

The Point of View.
Life is called a dancing bubble
On the rapid stream of years,
Rainbow-hued or dimmed by trouble
As it to our view appears.

Life is heaven if we use it,
Loving well our fellow kind,
But is hell if we abuse it—
All depends upon the mind.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

A Picture From Life's Other Side.
In the world's mighty gallery of pictures
Hang scenes that are painted from life:
Pictures of love and of beauty,
Pictures of hatred and strife;
Pictures of home that was happy,
Where father and mother reside,
There hangs on the wall the saddest of all,
The picture from life's other side.

CHORUS.

A picture from life's other side,
Some one fell by the way;
A life has gone out with the tide,
That may have been happy one day;
Some poor old mother at home,
Is watching and waiting alone,
Longing to hear from her loved one so dear,
That's the picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler,
Who has lost all his money at play;
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger.
That she wore on her wedding day.
His last earthly treasure he stakes it,
Bows his head that his shame he might hide.
When they lifted his head they found he was dead;

That's a picture from life's other side.
The next scene is that of two brothers,
Whose lives in different ways led;
One was in luxury living,
The other begged for his bread,
One dark night they met on the highway,
Your money or life the thief cried!
He took with his knife his own brother's life.

That's a picture from life's other side.
The last scene is that by a river,
Of a heart broken mother and babe,
As she stands in the night air and shivers,
An outcast and no one will say.
Once she was somebody's darling,
Some mother's joy and pride,
God help her she leaped, there is no one to leap,
That's the picture from life's other side.

PROXIMITY.

By Rev. W. J. Thompson.
Two born within one home
In company are seen:
Yet separated so—
A million miles between!

Two others may be born
An entire world apart;
Yet are close together
In mind, and soul, and heart!

Distance is not in miles,
Whatever men may say;
The measure of our thoughts
Makes near, or far away!

Ah, How Sweet.
Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Breathe away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more
And less simple than before.

Love, like spring tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear
'Tis but rain and runs not clear.

John Dryden.

Songs with a Moral

FEBRUARY 19, 1941.

Songs of Long Ago

Don't Marry a Man to Reform Him.
Don't marry a man to reform him,
To God and your own self be true;
Don't link his voice to your virtue;
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings
Be not by his good promise led
If he can't be a man while wooing
He'll never be one when he's wed.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And just proved a failure at last;
Better tread your life's path alone, dear,
Than to wed a lover that's fast.

Mankind's much the same the world over,
The exceptions you'll find are but few;
And the rule is defeat and disaster—
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name, his honor and truth.

"To honor and love" you must promise;
Don't pledge when you can not fulfill.
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you then never will.

Make virtue the price of your favor
Place wrong doing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and wed
you,

Prove himself in full measure a man.

Sent in by Mrs. C. A. Van Amburgh, Lind, Wash.

Always Cheerful.

Let our hearts be always cheerful,
Why should murmuring enter there
When our kind and loving father
Makes us children of his care.

CHORUS.

Always cheerful, always cheerful,
Sunshine all around we see,
Full of beauty is the path of duty,
Cheerful we may always be.

When we turn aside from duty,
Comes the pain of doing wrong,
And a shadow creeping o'er us
Checks the rapture of our song.

Oh, the good are always happy,
And their path is always bright,
Let us heed the blessed council,
Shun the wrong and do the right.

Sent in by Mrs. Hudson Freeman, Rosalia, Wash.

Songs of Long Ago

Smile When You Can.
Smile when you can. It may lighten a burden.
You know not how many your brother must bear.
Know not how oftentimes a bright smile may soften
A heart that is ready to yield to despair.
Smile when you can—a fond heart that is breaking
May find some sweet hope in a beautiful smile;
Some tender mem'ry that smile may be waking
To bless and to comfort that fond heart the while.

CHORUS.

Smile when you can, as you work for the Master
In gather'ring the sheaves for his garner above.
Work if it be but a "cup of cold water"
You offer, with smiles, to a child of his love.

Smile when you can—it is easy in sunshine.
But smiles make the sunshine more blessed and bright.
Who would you have to walk 'neath the shadows
Which one sunny smile might disperse with its light?
Then smile when you can—like "bread on the waters,"
The smile that you give a sad bosom to cheer
May some day reflect from the lips of another
And chase from your spirit a sigh and a tear.

Death and the Youth.

"Not yet, the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet, my heart is full of hope,
I can not bear to die.

"Not yet, I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love, O Death!
I can not come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die!"

—Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Songs of Long Ago

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.
There's a dark and troubled side of life.
There's a bright and sunny side, too.
Though we meet with the darkness and strife,
The sunny side we also may view.

Chorus.

Keep on the sunny side,
Always on the sunny side,
Keep on the sunny side of life.
It will help us every day,
It will brighten all the way,
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

Though the storm in its fury break today,
Crushing hopes that we cherished dear,
Storms and clouds will pass away,
The sun again will shine bright and clear.

Sent in by Mrs. John Holt, Spokane.

Good By.

"Farewell! farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
Tis a whispered tone—tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good by!"

"Adieu! Adieu!" may greet the ear,
In guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship bursts and glows,
In the warm, frank words, "Good by."

—Anonymous.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the selfsame winds that blow;
It's the set of the sails and not the gales
That tells the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
It's the set of the soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Songs of Long Ago

"Pulling Hard Against the Stream."
In this world I've gained my knowledge,
And for it I've had to pay,
Though I've never been to college,
Yet I've heard the poets say:
Life is like a mighty river, rolling on from
day to day;
Men and vessels launched upon it,
Sometimes wrecked and cast away.

Do your best for one another, making
life a pleasant dream.
Help a worn and weary brother, pulling
hard against the stream.

Many a bright, good-hearted fellow, many
a noble-minded man
Finds himself within a shallow, then assist
him if she can.
Some succeed at every turning, fortune
favors every scheme,
Others, too, the more deserving, have to
pull against the stream.

If the wind is in your favor, and you've
weathered every squall,
Think of those who luckless labor, never
get fair winds at all;
Working hard, contented, willingly strug-
gling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling, pulling
hard against the stream.

Don't give way to foolish sorrow, let this
keep you in good cheer;
Brighter days may come tomorrow if you
try and persevere.
Darkest night will have a morning, though
the sky be overcast.
Longest lane will have a turning, and the
tide will turn at last.

Sent in by Mrs. William Stookey, Spokane.

STATION Y O U

Does your life broadcast a story
That is fine and brave and true,
Or send out on the ether
Some sobbing, wailing, "blue"?
Is your life a noble sermon,
Being broadcast far and wide,
Or just a pack of theories
That you've never really tried?
Does it bring to men a message
That will teach them to be strong?
Are you seeking, as you broadcast,
To help the world along?
Then check up on your program,
Make it strong and clear and true.
Be careful what you broadcast
From station Y O U.

A Friend to Man.

