

1. Mari Basaca Fuentes (Nevada)

---

**An Apology**  
**By Julia Ward Howe**

For A Warm Word Spoken

I spake, perhaps, too sharp a word

For one bred up in modesty,

But base injustice, trivial scorn

On honor heaped, had angered me.

The smile of courtesy forsook

These lips, so timid even for good,

While o'er the paleness of my brow

Flashed crimson, the indignant blood.

Nor could I to the contest bring

The trained weapon of the mind,

Snatching from Reason's armory

Such shafts as grief had left behind.

Grief for the faltering of the Age,

Grief for my country and my race,

Grief to sit here with Christian men,

That boast their want of Christian grace.

**Semifinal Three  
Round One**

I say not that the man I praise  
By that poor tribute stands more high,  
I say not that the man I blame  
Be not of purer worth than I;  
But when I move reluctant lips  
For holy Justice, human Right,  
The sacred cause I strive to plead  
Lends me its favor and its might.  
And I must argue from the faith  
Which gave the fervor of my youth,  
Or keep such silence as yon stars,  
That only look and live God's truth.

2. Aspen Geist (North Dakota)

---

**Spring in War-Time**  
**By Sara Teasdale**

I feel the spring far off, far off,

    The faint, far scent of bud and leaf—

Oh, how can spring take heart to come

    To a world in grief,

    Deep grief?

The sun turns north, the days grow long,

    Later the evening star grows bright—

How can the daylight linger on

    For men to fight,

    Still fight?

The grass is waking in the ground,

    Soon it will rise and blow in waves—

How can it have the heart to sway

    Over the graves,

    New graves?

Under the boughs where lovers walked

    The apple-blooms will shed their breath—

**Semifinal Three  
Round One**

But what of all the lovers now

Parted by Death,

Grey Death?

3. Liam McLaughlin (Arizona)

---

**Casey at the Bat**  
**By Ernest Lawrence Thayer**

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play,  
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.  
A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
They thought, "If only Casey could but get a whack at that—  
We'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat."  
But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
And the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake;  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.  
But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and men saw what had occurred,  
There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.  
Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;  
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;

It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.  
There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile lit Casey's face.  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.  
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.  
And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.  
From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;  
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.  
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the dun sphere flew;  
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two!"  
"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.

**Semifinal Three  
Round One**

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.  
The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate,  
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.  
Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

4. Ellette Whitcomb (Montana)

---

**Militants to Certain Other Women**  
**By Katharine Rolston Fisher**

You who pass coldly by when the police rush upon us,

When they wrench away our banners,

(Beautiful banners whose colors cry a demand for liberty)

You who criticize or condemn

(Declaring you “believe in suffrage,

Worked for it in your state, and your mother

knew Susan B. Anthony”)

Can you think in terms of a nation?

Could you die, (or face ridicule) for your belief?

For the freedom of women, for your freedom,

we are fighting;

For your safety we face danger, bear torture;

For your honor endure untellable insult.

To win democracy for you we defend the banners of democracy

Till our banners and our bodies

Are flung together on the pavement,

Waiting at the gates of government,

We have made of our weariness a symbol  
Of women's long wait for justice.  
We have borne the hunger and hardship of prison,  
To open people's eyes  
To men's determination to imprison the power of women.  
You women who pass coldly by,  
Do you imagine your freedom is coming  
As a summer wind blows over fields?  
Slowly it has advanced by a sixty-years' war,  
(Those who have fought in it have not forgotten)  
And that war is not won.  
Strongly entrenched, the foe sits plotting.  
Close to his lines our banners fly,  
Signalling where to direct the fire,  
Greater forces are needed, reserves and recruits.  
Are you for winning or for waiting,  
Women who watch the banners go down?  
Women who say, "Suffrage is coming,"  
While suffrage goes by you into Prussia?  
Cease to be content with applauding speeches, and praising politicians.  
Patience is shameful.  
Awake, rise, and act.

## 5. Johnson Ailima (American Samoa)

---

### **Susan B. Anthony** **By Katharine Rolston Fisher**

Her life is a luminous banner borne ever ahead of her era, in

lead of the forces of freedom,

Where wrongs for justice call.

High-hearted, far-sighted, she pressed with noble intrepid impatience,

one race and the half of another

To liberate from thrall.

