

weather birds
12/15/15
\$15.00

THESE are the lines of a Lunger,
These are his thoughts in verse,
Some are good, and some are bad,
And all the rest are worse.

But they will have served their purpose
If they show a ray of cheer,
Or strengthen the grip, beginning to slip,
Of the patient who seems to fear.

Or carry a word of warning
To those who are playing the fool;
To those who swear that they do not care,
And violate every rule.

To you, who know naught of Lungers,
These verses may seem crude,
But may help you to see that the cure for "T.B."
Is the mental attitude.

That the Lunger must be careful,
Must never, never fret,
But that he must know to conquer the foe,
He can't for one moment,—forget.