... desire, And even higher and higher... His noble foot shall aspire; Still deeper and more deep... His soul's its watch shall keep... Till knowledge dawns unveil God's very... face... Not yet the angels hear life's last sweet song... Must unutterably pure and strong From earth shall rise to march the peopled... skies... When the long march of time, In birth and death, in growth and... blight, Shall lead man up through happy realms of... light... Unto his goal sublime.

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Columbia, my country, dost thou hear? Ah! dost thou hear the songs unheard of... time? Hark! for their passion trembles at thine ear... Hark! for thy soul must heed their call... sublime... Across the seas, unswayed by earthly sails, Those strange sounds draw thee on, for... thou shalt be... Leader of nations through the autumnal... gales... That wait to mock the strong and wreck... the free... Dearest, more radiant than of yore, Against the dark I see thee rise... 'Tis young souls against the guarded... shore... At graves the shadowed ominous... skies... And still that conquering smile who see... Foreign love, life, and vigor, all to thee... The years have brought thee robes most... fair— The rich procession years— And blisseth thy shining hair... And zoned thy waist with jewels rare, And whispered in thine ear... Strange secrets of God's wondrous ways, Long hid from human awe and praise.

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For lot the living God doth bare his arm... No more he makes his house of clouds and... bloom... Lightly he shuttles move within his loom; Unveiled his thunder leaps to meet the... storm... From God's right hand man takes the... powers that sway... A hero of our younger race! He bows them down; he bids them go or... slay; He takes them for his wars... He scans the burning pages of the sun, And names the invisible orbs whose courses... run... Through the dim deeps of space, He sees in dew upon a rose inpearled... light... The swarming legions of a monarch world... Begin life's upward race... Long dumb to his despair, And dreams of golden years... Meet for a world so fair... For now Democracy doth wake and rise... From the sweet slough of youth... By storms made strong, by many dreams... made wise, He cleaves the dark of truth... Through the armed nations lies his path of... peace... The open book of knowledge in his hand, Food to the starving, to the oppressed re-... lease... And lo! to all he bears from land to land... Before his march the barriers fall... The law grows gentle at his call, His glowing breath blows far away... The fogs that veil the coming day... That wondrous day— When earth shall sing as through the blue... she rolls Laden with joy for all her throbbing souls... From each man's call to sin rebound no... more... Across her seeming fields... And pain shall... sleep... Soothed by brave science with her magic... power... And war no more shall bid the nations... weep... Then the worn chains shall slip from man's... desire, And even higher and higher... His noble foot shall aspire; Still deeper and more deep... His soul's its watch shall keep... Till knowledge dawns unveil God's very... face... Not yet the angels hear life's last sweet song... Must unutterably pure and strong From earth shall rise to march the peopled... skies... When the long march of time, In birth and death, in growth and... blight, Shall lead man up through happy realms of... light... Unto his goal sublime.

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English soldiers at Chelsea Barracks are... outting harness... The last vestiges of the rebellion in... Honours have been crushed... —George Hopkins, a provision merchant... of Cardiff, Wales, has failed for \$1,400,000... —United States Minister Scruggs has... recognized Crespo's Government in Ven-... ezuela... —Belgium will have a double World's Fair... simultaneously at Brussels and Antwerp... They will be connected by an electric rail-... way... —The rebels at Santa del Estero, Argen-... tina, have made their Governor prisoner... A junta has been formed to govern their... province... —Joseph Riley, who had been keeping... company with Kate Dugan, the murdered... girl at Wilmington, Del., has been arrested... on suspicion... —The spread of the phylloxera in France... has led to the formation of syndicates in... several departments whose object is to... crush out the plague... —The British steamer Borrowdale, having... on board three steamboats in sections... destined for the interior African lakes, is... above not far from Zanzibar... —The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Rail-... road Company has given each family of the... murdered citizens of Coffeyville, Kan., \$1,000... and divided \$1,000 among five other defen-... ders of the town against the Daiton gang... Utilizing the News Telephone... BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 21.—The first long-... distance telephone message ever sent from... Chicago to a daily newspaper was received... today by the Standard-Union... Not only were the words of the correspondent dis-... tinctly heard, but his voice was as clearly... as if he had been in the office when the... message was received.

A DREADFUL SCOURGE The Case of Mr. Palmer—Everyone Carried... Him Off Suddenly—Every One Should... Know the Symptoms and Be on Guard... Mr. Wilton R. Palmer, of New York City, left... a circle of friends one afternoon recent-... ly, and received their congratulations upon... his bright and vigorous appearance. That... evening he felt a tickling in the throat, a... slight pain across the chest, a chilly sensa-... tion, and he coughed once or twice. The... next day his nostrils were inflamed, his... throat sore, his chest pained him, his bones... ached and he felt sore all over. The day fol-... lowing he was in bed, with physicians shak-... ing their heads and saying that he was... dead from pneumonia, which he failed to... take in time... There are ten thousand men and women in... America to-day in the same condition as Mr... Palmer when he was in bed, but they do... not know it. The slightest appearance of... the symptoms above named should strike... terror to any man or woman. A sudden chill... means the beginning of pneumonia; aches... and pains throughout the body are the first... symptoms. It is necessary to bring about a... reaction at once. How, then, is the best way... of bringing about a reaction? Ask any phy-... sician and he will tell you to use pure... whiskey. No matter how prejudiced anyone... may be, pure whiskey at such a time is a... necessity, but unfortunately there are few... pure whiskeys in the world, and in fact there... is but one that has received the unqualified... endorsement of physicians, chemists and... the highest authorities, and that is Duffy's... Pure Malt. This remarkable whiskey which... is sold by all first-class druggists and grocers... will absolutely check the first approach of... pneumonia, while at the same time it is... certain to build up the wasted system. It de-... serves to be kept in every household, not... only to be used in cases of emergency, but... to assist in prolonging life and bringing... health and happiness.

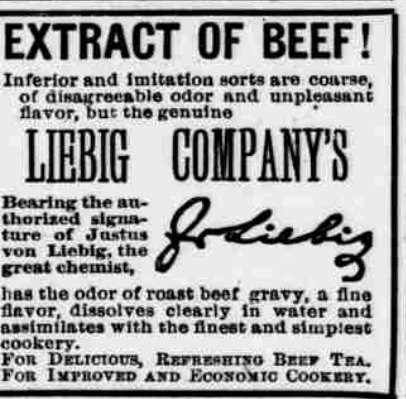
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