Let me travel the road, the road of life,
Where the races of men pass on.
The men who are weak from their load of
sin,
And the men who are good and strong.
I would not look with a scorn'er's eye,
Nor hurl the cyn-i-c's ban.
Let me travel the road, the road of life,
And be a friend to man.

Let me travel the road, the road of life,
Where some sin-burdened soul I'll meet,
Let me be a balm to his aching heart,
And a guide to his weary feet;
Let me tell him of Christ who died to
save,
Let me give him salvation's plan.
Let me travel the road, the road of life
And be a friend to man.

Sent in by Mrs. Fred Palmer, Spokane.

Songs of Long Ago

You Can't Have Everything.
You can't have everything;
Be satisfied with the little you may get,
You can't have everything,
Don't envy neighbors and the fortunes
that they get.
Live and laugh, and listen, don't be
greedy;
Help the needy and you've gotta get
lucky, yes, indeed.
Poor man, rich man, beggar or king,
You just can't have everything;
So thank your stars above
For a song in your heart, a penny in
your pocket,
And some one in your arms to love.

Sent in by Miss Laura Bircher, Marcus, Wash.

Feather Your Nest.
Oh, sweetheart mine, it's wedding time,
The whole world seems to say.
The summer days are fading.
Into love land let us stray.
Birds sing merrily,
High up in each tree.
And, sweetheart, they sing messages
Just for you and me.

CHORUS.
The birds are humming, "Go feather your
nest."
Tomorrow's coming, so feather your nest.
It's time for mating, no use hesitating,
The parson is waiting.
He knows just whether it's best.
In a home for two, love, together we'll rest.
Where only true love can weather the test.
Don't be delaying, the organ is playing,
The whole world is saying, "Go feather
your nest."

Your heart is beating peacefully
When friends are fond and true,
The world is filled with gladness when
The one you love loves you.
Mountains or the sea over we may roam,
The path that leads to love, sweet love,
Leads to home, sweet home.

The Spider.
Did you ever hear tell of the spider
Who tried up the wall hard to climb?
If not, just take that as a guile,
You'll find it will serve you in time.
Nine times it tried to be mounting
And every time it had a fall,
But it tried hard again without counting
And of course reached the top of the
wall.

CHORUS.
So what is the use of repining,
For where there's a will there's a way,
And tomorrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy today.

Do you think that by sitting and sighing
You will ever obtain all you want?
It is cowards alone that are crying
And foolishly saying, "I can't."
It's only by plodding and striving
And laboring up the steep hill
Of life that you'll ever be thriving,
Which you'll do if you've only the will.

Some grumble because they are not mar-
ried,

And can not procure a good wife,
While others they wish they had married
And long for a bachelor's life.
To me it is very bewildering,
Some grumble, it must be in fun—
Because they have too many children
And others because they have none.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kam-
lah, Idaho.

Two Pictures.
An old farmhouse with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see.
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

An old city's constant din,
A man who 'round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Annie D. Green.
(Marian Douglas.)

In Happy Moments.
In happy moments day by day,
The sands of life may pass
In swift but tranquil tide away
From time's unerring glass.

Yet hopes we used as bright to deem
Remembrance will recall,
Whose pure and whose unfading beam
Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze
And hearts with fondness beat,
Whose smile upon each feature plays
With truthfulness replete.

Some thoughts none other can replace,
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace
Is dearer than them all.

The Tale Bearer.

"O! mother, do hear what a tale I've
heard.
So bad I can scarce believe."

"Stop, stop, my child, not a single word,
Till we sift it through the sieve."

"The sieve? The meaning of what you've
said?"

I certainly do not know."

"The sieve of truth; through its golden
thread,"

"Are you sure the story will go?"

"No, not quite sure; but you must be-
lieve,"

It's told all over the town."

"Stop, stop, my child, through another
sieve,"

Let us sift this matter down."

"Another sieve? What can it be?"

You certainly make me laugh."

"The silver sieve; is it kind? Let's see
If it leaves us grain or chaff."

"No, not quite kind; but can not I
Tell my mother the worst or best?"

"Stop, stop, my child, by the iron sieve,
we'll try

One more and a final test."

"And what is the iron sieve? Full well
Its test, I would like to know."

"It is this, my child: Is there need to
tell?"

If not, let the story go."

"It is needless to tell, it may not be
true,

And I'm sure it is not kind."

"Then I'd let it go, if I were you,
Like the chaff before the wind."

Songs of Long Ago

Where There's Drink, There's Danger.
Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it in the copybook,
That the young may often look:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the rum-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write for all the passersby:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white
So it can be read aright:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on our ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it large in letters plain
Over every land and main:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of state,
In the hearts of every hand,
On the laws of every land:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Sent in by Mrs. A. C. Sanders, Spokane.

I'll Give You My Doll.

One bright summer day in a great city
park,
Where the people of all classes stray.
There a richly dressed child, on a rough
wooden bench,
With a lovely wax doll was at play.
When seated beside her a poor little waif,
Held a rag baby close to her breast,
While the other looked on with envious
eyes

And said, half in earnest, half jest.

CHORUS.
"I'll give you my doll, if you'll give me
yours,
Although I've had mine but one day.
and lords,

I've others at home, dressed like ladies
My prince with your pauper shall play."
The poor girl looked down in her rag
baby's face,
With love in her sweet eyes of blue,
Said, "Your doll wears velvet, while
mine's clothed in rags,
Yet I would not trade with you."

Years later two weddings took place the
same day,
And the poor girl was wedded to one
Whom nature had moulded a prince among
men,

Not a happier pair 'neath the sun.
But the daughter of fortune was bound
to a man
With links, not of love, but of gold,
In a mansion she dreams of a happier
life.

And thinks as in those days of old.

Sent in by Daphne Long, Spokane.

Resolved

If we could live these magic years
All through and fail to see
In all the miracles of life
A sign of Deity.

Dismiss the thought of one control
Of this vast solar realm.
One power, just one hand alone
One master at the helm.

If we have failed to justify
The love our neighbors gave
And by neglect or unconcern
Another kindness waived.

If we could separate the love
We owed and failed to pay
Forget it all and then direct
Our thoughts some other way.

Segregate our worthwhile deeds
From those that caused a pain
Our better from our ugly moods
And live them through again.

If in our thoughts not one regret
Might ever be involved
Then we would never feel the need
Of New Year's good, resolved.

So let us fortify ourselves
Against regrets and tears
And say we can and will improve
Throughout the coming years.

— Golden Bibee

Just a Girl That Men Forget.
Dear little girl, they call you a vamp,
A flapper with up-to-date ways;
You may shine brightly, but just like a lamp,
You'll burn out one of these days.
Then your old-fashioned sister will come into view,
With a husband and kiddies; but what about you?

CHORUS.
You're the kind of a girl that men forget,
Just a toy to enjoy for a while;
For when men settle down
They always want an old-fashioned girl
With an old-fashioned smile;
And you'll soon realize, you're not so wise
When the years bring you tears of regret,
When they play, "Here comes the bride,"
You'll stand outside,
Just a girl that men forgot.

