

HEROES

THE DEED OF LIEUTENANT MILES

When you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Tell of young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines!

'Twas the Santa Ana fight!—
All along the Tagal line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hear their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
“ Call Lieutenant Miles! ” He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
“ Yonder blockhouse is our aim! ”
The battalion leader said.

“ You must take it—how you will;
You must break this damned spell! ”
“ Volunteers! ” cried Miles. 'Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
“ Come! ” exultantly he saith—

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dashed the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve or stay of pace.
And the Tagals—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat—
Every Tagal rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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