

VERSE WRITERS of CANADA



Starving!

By Cy Warman

Most authors, after they have "arrived," have had the experience of being asked to make gratuitous contributions to publications "issued every little while" by amateur editors in the cause of charity, etc.

Awhile ago Cy Warman, the well known writer of railroad stories, who resides in London, Ont., replied to one such request with the lines opposite. A look at any one of the poet's pudgy youngsters is all that is necessary to prove that Mr. Warman has availed himself to a large extent of what is familiarly known as "poetic license." The "editor" was bright enough to publish the verses.

Dear friend, I should like to write something for you,
But there's so little here in my head;
And life is so short and there's so much to do,
And the children are crying for bread;
There are stories for Munsey, McClure and Success,
The Post, the Companion and others, I guess
For this time, a failure I'll have to confess,
For the children are crying for bread.

'Twere a pleasure to sing for the good of the cause,
(But the children are crying for bread)
And I know in your house, I'd be sure of applause
If I knew just the thing to be said;
For the women are kind as the women are fair,
And their laughter is lighter than timberline air;
If I gave them a song, they would give me a prayer,
But the children are crying for bread.

You know there are times when you can't do a thing,
When the wheels whirl around in your head;
And you must know it's hard for a fellow to sing
With the children all crying for bread.
Though my lute may be mute, you will pray under-stand,
I am with you in spirit all over the land,
And to you and your comrades, I'm kissing my hand,
While the children are crying for bread.