Over the Hill From the Poorhouse.
I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as the "worst of the deacon's six";
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poorhouse.

Tom could save what twenty could earn,
But glyin' was something he ne'er could learn;
Isaac could half o' the scripture speak,
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot an' never slipped,
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped—
So, over the hill to the poorhouse.

As for Susan, her heart was kind,
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved, an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done,
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about.

An' all our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me.
An' when one dark an' rainy night
A neighbor's horse went out of sight
They picked me as a guilty chap
That carried one end of the halter-strap.
An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place.
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I'm inclined to believe 'twas true.

Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as horses, was led.
And the worst of whisky spurred me on
Or else the deed would have never been done.

But keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt
An' cried and prayed till I melted down
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.

I kissed her fondly then and there,
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take, who never will.
And then I decided to "go out west."
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best.

Where how I prospered I never could tell,
But fortune seemed to like me well.
An' somehow, every vein I struck
Was always bubblin' over with luck.

An' better than that, I was steady an' true,

An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor an' said,

"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead.
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor wrote to me,
"Your mother is in the poorhouse," says he;

I had a resurrection straightaway.
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown
I took great care I shouldn't be known.
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,

Of some one Charley had sold it to.
And held back neither work nor gold
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fireplace, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky.

The old clock ticked on the corner shelf—
I wound it an' set it again myself.
An' if everything wasn't quite the same
Neither I nor Mandy was to blame.

Then—over the hill to the poorhouse!

One bloomin', blusterin' winter's day,
With team an' cutter I started away.
My fiery nags were as black as coal
(They someot resembled the horse I stole).

I hitched an' entered the poorhouse door.
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor.

She rose to her feet in great surprise.

I saw the whole of her troubles' trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face.
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows are done!"

You're adopted along o' your horse thief son.
Come over the hill from the poorhouse!"

She didn't faint, she knelt by my side.
An' thanked the Lord till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay.

An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;

An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm and bright;

An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' and kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers.

Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison bird.
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of them owe me more or less.)

But I've learned one thing, and it cheers a man.

In always a-doin' the best he can,
That whether on the big book a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats,

However, they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me—
So over the hill from the poorhouse.

Glad Rag Doll.

Little painted lady with your lovely clothes,
Where are you bound, may I ask?

What your diamonds cost you, everybody knows.

All the world can see behind your mask.

CHORUS.

All dolled up in glad rags,
Tomorrow may turn to sad rags,

They call you glad rag doll.

Admired, desired by lovers

Who soon grow tired,

Poor little glad rag doll.

You're just a pretty toy they like to play with,

Not the kind they choose to grow old and gray with.

Don't make this the end, dear.

It's never too late to mend, dear.

Poor little glad rag doll.

Sent in by Mrs. Jerry Moss, Spokane.

A Bird in a Gilded Cage.

A ballroom was filled with fashion's throng,
It shone with a thousand lights,
And there was a woman who passed along.
The fairest of all the sights.

A girl to her sweetheart then softly sighed:
"There's riches at her command."

"But she married for wealth, not for love," he cried.

"Though she lives in a mansion grand."

CHORUS.

She's only a bird in a gilded cage,
A beautiful sight to see.

You may think she is happy and free
from care,

But she's not what she seems to be.
The sad when you think of her wasted life,

For youth can not mate with age,
And her beauty was sold for an old man's gold,

She's a bird in a gilded cage.

I stood in a churchyard just at eve,
When the sunset adorned the west,

And looked at the people who came to grieve

For loved ones laid at rest.
A tall marble monument marks the grave

Of one who'd been fashion's queen,
And I thought she is happier here at rest

Than to have people say when she's seen:—(Repeat chorus.)

Putting on the Agony.

In eighteen-sixty-seven, January first,
I thought I'd write a poem, if I could at first.

Looking out the window something made me smile,

I saw a feller passing, putting on the style.

CHORUS.

Putting on the agony, putting on the style;
That's what so many people are doing all the while.

And when I look about me, I very often smile

To see so many people putting on the style.

The preacher in the pulpit shouts with all his might,

"Glory, Hallelujah!" The people's in a fight.

You'd think the black bus was coming down the aisle.

It's nothing but the preacher putting on the style.

The young man in a carriage driving like he's mad,
With a pair of splendid horses borrowed from his dad.

Cracks his whip sublimely to make the ladies smile

And thinks there's nothing like it—it's putting on the style.

A young man in a grog shop, smokes a dirty pipe,
Looks just like a pumpkin, only partly ripe.

Smokes and chews and gambles, thinking all the while

That there's nothing equal to it—it's putting on the style.

Country youths and maidens going to see the scenes,
Look just like a couple of green garden beans.

Gingerbread and candy eating all the while,

Going out to see the scenes and putting on the style.

* * *

(Spoken.)
And if you think my song is not true,
you may think I've been putting on the style.

Sent in by Mrs. Emily Hartsoch, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

Marie.

There is a gleam in your eyes, Marie,
And the meaning is plain to see
A fine romance is a game of chance
That is more than it seems to be.

CHORUS.

Marie, the dawn is breaking,
Marie, you'll soon be waking
To find your heart is aching
And tears will fall as you recall
The moon in all its splendor,
The kiss so very tender.
The words will you surrender to me,
Marie.

Sent in by Mrs. Robert Dorn, Spokane;
Mrs. Anne Barth, Burke, Idaho.

Darling Bessie of the Lea.

Oft I wander midst the roses in the
golden summer time
And listen to the streamlet as it rings a
merry chime.
But far sweeter than the roses or the
streamlet unto me,
The smile face of Bessie, darling Bessie
of the lea.

CHORUS.

Oh, she is the fairest flower ever sent to
comfort me.
Pure and gentle as an angel, darling
Bessie of the lea.
For she is the sweetest flower ever sent
to comfort me.
I love that little fairy, darling Bessie of
the lea.

Not a bird in all the wildwood but will
answer to her call.
Oh, most I love the twilight when the
pearly dewdrops fall.
She meets me in the valley and she kindly
welcomes me.
My bonnie star of evening, darling Bessie
of the lea.

Oh, the honey bee may linger where the
buds and blossoms grow,
And the gentle breeze of summer in the
fragrance come and go.
But they all will pass unheeded, wherever
they may be,
For my heart is full of Bessie, darling
Bessie of the lea.

Sent in by Kitty Hall, White Bluffs,
Wash.; Mrs. R. L. Berlinghoff, Lewiston,
Idaho; Mrs. E. D. Cave, Bonners Ferry,
Idaho.

Mollie Darling.

Won't you tell me, Mollie, darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie, darling.
You are all the world to me.
Take my heart, sweet Mollie, darling,
Say that you will give me thine.
Oh! I love you, Mollie, darling.
Say, oh, say you will be mine.

CHORUS.

