

Save the Boys!

BY JULIA NEELY FINCH.

Save the boys! They are the
muscle and bone,
The sinew and thew of our
country's good;
With their sturdy limbs and
active hands,
And their brave, young hearts,
and eager eyes,
Their earnest brows where
thought is shown;
Their boyish aims, half under-
stood.
Oh! that mothers in all the
lands
Could see where their highest
duty lies.

To save these dear and innocent
ones;
To hold as sacred that spotless
page
That God hath let us to write
upon;
To mould aright the immortal
clay,
The hearts and lives of our dear
sons,
While in the yielding, plastic
age.
Each boy we save is something
done
That helps the world live God's
own way.

Pray for them and with them;
above
All, let no angry word or taunt
Estrange, or turn from you
your boys,
Rough speech many a home de-
stroys!
Save the body as well as the soul,
Keep it fair, as an indwelling place
For the spirit, that immortal part:
Pray with them and for them, day by
day;

Show them the signals that vice unfurls,
That lie in the path of each human,
The curse of gold, the poison of drink,
The lusts that are the devil's sure gain;
Save the boys! Soon, too soon, will
they stray
Out of your arms, from under your roof,
And your heart will be hungry, and long
For their rollicking shout and call.



Your Boy Next, Please. Somebody's Boy must go to feed
this brute every hour, if he lives. Perhaps Yours Next.

"Papa, Be True to Me."

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem.

"To tell you the truth," said the Senator recently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my Senatorial colleagues gave a dinner, and I was one of the guests."

"Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Senator Coggeshall, "I refused to drink anything intoxicating,