If now in its freedom her spirit mingle with ours and find us

toiling at dusk to finish

The task of her long day,

On ground hard held to the last, gaining her goal for women,

if for her word we hearken,

May we not hear her say:

“Comrades and daughters exultant, let my goal for you be a mile-

stone. Too late have you won it to linger.

Victory flies ahead.

Though women march millions abreast on a widening way to free-

dom, trails there are still for women

Fearless to break and tread.

“Keep watch on power as it passes, on liberty’s torch as it

travels, lest woman be left with a symbol,

No flame in her lamp alive.

In the mine, the mill and the mart where is bartered the bread of

your children, is forged the power you strove for,

For which you still must strive.”

Her spirit like southern starlight at once is afar and around us;

her message an inward singing

Through all our life to run:

“Forward together, my daughters, till born of your faith with

each other and of brotherhood all the world over,

For all is freedom won.”

6. DB Henderson (Colorado)

---

**The Debt**  
**By Paul Laurence Dunbar**

This is the debt I pay  
Just for one riotous day,  
Years of regret and grief,  
Sorrow without relief.

Pay it I will to the end —  
Until the grave, my friend,  
Gives me a true release —  
Gives me the clasp of peace.

Slight was the thing I bought,  
Small was the debt I thought,  
Poor was the loan at best —  
God! but the interest!

7. Sofia Skuza Rivera (Minnesota)

---

**Militants to Certain Other Women**  
**By Katharine Rolston Fisher**

You who pass coldly by when the police rush upon us,

When they wrench away our banners,

(Beautiful banners whose colors cry a demand for liberty)

You who criticize or condemn

(Declaring you "believe in suffrage,

Worked for it in your state, and your mother

knew Susan B. Anthony")

Can you think in terms of a nation?

Could you die, (or face ridicule) for your belief?

For the freedom of women, for your freedom,

we are fighting;

For your safety we face danger, bear torture;

For your honor endure untellable insult.

To win democracy for you we defend the banners of democracy

Till our banners and our bodies

Are flung together on the pavement,

Waiting at the gates of government,

We have made of our weariness a symbol  
Of women's long wait for justice.  
We have borne the hunger and hardship of prison,  
To open people's eyes  
To men's determination to imprison the power of women.  
You women who pass coldly by,  
Do you imagine your freedom is coming  
As a summer wind blows over fields?  
Slowly it has advanced by a sixty-years' war,  
(Those who have fought in it have not forgotten)  
And that war is not won.  
Strongly entrenched, the foe sits plotting.  
Close to his lines our banners fly,  
Signalling where to direct the fire,  
Greater forces are needed, reserves and recruits.  
Are you for winning or for waiting,  
Women who watch the banners go down?  
Women who say, "Suffrage is coming,"  
While suffrage goes by you into Prussia?  
Cease to be content with applauding speeches, and praising politicians.  
Patience is shameful.  
Awake, rise, and act.

8. Dovelynn Martinson (Wyoming)

---

**Mnemosyne**  
**By Trumbull Stickney**

It's autumn in the country I remember

How warm a wind blew here about the ways!

And shadows on the hillside lay to slumber

During the long sun-sweetened summer-days.

It's cold abroad the country I remember.

The swallows veering skimmed the golden grain

At midday with a wing aslant and limber;

And yellow cattle browsed upon the plain

It's empty down the country I remember.

I had a sister lovely in my sight:

Her hair was dark, her eyes were very sombre;

We sang together in the woods at night.

It's lonely in the country I remember.

The babble of our children fills my ears,  
And on our hearth I stare the perished ember  
To flames that show all starry thro' my tears.

It's dark about the country I remember.

There are the mountains where I lived.  
The path is slushed with cattle-tracks and fallen timber,  
The stumps are twisted by the tempests' wrath.

But that I knew these places are my own,  
I'd ask how came such wretchedness to cumber  
The earth, and I to people it alone.

It rains across the country I remember.

9. James Ware (Utah)

---

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**  
**By Robert Frost**

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

10. Almaz Clawson (Texas)

---

**Saturday's Child**  
**By Countee Cullen**

Some are teathed on a silver spoon,  
    With the stars strung for a rattle;  
I cut my teeth as the black raccoon—  
    For implements of battle.

Some are swaddled in silk and down,  
    And heralded by a star;  
They swathed my limbs in a sackcloth gown  
    On a night that was black as tar.

For some, godfather and goddame  
    The opulent fairies be;  
Dame Poverty gave me my name,  
    And Pain godfathered me.