Mollie, truest, sweetest, dearest.
Look up, Mollie, tell me this.
If you love me, Mollie, darling,
Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are shining, Mollie, darling.
Through the mystic veil of night.
They seem modest, Mollie, darling.
While fair Luna hides her light.
No one listens but the flowers.
While they hang their heads in shame.
They are modest, Mollie, darling.
When they hear me call your name,
I must leave you, Mollie, darling.
Though the parting gives me pain.
When the stars shine, Mollie, darling,
Won't you meet me here again?
Goodby, Mollie, goodby, loved one.
Happy may you ever be!
When you're dreaming, Mollie, darling,
Don't forget to dream of me.

Sweet Marie.

I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie.
A tale I would impart, love, to thee.
Every daisy in the dell knows my secret,
Knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Marie, sweet Marie,
come to me.
Not because your face is fair, love, to see,
But your soul so pure and sweet, makes
my happiness complete,
Makes me falter at your feet, sweet Marie.

When I hold your hand in mine, sweet
Marie.
A feeling most divine comes to me.
All the world is full of spring, full of
warblers on the wing.

And I listen while they sing, sweet Marie.
In the morn when I awake, sweet Marie,
Seems to me my heart will break, love,
for thee.
Every wave that shakes the shore seems
to sing it o'er and o'er,
Seems to say that I adore sweet Marie.

When the sunset tints the west, sweet
Marie.
And I sit down to rest, love, with thee,
Every star that studs the sky seems to
stand and wonder why.
They're so dim beside your eye, sweet
Marie.

LOVE Songs

Songs of Long Ago

Sweet Evalina.

Way down in the valley where the lily
first blows,
Where the wind from the mountains ne'er
ruffles the rose.
Lives fond Evalina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley, the girl that I
love.

Chorus:

Sweet Evalina, dear Evalina,
My love for you can never, never die.
Dear Evalina, sweet Evalina,
My love for you can never, never die.
She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is
meek,

And never was known to put paint on her
cheek!

In the most graceful curls hangs her
raven-black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

Evalina and I one evening in June
Took a walk all alone by the light of the
moon;
The planets all shone, for the heavens
were clear,
And I felt round the heart, oh most
mighty queer.

Three years have gone by and I've not
got a dollar—
Evalina still lives in the green, grassy
holler.
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I'll love her, I'm sure, for ever and ever.

Cielito Lindo.

There is a garden, a wonderful garden,
With sunshine and romance and flowers
Love-land of happy hours
I call it my heaven beautiful
When I dream of this garden, this won-
derful garden,
I dream of the happiest hours
When love walked mid the flowers
And brought me a maiden beautiful.

Refrain:

Garden of love
Beautiful heaven
Where rainbows bend
To one happy end
And all the world sings I love you.
Garden of dreams
Beautiful heaven
We'll meet again and love just as then
While all the world sings I love you.

Fair are the roses, the beautiful roses,
That bloom in my garden of splendor,
'Twas there in sweet surrender
Love gave me a rose so beautiful,
And when twilight is setting, my heart's
not forgetting

In dream once again I remember,
Some one so sweet and tender
Who waits in my heaven beautiful.

Sent in by Esther Johnson, Spirit Lake,
Idaho.

Peggy O'Neill.

Peggy O'Neill was a girl who could steal
Any heart, anywhere, any time,
Now I'll put you wise, how you'll recog-
nize

This wonderful girl of mine.

CHORUS.

If her eyes are as blue as skies,
That's Peggy O'Neill;
If she's smiling all the while,
That's Peggy O'Neill.
If she walks like a sly little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue;
Sweet personality, full of rascality,
That's Peggy O'Neill.

Everything's planned for a wedding so
grand.

In the spring, I will bring her the ring,
And somewhere in town, we'll settle down,
And all through the day I'll sing.
—Chorus.

Beautiful Katy.

Jimmie was a soldier, brave and bold,
Katy was a maid with hair of gold,
Like an act of fate,
Katy was standing at the gate
Watching all the boys on dress parade.
Jimmie with the girls was just a gawk,
Stuttered every time he tried to talk,
Still, that night at eight,
He was there at Katie's gate,
Stuttering to her this love-sick cry.

CHORUS.

K-k-k-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore.
When the m-moon shines over the cow-
shed

I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.
No one ever looked so nice and neat,
No one ever was so cute and sweet,
That's what Jimmie thought,
When the wedding ring he bought.
Now he's off to France the foe to meet;
Jimmie thought he'd like to take a chance
To see if he could make the Kaiser dance;
Stepping to a tune, all about the silvery
moon.

This is what they hear in far-off France.
Chorus.

Seeing Nellie Home.

In the sky bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party

I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS.
I was seeing Nellie home.
I was seeing Nellie home.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party

I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party

I was seeing Nellie home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party

I was seeing Nellie home.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party

I was seeing Nellie home.

Sent in by Maxson Wood, Jerome,
Wash.

(Boy): Angela Mia.

Days were long and nights were endless,
Overhead the skies were gray;
Seemed all wrong to be so friendless,
And then one day you came my way.

(Girl): Ever since the day you found me,
You have filled my heart with bliss;
For you put your arms around me
And then you softly whispered this:

CHORUS.

Angela mia, you are my angel dear,
The heavens sent you down to me from
up above,
Angela mia, you are my guiding star,
A sweet Madonna that I honor and love.
You're like the sunshines in all its splen-
dor.

And I surrender each time you smile,
Angela mia, my prayers are answered now.
And I am thankful for Angela mia,
Angel, thankful for Angela mia.

Sent in by Miss Fern Kennedy, Spokane.

Readers will remember the song,
"Doris, Doris!" which was popular
several years ago. Mrs. N. F. Burton
of Mountain Home, Idaho, submitted
the song recently for publication.

Edgar Guest is the author of the
poem, "Ma and the Auto."

Doris, Doris!

Doris was a village maiden, little did she
know,
Save the sentence I had taught her, "Oh,
I love you, so!" Every lad for miles around willingly
would have been bound To the sweetheart I had found and proud
to be her beau.

CHORUS.

Doris, Doris, Oh, how I love thee,
See me at thy feet.
Doris, Doris could you but love me,
Life would be complete.
Doris, Doris, stars bright above thee,
Hear my pleading too,
Why then tarry, come let us marry,
Dearest Doris, do.

Time went on and simple Doris learned
a thing or two,
Day by day I found my loved one, harder
still to woo.
Other suitors oft were seen by her side
where I had been.
Flirting with my village queen, I heard
her pleading too.—Chorus.

