

lack of anything to respect in himself. To think, to work, for the creation of a new self-respect, by all means, yes. To give him every facility to create that self-respect, yes. To place within his reach the boon of true reform, and to give him the opportunity to *achieve* that reform, yes.

These are not things impossible of accomplishment; they do not require new appropriations to finance; they are within the power of any prison administration to provide. If to provide them requires

chopping off some official heads, let them fall. If well-meaning, but misguided, prison officials must give way to others equally well-meaning, but more intelligent in their application of reformative measures, let them go.

When you have cleaned house in your prisons, your jails, the problem of how and when to parole prisoners will have solved itself. The police blotters of a thousand towns and cities will shortly record the reform that has been achieved by our correctional agencies.

If I Ever Have Time for Things That Matter

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

If I ever have time for things that matter,
 If ever I have the smallest chance,
 I'm going to live in
 Little Broom Gardens,
 Moat-by-the-Castle,
 Nettlecombe, Hants.

I'll take my ease and never, never hurry,
 And sit for hours on the top of a stile,
 With a friend from
 Wookey, Cress-on-the-Water,
 Spennithorne-Baggot,
 Bury Saint Gile.

Anything can happen, anything at all,
 With faith and a moat and a castle wall.

With good Friar Tuck I'll roam through the heather,
 Or shiver for a while by Windrush Rill,
 With a headless knight from
 Hangman's Hollow,
 Or a jolly old ghost from
 Traitor's Hill.

Then home at dusk through cowslip meadows,
 And a seat on the settle when day is done,
 A dish of tea and a
 Pennyworth of cockles,
 A muffin and a crumpet and a
 Big Bath bun.

Why go to Liverpool, why go to Leeds,
 Where nothing *could* happen that any one needs?

More Singing Soldiers

BY JOHN J. NILES

First Lieutenant, United States Air Service, with the A. E. F.;
author of "Singing Soldiers," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1926.



AS far as possible the colored soldiers in the World War introduced a little music into everything they did—be it marching, digging, cooking, travelling, longing for home, recovering from wounds or sickness, unloading ships, or any of the thousand and one jobs enlisted men always have to do. I have here recorded some of the incidental music of the negro soldiers.

Among the white boys of our army it was unusual to find singers. Now and then one would encounter a man who had studied singing—whose profession was song. These men were as rare in the army as they are in civilian life. Then there were the whiskey tenors—and beyond them were the baritones and basses, who could grumble out a few notes of the music-hall ditties. With the exception of certain musical numbers, composed for the army shows, white boys invented very little music. On the other hand, the colored boys not only invented new words (philosophizing on local situations) to fit old tunes, but even invented tunes that, by comparison, have more value than much contemporary writing.

The soldiering negro not only had the mellow, resonant vocal qualities so necessary in singing, but he had abandon and an emotional nature which, with his ability to dramatize trivial situations, sometimes produced the most affecting performances. Many times the singers were uneducated fellows—take the "Chicken Butcher," for example, who had gained his name from a pre-war profession. Here was a colored boy who had used his razor with too lavish a hand, and thereupon had been caused to do time in Black Jack's Jail House at Gièvres. (General John J.

Pershing was known to some of the colored soldiers as "Black Jack.") Life in Black Jack's Jail House had chastened the Chicken Butcher—chastened him more than one would expect. He had even (without knowing it) taken to practising a very efficient modern spiritual belief. He was curing his waywardness by continually affirming his desire to be good. The Chicken Butcher possessed the childish simplicity and naïveté so seldom found in the present cycle of the black man's development. He had set his affirmation of righteousness to music—or perhaps it had set itself to music—if music it may be called.

The tune covered what is known to musicians as a "fifth."

Oh, jail house key, don't you ever lock me in.
Oh, jail house key, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, chickenfoot grass, you points three ways to heaven,
Oh, chickenfoot grass, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, turkey wing brush, you brushes up dem ashes,
Oh, turkey wing brush, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, dark ob de moon, don't you ever blight my life,
Oh, dark ob de moon, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, garbage can, you smells to high heaven,
Oh, garbage can, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, razor hone, you sharpens up my slasher,
Oh, razor hone, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, chitlin' supper, oh, chitlin' supper wid beer,
Oh, chitlin' supper, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, lightnin' bug, don't you burn your pants,
Oh, lightnin' bug, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, jail house blues, how blue you can be,
Oh, jail house blues, won't never be bad no more.