For I was born on Saturday—  
    “Bad time for planting a seed,”  
Was all my father had to say,  
    And, “One mouth more to feed.”

**Semifinal Three  
Round One**

Death cut the strings that gave me life,

And handed me to Sorrow,

The only kind of middle wife

My folks could beg or borrow.

11. Damien Andre Deen (South Dakota)

---

**Mother to Son**  
**By Langston Hughes**

Well, son, I'll tell you:

Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

It's had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—

Bare;

But all the time

I've been a'climbin' on,

And reachin' landin's,

And turnin' corners,

And sometimes goin' in the dark,

Where there ain't been no light.

So boy, don't you turn back;

Don't you sit down on the steps,

'Cause you finds it's kinder hard;

Don't you fall now—

For I've still goin', honey,

**Semifinal Three  
Round One**

I'se still climbin',

And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

12. Lillian Braly (California)

---

**Casey at the Bat**  
**By Ernest Lawrence Thayer**

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play,  
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.  
A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
They thought, "If only Casey could but get a whack at that—  
We'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat."  
But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
And the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake;  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.  
But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and men saw what had occurred,  
There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.  
Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;

It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;  
It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.  
There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile lit Casey's face.  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.  
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.  
And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.  
From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;  
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.  
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the dun sphere flew;  
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two!"  
"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"

**Semifinal Three  
Round One**

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.  
The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate,  
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.  
Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

13. Hadas Frish (New Mexico)

---

**Militants to Certain Other Women**  
**By Katharine Rolston Fisher**

You who pass coldly by when the police rush upon us,

When they wrench away our banners,

(Beautiful banners whose colors cry a demand for liberty)

You who criticize or condemn

(Declaring you “believe in suffrage,

Worked for it in your state, and your mother

knew Susan B. Anthony”)

Can you think in terms of a nation?

Could you die, (or face ridicule) for your belief?

For the freedom of women, for your freedom,

we are fighting;

For your safety we face danger, bear torture;

For your honor endure untellable insult.

To win democracy for you we defend the banners of democracy

Till our banners and our bodies

Are flung together on the pavement,

Waiting at the gates of government,

We have made of our weariness a symbol  
Of women's long wait for justice.  
We have borne the hunger and hardship of prison,  
To open people's eyes  
To men's determination to imprison the power of women.  
You women who pass coldly by,  
Do you imagine your freedom is coming  
As a summer wind blows over fields?  
Slowly it has advanced by a sixty-years' war,  
(Those who have fought in it have not forgotten)  
And that war is not won.  
Strongly entrenched, the foe sits plotting.  
Close to his lines our banners fly,  
Signalling where to direct the fire,  
Greater forces are needed, reserves and recruits.  
Are you for winning or for waiting,  
Women who watch the banners go down?  
Women who say, "Suffrage is coming,"  
While suffrage goes by you into Prussia?  
Cease to be content with applauding speeches, and praising politicians.  
Patience is shameful.  
Awake, rise, and act.

14. Jade Terriss Talamo (Washington)

---

**Militants to Certain Other Women**  
**By Katharine Rolston Fisher**

You who pass coldly by when the police rush upon us,  
When they wrench away our banners,  
(Beautiful banners whose colors cry a demand for liberty)

You who criticize or condemn  
(Declaring you “believe in suffrage,  
Worked for it in your state, and your mother  
knew Susan B. Anthony”)

Can you think in terms of a nation?  
Could you die, (or face ridicule) for your belief?

For the freedom of women, for your freedom,  
we are fighting;

For your safety we face danger, bear torture;  
For your honor endure untellable insult.

To win democracy for you we defend the banners of democracy  
Till our banners and our bodies

Are flung together on the pavement,  
Waiting at the gates of government,

We have made of our weariness a symbol  
Of women's long wait for justice.  
We have borne the hunger and hardship of prison,  
To open people's eyes  
To men's determination to imprison the power of women.  
You women who pass coldly by,  
Do you imagine your freedom is coming  
As a summer wind blows over fields?  
Slowly it has advanced by a sixty-years' war,  
(Those who have fought in it have not forgotten)  
And that war is not won.  
Strongly entrenched, the foe sits plotting.  
Close to his lines our banners fly,  
Signalling where to direct the fire,  
Greater forces are needed, reserves and recruits.  
Are you for winning or for waiting,  
Women who watch the banners go down?  
Women who say, "Suffrage is coming,"  
While suffrage goes by you into Prussia?  
Cease to be content with applauding speeches, and praising politicians.  
Patience is shameful.  
Awake, rise, and act.