Fortune smiled upon her father in the
marts of trade:
By a lucky speculation he a million
made,
Taking from his bank account, gold and
bonds in large amount
Bought for her a foreign count who
scorned her while I prayed.—Chorus

Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.
 I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair.
 Borne like a vapor on the golden air.
 I see her tripping where the bright streams play.
 Gay as the daisies along her way.
 Many are the fond notes her merry voice would pour.
 Echoed by the birds in the grove, o'er and o'er.
 Ah; dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair.
 Afloat like a vapor in the soft summer air.
 I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile,
 Radiant with gladness, warm with winning guile.
 I hear her melodies attuned to love
 Warm as the sun lighting heaven above.
 I sigh for Jeanie when the daylight fades,
 Hour when the shadows haunt the dewy glades.
 And when the stars adorn the midnight skies
 I view the light as her own dear eyes.

Sail Along, Silvery Moon.
 Sail along, silvery moon,
 Sail along lovers' lane,
 Sail along, silvery moon,
 To my love again.
 In the glow of your light,
 Let me see her tonight:
 Once again hold her tight,
 Down in lovers' lane.
 Two blue hearts will seem lighter
 As we stroll hand in hand,
 The whole world will seem brighter,
 You understand.
 Sail along, silvery moon,
 Sail along lovers' lane,
 Sail along, silvery moon,
 To my love again.

Sent in by Doris Huffman, Leonia, Idaho; Mrs. Marie A. Snyder, Weippe, Idaho; Elaine Hartman, Spokane; Janet Lorraine, Swanbeck, R. F. D. 4, Spokane.

"A Sail Boat in the Moonlight."
 A sail boat in the moonlight and you
 Wouldn't that be heaven, a heaven just
 for two?
 A soft breeze on a June night and you.
 What a perfect setting for letting dreams
 come true.
 A chance to sail away to Sweetheart bay,
 Beneath the stars that shine;
 A chance to drift with you.
 To lift your tender lips to mine;
 The things, dear, that I long for are few.
 Just give me a sail boat in the moonlight
 and you.

Sent in by Mrs. Levena E. Roll, Deer Park, Wash.

The Desert Song.
 My desert is waiting.
 Dear, come there with me.
 I'm longing to teach you
 Love's sweet melody.
 I'll sing a dream-song to you,
 Painting a picture for two.

REFRAIN.
 Blue heaven and you and I,
 And sand kissing a moonlit sky,
 A desert breeze whisp'ring a lullaby,
 Only stars above
 To see I love you.
 Oh, give me that night divine
 And let my arms in yours entwine.
 The desert song calling,
 Its voice entralling
 Will make you mine.
 Repeat chorus.

Good Night, Little Girl of My Dreams.
 I'm always blue when I whisper to you,
 Good night, little girl of my dreams.
 Though we're apart, you'll be with me,
 sweetheart.
 Good night, little girl of my dreams,
 I know that I'll be dreaming of you,
 Dreaming that you love me
 And that I love you.
 Kiss me and then, till we meet again,
 Good night, little girl of my dreams.

Sent in by Miss Jessie Campbell, Mullan, Idaho.

"You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven."
 You're the only star in my blue heaven,
 And you're shining just for me;
 You're the only star in my blue heaven,
 And in dreams your face I see.
 You're the guiding light that brightens
 up the night.
 Until you come in sight my heart is
 lonely.
 You're the only star in my blue heaven,
 And you're shining just for me.

Feather Your Nest.
 Oh, sweetheart mine, it's wedding time,
 The whole world seems to say,
 The summer days are fading,
 Into love land let us stray.
 Birds sing merrily,
 High up in each tree,
 And, sweetheart, they sing messages
 Just for you and me.

CHORUS.
 The birds are humming, "Go feather your nest."
 Tomorrow's coming, so feather your nest.
 It's time for matins, no use hesitating,
 The parson is waiting,
 He knows just whether it's best.
 In a home for two, love, together we'll rest.
 Where only true love can weather the test
 Don't be delaying, the organ is playing,
 The whole world is saying, "Go feather your nest."

Your heart is beating peacefully
 When friends are fond and true.
 The world is filled with gladness when
 The one you love loves you.
 Mountains or the sea over we may roam,
 The path that leads to love, sweet love,
 Leads to home, sweet home.

Over the Garden Wall.
 Oh, my love stood under the walnut tree,
 Over the garden wall.
 She whispered and said she'd be true to me.
 Over the garden wall.
 She'd beautiful eyes and beautiful hair,
 She was not very tall, so she stood on a chair.
 And many a time I've kissed her there,
 Over the garden wall.

CHORUS.
 Over the garden wall, the sweetest girl of all.
 There never were yet such eyes of jet,
 And you may bet I'll never forget
 The night our lips and kisses met,
 Over the garden wall.

But her father stamped and her father raved,
 Over the garden wall.
 Like an old, mad man he behaved
 Over the garden wall.
 She made a bouquet of roses red,
 But as soon as I popped up my head
 He gave me a bucket of water instead
 Over the garden wall.

One day I jumped down on the other side
 Over the garden wall.
 Bravely she promised to be my bride
 Over the garden wall.
 But she screamed in a fright, "Here's father! Quick!"
 I have the impression he's bringing a stick!
 But I got the impression of half a brick
 Over the garden wall.

But where there's a will there is always
 a way.
 Over the garden wall.
 There's always a night as well as a day,
 Over the garden wall.
 We hadn't much money, but weddings
 were cheap,
 So while the old duffer was snoring asleep
 With a lad and a ladder she managed to
 creep
 Over the garden wall.

Little Girl Dressed in Blue.
 I fell in love with a pretty little girl;
 Her name I do not know.
 I meet her in the evening wherever I
 may go.
 She wears a white lace handkerchief.
 It's marked with "T" and "U."
 I'll know her when I see her.
 The little girl dressed in blue.

REFRAIN.
 Oh, she drives me almost crazy,
 I don't know what I'll do
 If I can't find the pretty little girl
 That I saw dressed in blue.
 Oh, she almost drives me crazy,
 I don't know what I'll do
 If I can't find the pretty little girl,
 The little girl dressed in blue.

I met her on the street one day;
 She looked at me so shy,
 And when my horses saw her,
 They both began to fly.
 They ripped and reared so badly scared,
 And down the street they flew,
 Until they passed the pretty little girl,
 The little girl dressed in blue.

If I can find out where she lives,
 And where she does belong,
 I'll tell to her the story,
 The burden of my song;
 And if I can not find her, my heart will
 break in two.
 If I can't find that pretty little girl,
 The little girl dressed in blue.

Sent in by Woddie Day, Kellogg, Idaho.

Fools Rush In.
 Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
 And so I come to you, my love,
 My heart above my head.

Though I see the danger there,
 If there's a chance for me,
 Then I don't care.

Fools rush in where angels never go
 But wise men never fall in love,
 So how are they to know?

When we met I felt my life begin,
 So open up your heart,
 And let this fool rush in.

Sent in by Mavis Stackhouse, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Answer to Blue Eyes.

Dear, you say that tonight you've been
 dreaming
 Of the blue eyes you once loved so dear.
 And they say that for years you've been
 scheming
 For a way that would help you hide those
 tears.
 You remember the night that we parted
 By the cabin at the end of the lane,
 When we kissed and you left me broken-
 hearted,
 And said that we'd never meet again.

