

With Our Own Poets

(Continued from page 27)

TO MY LITTLE SON

Why do I love you so, my son,
Though born of him most dear to me
The love I bear thee doth outrun
What I had dreamt that love might be.

And as each day I gaze on you,
And love to think you're his and mine,
I find my dreams are coming true,
In you is all that's good and fine.

These dreams I made when still a child
At night, when sleep came softly in
With fairy fingers, soft and mild,
Her dream-net round and round to spin.

These dreams were all most wondrous fair
Of what I'd do when I was old.
I lived in castles in the air
And had rich gifts more rare than gold.

These gifts were what I longed for most,
And to a trusting, child-like mind
Without conceit, without false boast,
They seemed in reach—easy to find.

I did not ask to win much gold,
To be a queen or rule a land;
My wish was not so very bold,
Nor changing like the sifting sand.

I wished to have a joyous heart,
To be above the petty cares,
Yet not to live from all apart,
To sympathize with how each fares.

To be so strong and good and wise
That round about a light would shine.
That spark from God that in each lies
'Twould truly be in me divine.

But as I older grew and grew
And found myself of earthly mould,
So many faults I found to rue,
I found my dreams were growing cold.

My little son you came to me,
The sweetest gift that God could give,
In you I found what I would be,
In you my fondest dreams will live.
—Frances Hearne Brown.

THE SKOKIE

Lying o'er there by the sunset
Straggles along a soggy moor,
Stretching wide and long and wet,
Lies this lowland at our door.

Catching red and gold at evening,
Sending rays like strings of lyre,
Bursting faith with radiant beaming
Like a glorious, burning fire.

Whip-poor-wills grown mute with shyness
Seek this barren, treeless waste
Where fussy pussey-willows in dryness
Die, if the water they cannot taste.

Moor and mist that intermingle
With the cool and damp of nightfall,
With the sunset's blood red tingle
And the whip-poor-will's far away call.

Springtime passeth in this hollow,
Bogs become both parched and dry,
Later blooms, and bird notes follow
As the summer makes it dry.

Meadow larks singing low, throated strains,
Vieing with the sunset's glow
Swinging across the golden grain
That thrives on this moorland low.

Autumn lends her radiant splendor,
Delaying color and song birds too,
Ribboned sunsets peaceful grandeur
Like benedictions on the dew.

Winter comes with cold winds' blasts,
Filling bogs with ice and snow,
Songs of birds and sunshine past,
Driven away by winds that blow.

Wild ducks flying to open waters,
Leaves the Skokie cheerless and alone,
Great white sheets of frozen moorland
Can no longer be their home.

Skokie splendor thus arrested,
Makes a stretch of waste most drear,
But the golden ribboned sunsets,
Linger with a radiant cheer.
—Geraldine Geer Fitz Gerald.

STEVENSON

A blue, blue sky, and a deep, deep sea
That unruffled by the storm, shall be,
And as the trees that bend before the blast

Straighten when the storm has pass'd—
So Stevenson trod Life's pain worn path
Tortured by his demon's ceaseless wrath,

'Til led by Him to Heaven's shining door
Where love, and peace shall rule, for evermore!
—Katherine Mary Bersac.

I'D LIKE TO GO A-SAILING

I'd like to go a-sailing
Upon a silver sea,
To pick a peck of lollypops
From off a trissel tree!

I wish I had a golden boat,
With sails of bright sky blue;
I'd sail and sail a-searching
For the shinging sands of Shoo.

My ship would leave a foaming trail,
A-stretching far away;
I'd head her toward the sun-down,
And the rosy rim of day.

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And fish would fly, and fish would leap,
And golden fish they'd be;
They'd race before and chase behind,
And sport all day with me.

And winds would wail and winds would woo,
And wildly rush along;
We'd skim as swift as swallows,
And sing a sailor's song.

I'd like to go a-sailing
Upon a silver sea,
To pick a peck of lollypops
From off a trissel tree!
—Olive Beaupre Miller.

FOOTPRINTS

In yon garden there she stepped
Round late petals softly crept,
And as she planted bulbs so rare
She made footprints there.

Fall winds came and leaves all dry
Fluttered down in berth to lie,
In all the spots, both rough and fair,
And covered all her footprints there.

The frost stole through the leaves all spread,
And froze the ground within the bed:
And while I know the bulbs are there
I could see impressed her footprints fair.

Spring has come and bulbs have burst
Into youthful beauty and gayest mirth,
But to me such beauty can't compare
With her footprints softened there.
—Charles L. Byron.

THE HUMAN QUESTION MARK: MY GRANDSON

Where does the sun go, Muner,
When it drops clear out of sight,
And who takes care of the birdies,
When they go to sleep at night?

Does each star in the heavens,
And the moon that shines so bright,

Stick fast in the sky, where God is,
Just to make our evenings light?

Or do all the little children
Who live on this big, big earth
And all the murers and daddys
Prepared to meet tomorrow's test.

Good night, pretty stars and moon,
Good night, little birdies, too,
I'll pray to God for babe and me,
I'll pray, a little, for you.

Come and see me soon again,
Tomorrow night, if you can,
Birdies and stars, and you, big moon
With your funny face of a man.

We watched him as he fell asleep,
That busy brain, you know, must rest,
While we, with noses deep in books,
Prepared to meet tomorrow's test.
—Minnie R. Lasier.

NEW FLORIST SHOP

The Stachel Florist Shop started business at 962 Linden avenue, Hubbard Woods, last Saturday. The shop is affiliated with green houses in Glencoe and is prepared to offer a complete line of cut flowers, potted plants, vases. Deliveries are to be made throughout the north shore, it is announced.