15. Brielle Brandon (Guam)

---

**O Captain! My Captain!**  
**By Walt Whitman**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

16. Emma Keen (Oregon)

---

**Low-Tide**  
**By Edna St. Vincent Millay**

These wet rocks where the tide has been,  
    Barnacled white and weeded brown  
And slimed beneath to a beautiful green,  
    These wet rocks where the tide went down  
Will show again when the tide is high  
    Faint and perilous, far from shore,  
No place to dream, but a place to die,—  
    The bottom of the sea once more.  
*There was a child that wandered through*  
    *A giant's empty house all day,—*  
*House full of wonderful things and new,*  
    *But no fit place for a child to play.*

17. Monroe Williams (Idaho)

---

**It Was Not Fate**  
**By William H. A. Moore**

It was not fate which overtook me,  
Rather a wayward, wilful wind  
That blew hot for awhile  
And then, as the even shadows came, blew cold.  
What pity it is that a man grown old in life's dreaming  
Should stop, e'en for a moment, to look into a woman's eyes.  
And I forgot!  
Forgot that one's heart must be steeled against the east wind.  
Life and death alike come out of the East:  
Life as tender as young grass,  
Death as dreadful as the sight of clotted blood.  
I shall go back into the darkness,  
Not to dream but to seek the light again.  
I shall go by paths, mayhap,  
On roads that wind around the foothills  
Where the plains are bare and wild  
And the passers-by come few and far between.  
I want the night to be long, the moon blind.

The hills thick with moving memories,  
And my heart beating a breathless requiem  
For all the dead days I have lived.  
When the Dawn comes—Dawn, deathless, dreaming—  
I shall will that my soul must be cleansed of hate,  
I shall pray for strength to hold children close to my heart,  
I shall desire to build houses where the poor will know  
    shelter, comfort, beauty.  
And then may I look into a woman's eyes  
And find holiness, love and the peace which passeth understanding.

18. Kai Gammarino (Hawaii)

---

**The Statesmen**  
**By Ambrose Bierce**

How blest the land that counts among  
Her sons so many good and wise,  
To execute great feats of tongue  
When troubles rise.

Behold them mounting every stump,  
By speech our liberty to guard.  
Observe their courage—see them jump,  
And come down hard!

“Walk up, walk up!” each cries aloud,  
“And learn from me what you must do  
To turn aside the thunder cloud,  
The earthquake too.

“Beware the wiles of yonder quack  
Who stuffs the ears of all that pass.  
I—I alone can show that black  
Is white as grass.”

They shout through all the day and break  
The silence of the night as well.  
They'd make—I wish they'd go and make—  
Of Heaven a Hell.

A advocates free silver, B  
Free trade and C free banking laws.  
Free board, clothes, lodging would from me  
Win warm applause.

Lo, D lifts up his voice: "You see  
The single tax on land would fall  
On all alike." More evenly  
No tax at all.

"With paper money," bellows E,  
"We'll all be rich as lords." No doubt—  
And richest of the lot will be  
The chap without.

As many "cures" as addle-wits  
Who know not what the ailment is!  
Meanwhile the patient foams and spits  
Like a gin fizz.

Alas, poor Body Politic,

Your fate is all too clearly read:

To be not altogether quick,

Nor very dead.

You take your exercise in squirms,

Your rest in fainting fits between.

'Tis plain that your disorder's worms—

Worms fat and lean.

Worm Capital, Worm Labor dwell

Within your maw and muscle's scope.

Their quarrels make your life a Hell,

Your death a hope.

God send you find not such an end

To ills however sharp and huge!

God send you convalesce! God send

You vermifuge.

19. Cassie Lumba (Alaska)

---

**Longings**  
**By Nellie Rathbone Bright**

I want to slay all the things just things  
That they tell me I must do.  
I would drown them all in the tears I weep  
When each breathless day is through.  
I want to flee to a cool sand dune  
On a wind-swept beach where the humming tune  
Of the wind, and the waves, and the heart of me  
Drams in my ears, and my lips are wet with the tang of the sea.  
I want to feel the rain on my cheek,  
The thrill that comes from a lark's long note,  
I want to see the sky at dawn thru the lacy green of a willow tree.  
I want to look deep in a pool at night, and see the stars  
Flash flame like the fire in black opals.