

SONS

By BEATRICE REDPATH

AS soon as he could hold a toy
He had a bugle and a gun
And leaden soldiers; as a boy
I taught him that my son
Must learn to fight his battles out,
Not hide—nor run.
And I would tell him tales about
Battles and stern-faced warriors,
And speak of brave things men had done.
Yet women wonder why do men make wars.

AT NIGHT

By BEATRICE REDPATH

I KNOW some day
That he'll be here just as he used to be,
I know that he'll be still as gay
And kind to me—
Oh, so I say
Most every day,
But in the night-time, sick with fear,
Huddled beneath the sheet,
I hear
A blind man's stick come tapping down the street.