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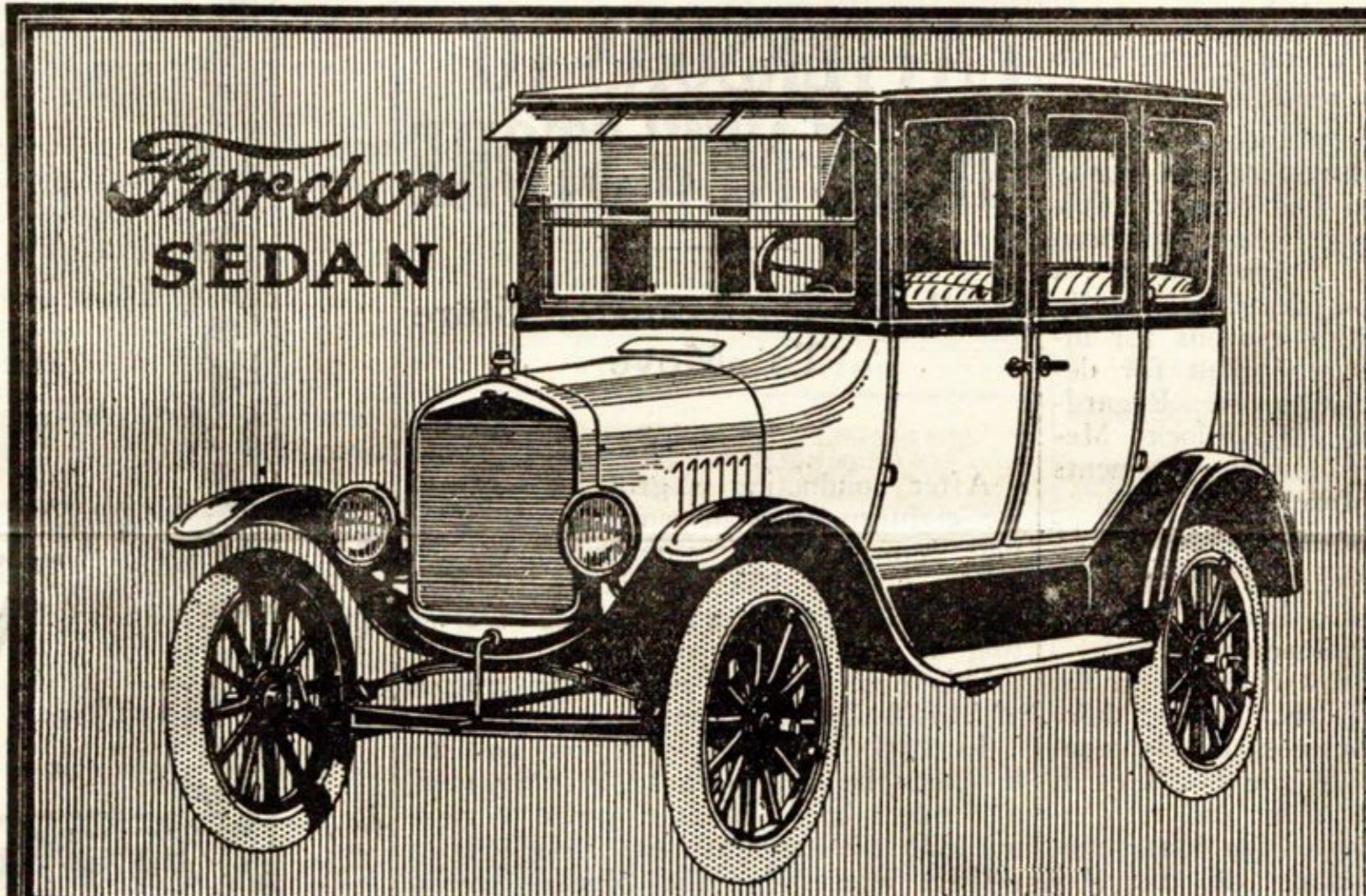
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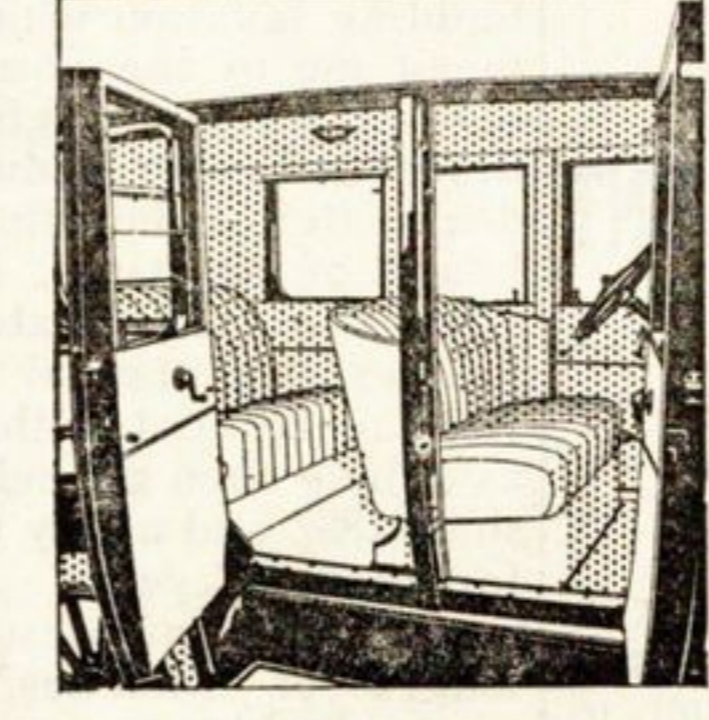


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