

Newspaper Verses Worthy a Place in Scrap Books

AT CLOSE OF DAY

Dear little hands, that I can hold
Within the hollow of my palm;
Dear little frame that I can fold
Within the comfort of my arm;
God grant those lips may ever be
Faithful to Him, and true to me.

Dear tired feet, enchained by sleep;
They've traveled miles at home today;
I pray that God those feet will keep
Within the paths of truth alway;
Great Guide, that they may ever be
Faithful to Thee, and true to me.

I lay my boy down in his bed,
And kiss the yielding finger tips;
Dream angels throng about his head,
And slumber seals the noisy lips;
God grant those hands may ever be
Faithful to Him, and true to me.

Heart of my heart, my child, my son,
Thy mother's flesh is like to thine;
I yield thee to a mightier One
To keep thee in His strength divine—
My Samuel to God I bring,
Behold Thy servant, Father—King!
—Good Housekeeping.

A PRAYER

Fair little head of sun brown hair
Sweet as the autumn glow—
Dear little hands, oh, child of mine,
Lost to me long ago!

Down in the orchard, white with bloom,
Long wondrous hours we spent,
Watching the crimson sun sink low
And dreaming where he went.

Thrilled with the joy of life and love,
The deep peace over all,
Fragrance of blossoms newly blown,
The robin's plaintive call.

Prayer of the lovelorn nightingale,
And laughter sweet and shrill;
Ghosts of the June dusk looming up
Beyond the distant hill.

Well did we know the red clouds trailed
The far-off mystic sea;
Dear little heart, the wide, wide world
Seemed just for you and me.

Fair little head of sun brown hair
Sweet as the autumn glow—
Dear little hands, oh, child of mine,
Lost to me long ago!
—New York Sun.

THE CHILDREN

Mother of many children I—sprung of my heart
and my brain—
And some have been borne in gladness and some
have been borne in pain,
But one has gone singing from out my door
Never to come again.

Content and Ease and Comfort—they abide with
me day by day;
They smooth my couch and place my chair as
dutiful children may,
And Success and Power, my strong limbed
sons,
Stand ever to clear my way.

And these be the prudent children, the careful
children and wise.
There was one and only one with a reckless
dream in his eyes.
He who was one with the wind o' the dawn,
And kin to the wood and the skies.
Faithful and fond are my children and they tend
me well, in sooth;
Success and Content and Power, good proof is
mine of their truth,
But the name of him that I lost was Joy,
Yea, my first-born Joy of Youth.

Well do my children guard me, jealous of this
their right;
Carefully, soberly, ever by daylight and candle-
light,
But oh, for my prodigal Joy of Youth
Somewhere out in the night!
—Theodosia Garrison in the Smart Set.

Poems of Heart Interest Written by the Poets of the Daily and Weekly Press

A LOVE POEM

Sweetheart of the Long Ago,
Time plays many a trick, I trow.
I am sitting in my room
Writing verse—ah—to whom?
Thinking, sweetheart, still of thee
And the Land of the Was-to-Be;
Thinking verses to and of
Thee, my first, my only love;
Talking to my musing self;
Padding poetry for self.
If the Then were but the Now!
I am here and where art thou?
Art thou far away from me
Over mountain, over sea?
Dost remember how we played
In the pear tree's pleasant shade?
Dost recall the perfect bliss
Of our stolen pristine kiss,
And remember how we said
That we'd run away and wed?
Need I put in public print
That at which I only hint?
Sweetheart, dost remember how
Deep we loved? Where art thou now?
Long ago—and still I care
More and more for thee. Ah, where,
Where—if art at all—art thou?
Answer, sweetheart, answer now!

Comes a voice: "Why, I'm out here
In the kitchen, cooking, dear."

Time plays many a trick, I trow,
Sweetheart of the Long Ago.
—Franklin P. Adams in Woman's Home
Companion.

CLOVER PERFUME

There's a thrilling, tugging feeling
On each heartstring that I know,
There's a perfume in my nostrils
From the fields of long ago,
There's a vision in my mem'ry
Making all the world grow dim,
Taking me away back yonder
Where us fellows used to swim.

And the vision's central picture
Is a laughing blue-eyed maid
Standing in the rippling shallows
Where we used to go to wade;
I can see her pink toes gleaming
In the rippling stream where she,
With her skirts held safe from wetting,
Laughs across the years at me.

I can see the trees we climbed in,
I can see the streams we fished,
I can see the log we sat on
In those old days, when we wished
That we two were grown up people,
Gone out in the world and far;
Now—the greatest grief I know of
Is in knowing that we are.

I would rather be back yonder,
Back 'neath childhood's skies of blue
Than to count my wealth in millions;
If I could go dancing through
That wee stream we loved to wade in,
Climb the trees we used to climb,
I would never wish to grow up,
I'd be happy all the time.

Comes the thrill along my heartstrings,
When the clover is in bloom,
Then my nostrils catch the far-blown
Tantalizing sweet perfume
From the fields I used to romp in,
And I hear a lilt of glee,
And a maid, barefooted, blue-eyed
Laughs across the years at me.

—J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

THE SECRET

There's a little word called "Sweetheart;" it's
as old as Heaven's blue;
'Tis the sweetest word e'er spoken and its joy
is ever new;
It was Love's first murmured message, spoken in
the ear of Love,
When the Earth took shape from nothing and
the blue sky arched above;
It has come through Time unmeasured; it has
lived unnumbered years;
It was born of smiles and laughter and has dried
Grief's countless tears;
It's the magic soul of music and the living fire
of Art,
And I've chosen it to give thee—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

Ah, the aching hearts and heavy it has bidden
hear and smile;
It has bidden Youth be merry and has cheered
the Afterwhile
Of the years to peace and gladness and the
dreary days and long
Are forgotten in the glory of its whispered even-
song.
It has made the heart go leaping of the school-
boy at his play;
It has filled with gladder dreamings all the sun-
shine of his day;
It has bridged world-sundered chasms and has
played the noblest part
In the life and strife of being—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

It has cheered the eve of battles; it has fired the
Heart of Dawn;
It has braved the mouth of cannon and has
borne war's banners on;
It has lured the soldier Deathward, where the
scarp was red and steep;
It has trembled like a blessing on the ashen
lips of Sleep;
It has hushed the cry of children; it has fired
the souls of men,
Beaten back on shores of Failure to be bold and
strong again;
In the hermit's cloistered silence or in Traffic's
busy mart,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

And forever and forever, through the endlessness
of Time,
It shall hallow song and story and shall be the
soul of rhyme.
It shall be a part of Being, much as heartbeat,
much as breath,
It shall be the joy of living and the overthrow
of Death;
So I bid thee kneel and listen till I whisper
thee the key,
Till I tell thee why is Labor, Life, Love, Death
and Mystery;
Hut or palace, serf or master, clod or genius,
toil or art,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

BEING HAPPY

There is only one ambition
Got its hooks in me, an' I'm
Yieldin' to it; it's a honon'
To be happy all the time;
Whether clouds or whether sunshine,
Whether darkness, whether rain,
Whether sickness, whether sorrow,
Whether accident or pain;
I just keep my spirits bubblin'
An' my face fixed all the while
To, without provocation,
Broaden out into a smile.

There's a good big wad o' worry
Fer whoever'll pick it up,
Fer the man that drinks too careful
There's some bitter in life's cup;
But just plunge your snoots right in it
Like the thirsty horses do
In a trough, an you will notice
It'll taste right good to you.
If you frown into a mirror
You don't need to feel surprise
If it frowns back; it'll laugh back
If a laugh is in your eyes.

—J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.