CHORUS.
 And at last you have proven true, my
 darling,
 And you knew all the time you were
 wrong,
 For those unkindly words that were
 spoken,
 Dear, you'll find that the answer's in this
 song.

Now the cold, wicked world may turn
 against you.
 But you'll find that your blue eyes are
 the same
 As they were on the night when we
 parted
 By the cabin at the end of the lane.
 For the link in the chain all's been
 broken.
 It was only just a little careless strain,
 And we'll keep it forever, won't we
 darling?
 And promise that it'll never be again.

Sent in by Mrs. Clyde Copeland, Spokane.

Love and a Dime.

We've got love and a dime,
 We just found it in time.
 We've got dreams of love
 Living on two nickels
 With the sun up above.
 We've got plenty of time
 To live on love an' syncopation,
 Rhythm and rime,
 We've got that spring and ev'rything.
 We've got love and a dime,
 Oh, we've got that song.
 In fact we've got just what it takes to
 get along.
 We've got so much of such and such.
 Baby, how can we go wrong?
 Certainly we've our share
 Of ev'rything, ev'rywhere,
 I love you and you're not fickle.
 You've got five cents and
 I've got a nickel.
 We've got love and a dime.

It Can't Be Wrong.

Wrong, would it be wrong to kiss,
 Seeing I feel like this,
 Would it be wrong to try?
 Wrong, would it be wrong to stay
 Here in your arms this way,
 Under this starry sky?
 If it is wrong,
 Then why were you sent to me,
 Why am I content to be
 With you forever?
 So when I need you so much
 And I have waited so long,
 It must be right,
 It can't be wrong.

Sent in by Roberta Schussman, Garfield Wash.

COME TO ME.

By Sam Essick.

Come to me when day is done;
 Or when morning tints the rose,
 Daytime spent, or just begun,
 Dews of morn, or night's repose.

Come when veins like rivers run;
 And the lovelight in your eyes
 Is like summer, when the sun
 Warms the earth, and thrills the
 skies.

I Love a Lad.

I love a lad, oh, my, so bad,
But I won't tell you his name,
Some girl might know my darling beau
And cut me out of him.
He's just my pet now, you may bet,
Hovee, ain't he nice.
He's tall and straight and just so neat
And he and I will splice.

CHORUS.

He's the only fellow I ever had,
He's the only one I ever 'spect to get,
He's the idol of my heart,
My dark eyed, curly headed pet.

We often walk and have a talk
And he tells me things so sweet.
His arm is strong, his cheek is warm,
And my joy is quite complete.
He's vowed hat he will marry me
When the clover is in bloom;
So we want you all on us to call
In our happy rural home.

Chorus.

Sent in by Mrs. Hudson Fullmer, Rosalia, Wash.

Just One Girl.

I'm in love with a sweet little girlie,
Only one, only one.
I meet her each morning quite early,
Rain or sun, rain or sun.
To work we go walking together
Just as gay as can be;
We're truly two birds of a feather,
That one little girl and me.

CHORUS.

Just one girl, only just one girl:
There are others, I know, but they're not
my pearl.
Sun or rain, she is just the same;
I'll be happy forever with just one girl.
We're old enough—plenty—to marry.
She and I, she and I.
She's eighteen and I will be twenty
By and by, by and by.
'Tis true we are scarce as to money,
What care we, what care we.
There are only two flies in the honey,
That one little girl and me.

I Don't Know Why.

All day long you're asking me
What I see in you.
All day long I'm answering,
But what good does it do.
I have nothing to explain,
I just love you, love you,
And I'll tell you once again.

I don't know why I love you like I do,
I don't know why, but I do.
I don't know why you thrill me like you do,
I don't know why, but you do.
You never seem to want my romancing.
The only time you hold me is when we're
dancing.
I don't know why I love you like I do,
I don't know why, but I do.

Sent in by Maxine Peek, Ritzville, Wash.

You're as welcome as the flowers in May.
Last night I dream'd a sweet, sweet dream;
I thought I saw my home, sweet home,
And oh! how grand it all did seem;
I made a vow n' more to roam.
By the dear old village church I stroll'd,
While the bell in the steeple sadly toll'd,
I saw my daddy old and gray;
I heard my dear old mother say:

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flowers in May,
And we love you in the same old way;
We've been waiting for you day by day;
You're as welcome as the flowers in May,

I dream'd I saw my sweetheart Bess,
And once again we pled'sd our love;
I listen'd to her low, sweet "yes."
The moon was shining from above,
Then we talked of happy days of yore,
And the day that I left my home heart-
sore;
My thoughts are many miles away;
I long to hear my sweetheart say:

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flowers in May,
And I love you in the same old way;
I've been waiting for you day by day—
You're as welcome as the flowers in May,

Sweetheart Darling.
There's a light in your eyes, sweetheart
darling,
And it makes all the world like the light
in the sky, sweetheart darling.
When the morning steals out of the night,
'Tis the love light shining for some one,
And I'm wondering just who it could be,
my darling.
There's a light in your eyes, sweetheart
darling.
Tell me, darling, it's shining for me,
sweetheart darling.

Sent in by Freda Imogene McNeill, Spokane.

Pride of the Ball.

Fancy could picture no grander sight.
'Twas a fairy scene; o'er all she reigns
like a queen.
Envied by all when she waited with me,
Happy then was I; happy moments
seemed to fly.
I held her hand tenderly, gliding through
the hall
With this fair one, pride of the ball.

CHORUS.

Proudly she reigns like a queen upon her
throne.
Cheeks that were flushed like a rose in
heaven grown.
Graceful and fair, she was loved and
wooed by all.
She stole my heart, the pride of the ball.
Slowly we stole from the surging crowd
To the garden fair; then I asked if I
might dare?
Gently her graceful head she bowed.
One word, "Yes," was all. I won her heart.
The pride of the ball.

Sent in by M. M. Ramsey, Spokane.

A Little White Gardenia.

If I should bring you jewels rare,
So dazzling and beyond compare.
The luster in your eyes would put them
all to shame.
The offering of love I bring,
Is just very little thing—
A simple souvenir.
That's far, far more sincere.

Refrain:

For I bring a little white gardenia
As refreshing as a day in May—
You may wear it if you care or toss it
away—
If you look into this white gardenia,
There's a message there I dare not say.
That I'll let this little white gardenia
convey.
Who knows? Tomorrow we may be to-
gether, or so far apart.
Take this token of my love—
Cherish it and keep it close to your heart.
If our paths should ever cross—again,
dear.
Accidentally or by fate's design—
If you wear a little white gardenia,
I'll know you are mine.

Sent in by Elsie L. Nielsen, Hamilton,
Mont.

Daisy Deane.

'Twas down in the meadow where violets
were blooming
And the springtime grass was fresh and
green.
And the birds by the brooklet their sweet
songs were singing.
When I first met my darling Daisy
Deane.

