
THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

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THE old-fashioned mother who used to insist
On a chaperone for her girl,
Who had to know what time she returned
From every social whirl,
Who said: "My boy, develop your brain,
Stay home and study to-night,"
Is almost a relic of bygone days,
She seems to have dropped from sight.

But she left her mark, God Bless Her!
And her deeds that linger behind,
Will blossom again in golden thoughts,
Develop the future mind.
We're living now at a thoughtless age,
And the greed for pleasure and gold,
Has made us classify everything
As, "traditions decrepit and old."

But just watch a girl of the "butterfly life"
Who finally marries some chap,
Who is placed in life's category
As a well dressed up to date "yap."
The height of their ambition
Is usually "doing the Town,"
Or showing their "circle" that they are real sports,
After they've settled down.