CHORUS:

None knew thee but to love thee.
Thou dear one of my heart!
Oh, thy memory is ever fresh and green,
Though the sweet buds may wither
And fond hearts be broken:
Still I'll love thee, my darling Daisy
Deane.

Her eyes sweet and tender, the violets
outviening.
And a fairer form was never seen;
With her brown silken tresses and cheeks
like the roses.
There was none like my darling Daisy
Deane.—Chorus.

The bright flowers have faded, the young
grass has fallen
And a dark cloud hovers o'er the scene;
For the death angel took her and left me
in sorrow.
For my lost one, my darling Daisy
Deane.—Chorus.

Oh, down in the meadow I still love to
wander.
Where the young grass grows so fresh
and green.
But the bright golden vision of springtime
has faded
With the flowers and my darling Daisy
Deane.—Chorus.

Bluebirds in the Moonlight.

There are bluebirds in the moonlight,
Silly idea, bluebirds in the moonlight,
But that's how I feel when I'm with you;
There ar night owls in the daylight,
Silly idea, night owls in the daylight,
Or maybe my heart is saying hoo! hoo!
hoo! hoo!

Who is the one for me, you;
That's what you've done to me.
There are bluebirds in the moonlight,
Silly idea, bluebirds in the moonlight,
But that's how I feel when I'm with you.

Sent in by Mrs. E. A. Staples, Mullan,
Idaho.

I Promise You.

I promise you with heart sincere,
That I will always love you, dear,
And when you need me, I'll be near,
I promise you.

I promise you I'll build a shrine
Where we will keep our love divine
Until the very end of time;
I promise you.

CHORUS.

With new dawn I awaken,
I realize my chances increase
To keep the vows I have taken
So your joys will never cease.

I promise you your heart will sing
In what will seem eternal spring;
I will give you everythings,
I promise you.

Sent in by Miss Laura Bircher, Marcus,
Wash.

You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven.
You're the only star in my blue heaven,
And you're shining just for me;
You're the only star in my blue heaven,
And in dreams your face I see.
You're the guiding light that brightens
up the night,
Until you come in sight my heart is
lonely;
You're the only star in my blue heaven
And you're shining just for me.

Mrs. Frank Ferraro, Sandpoint, Idaho.

Pretty Baby.

You ask me why I'm always teasing you;
You hate to have me call you "Pretty
baby."
I really thought that I was pleasing you
For you're just a baby to me.
Your cunning little dimples and your curly
hair;
Your baby walk and baby talk and baby
stare;
Your baby smile makes life worth while.
You're just as cute as you can be.

CHORUS.

Everybody wants a baby.
That's why I'm in love with you, pretty
baby, pretty baby.
And I'd like to be your sister,
Brother, dad and mother, pretty baby,
pretty baby.
Won't you come and let me rock you in
my cradle of love
And we'll cuddle all the time. Oh
I want a lovin' baby and it might as well
be you.
Pretty baby of mine.
Your mother says you were the cutest kid;
No wonder, dear, I'm wild about you.
And all the cunning things you said and
did
I love to fondly recall
And just like Peter Pan, it seems you'll
always be
The same sweet, cunning, dimpled dear to
me.
And that is why I know that I
Will always love you best of all.
(Repeat chorus.)

Sent in by Miss Arlaine Boyk, Davenport, Wash.

The Farmer's Daughter.

Up in the morning early,
Just at the break of day.
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Driving the cows away;
Sweeping the floors in the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Feeding the geese and turkeys.
Hunting the eggs in the barn
Peeling the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down by the bushes below;
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Darning the holes in the stockings
Churning the snowy cream;
Washing the pails and the strainers
Down by the running stream;
Scraping the wooden ladle,
Making the pumpkin pies
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Graceful in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands would covet to own;
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls
Give me a blithe country maiden,
These are the go-ahead girls.

Sweethearts and Wives.

Mid the smiles of bright-eyes lasses
And the sight of dear old friends,
Mid the merry clink of glasses
In some jolly chorus blends,
At a cheerful little party
With a kind and genial host,
Oft with voices strong and hearty
Have you joined in this old toast.

CHORUS.

Sweethearts and wives, sweethearts and
wives,
Girls are the joy of all our lives.
When pretty lips kiss, oh my what bliss,
Who can resist the darlings.

Standing here I see before me
Dear old friends I've known for years.
Though you're not all married surely,
You all love the little dears.

Troubles shared are easier carried,
Wedded life's the happier lot.
Some who are single wish they'd married,
Some who are married, wish they'd not.

Adam soon came to decide

He must his lonely life relieve,
Who can tell where you or I'd be?
But for his fair sweetheart Eve?
Now it follows but no laughter
From this gospel truth evince,
Man came first and woman after,
She's been after him ever since.

Let cold cynics rave at woman,
They're but ill-conditioned churl.
Be assured that man is no man
Who has never cared for girls.
May we love and oft caress them,
They're the sweetmeats of our lives.
Then let's toast the girls, God bless them,
First our sweethearts, then our wives.

Sent in by Mrs. Hudson Fullmer, Rosalia, Wash.

I Have Eyes.

I have eyes to see with,
But they see only you,
For you have eyes that put the very stars
to shame.
I have lips to sigh with
What else am I to do,
When you have lips that catch my very
soul to flame.
Tonight you're near to me
In a light bright as day,
But you're so dear to me
I could see you even miles away,
I have eyes to see with,
And yet when we're apart,
I close my eyes
And see with my heart.
Sent in by Miss Laura Bircher, Marcus, Wash.

"With All My Heart."

With all my heart,
I say I love you dearly;
For I am yours, sincerely,
With all my heart.

With all my heart,
Without a why or wherefor,
You're the one I'll always care for,
With all my heart.

CHORUS.

And if I were lyrical,
I would write a song—
Telling of the miracle.
The day you came along.

And every night
I ask the stars above you
To tell the world I love you
With all my heart.

Let the Rest of the World Go By.

Is the struggle and strife we find in this
life
Really worth while, after all?
I've been wishing today I could just run
away,
Out where the west winds call.
Is the future to hold just struggles for
gold
While the real world waits outside,
Away out on the breast of the wonderful
west,
Across the great divide?

CHORUS.

With some one like you, a pal good and
true,
I'd like to leave it all behind, and go
and find
Some place that's known to God alone
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace, where joys never
cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere
in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

Stars of the Summer Night.

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deep,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steepes,
Sink, sink in silver light.
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Sent in by Eugene Bovee, Spokane.

Old-Fashioned Garden.

One summer day, I chanced to stray
To a garden of flowers blooming wild,
It took me once more, to the dear days
of yore,
And a spot that I loved as a child;
There were the phlox, tall holly-hocks,
Violets perfuming the air,
Frail eglantine, shy columbine
And marigolds everywhere.

Chorus.

It was an old-fashioned garden,
Just an old-fashioned garden,
But it carried me back
To that dear little shack
In the land of long ago.
I saw an old-fashioned missus
Getting old-fashioned kisses,
In that old-fashioned garden, from an
old-fashioned bean.

The Initials on the Sand.

I strolled down by the seaside,
Where the wavelets kissed the shore,
Where the sunbeams gaily dancing,
Heeded not the ocean's roar.
My attention was attracted,
To a place where a dainty hand
Had traced, in fancy letters,
Her initials on the sand.—Chorus.

'Twas A. D. J. and the letter K,
Forever may they stand,
Like diamonds treasured in my heart,
Those initials on the sand.

Next evening in the ball room,
I spied a dainty frown,
All dressed in a rich and silken attire,
A-mingling with the crowd.
We met in the maze of a polka,
With a handkerchief in her hand,
My thoughts went out to the place I had
seen
Those initials on the sand.—Chorus.

We strolled out on the piazza,
Where the sea breeze gently blew,
Where short but fond acquaintance
Into deepest friendship grew;
I could not help confessing
My faith in cupid's hand,
My heart went out forever
To those initials on the sand.—Chorus.

Blueberry Hill.

Do you recall a year ago tonight?
We stood and watched the golden sun descend—
When love had just begun,
Why did there have to be an ending?
Do you recall a year ago tonight?

CHORUS.

I found my thrill
On Blueberry hill,
On Blueberry hill.
When I found you:
The moon stood still
On Blueberry hill
And lingered until my dreams came true:
The wind in the willow played
Love's sweet melody;
But all of those vows we made
Were never to be;
Though we're apart
You're part of me still,
For you were my thrill
On Blueberry hill.

Sent in by Lucille Scheuch, Sandpoint, Idaho; Mrs. Claude Brundage, Red A camp, Athol, Idaho; Martha Messer, Mulvan, Idaho; Mrs. Frank Ferraro, Sandpoint, Idaho; Marlene Hankins, Wallace, Idaho.

A Starry Night for a Ramble.

I like a game of croquet
Or bowling on the green;
I like a little boating
To pull against the stream,
But of all the games that I love best
To fill me with delight,
I like to take a ramble
Upon a starry night.

CHORUS.

A starry night for a ramble
In a flow'ry dell,
Through the bush and bramble,
Kiss and never tell.

Talk about your bathing
Or strolling on the sands,
Or some unseen veranda
Where gentle zephyr fans,
Or going home in the morning, boy,
And very nearly tight
Could never beat a ramble
Upon a starry night.—Chorus.

I like to take my sweetheart,
"Of course you would," said he,
And softly whisper in her ear,
"How dearly I love you!"
And when you picture to yourself
The scenes of such delight
You want to take a ramble
Upon a starry night.—Chorus.

Some will choose velocipedes
And others take a drive
And some will sit and mope at home
Half dead and half alive.
And some will choose a steamboat,
And others even fight;
But I'll enjoy my ramble
Upon a starry night.—Chorus.

est." S. Hutchings, Victor, Idaho; "Every apping at the garden gate," Mary L. Margaret Hughes, Hamilton, Mont.; "Little ms. Mont.

Lady on the Two-Cent Stamp.
I'll take a boat that is traveling in her direction.
Just to look for the lady on the two-cent stamp.
Where the blue sea is rolling,
I'll drop a sentimental hint.
And through life will go strolling,
That's if she isn't out of print.
Oh! woe is me if it's nothing but a vain affection.
I'm in love with the lady on the two-cent stamp.

Once Upon a Dream.
The night was heaven;
The sky of blue.
The wind was sighing,
The lights turned low.
I saw a vision, there in the blue;
And so I came to dream of you.

CHORUS.
We met once upon a dream divine,
We kissed and your heart beat close to mine.
Though that was long ago
I can see you still in the after-glow.
Lonely are the arms that held you then.
Darling, will we ever meet again?
There in that thrill supreme
That we came to share
Once upon a dream.

My Horses Ain't Hungry.
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat
your hay.
So fare you well, Polly, I'm going away.
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm
too poor.
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

I know they don't like you, but why do
you care?
You know I'm your Polly, you know I'm
your dear.
I know you're my Polly, but I've not long
to stay,
So go with me, darling, we'll speed on
our way.

Yes, I will go with you, you're poor, I am
told.
It's your love I'm wanting, not silver or
gold.
We'll load our belongings, we'll drive till
we come
To some little cabin, we'll call it our home.
I hate to leave mamma, she treats me so
kind.
But I'll do as I promised that Johnny of
mine.
So goodby, dear mamma, we're leaving
today.
We'll journey on further and speed on our
way.

On the Banks of Lovelight Bay.
Have you heard the story the good fairies
tell?

Of a haven of sweethearts and swains,
Where everything's beaming in love's mys-
tic spell.
Where pleasure for all ever reigns,
The welcome of lovelands awaiting you
there.
Let's start on our journey today,
Long the pathway of roses to realms rich
and rare,
To the kingdom where love finds the
way.

CHORUS.
Where the birds sing love's sweet melody
The world seems bright and fair,
And the rose of sweet simplicity
Is blooming over there.
Where I'll love you and you'll love me,
"Long silver sands we'll stray,
'Neath moonlight beams in golden dreams
On the banks of Lovelight bay.

We'll bask in the sunshine there all day
long
And at twilight we'll wait for the moon.
Then whisper sweet nothings and sing the
old song
Of love's fairytale while we spoon.
'Tis fairer than dreamland, at least I'm
told
By those who have been there for years
And they're all so contented they never
grow old
Where they've never known sorrow or
tears.

"Precious Wife."
There are no words could express to you,
precious wife.
Just how much I appreciate your love,
For you've been the most inspiring thing
in my life.
You've done as many kind deeds as there
are stars above.

CHORUS.

Precious wife, you've been my pal for
many years
And it don't seem a day too long.
Precious wife, you've shared my sorrows
and my tears
And you've filled all those years with a
song.
I'm thankful for your love, thankful for
you so true;
Thankful to God above I still have you.
Precious wife, you've been my pal for
many years
And it don't seem a day too long.

You'd Be Surprised.
Johnny was bashful and shy,
Nobody understood why—
Mary loved him,
All the other girls passed him by.
Every one wanted to know
How Mary could pick such a beau!
With a twinkle in her eye
She made this reply:

CHORUS.

He's not so good in a crowd
But when you get him alone,
You'd be surprised!
He isn't much at a dance,
But then when he takes you home,
You'd be surprised!
He doesn't look like much of a lover
But don't judge a book by its cover—
He's got the face of an angel
But there's a devil in his eye!
He's such a delicate thing—
But when he starts in to swing—
You'd be surprised!
He doesn't look very strong
But when you sit on his knee,
You'd be surprised!
At a party or at a ball
I've got to admit he's nothing at all,
But in a Morris chair—
You'd be surprised!

Mary continued to praise
Johnny's remarkable ways—to the ladies—
And you know advertising pays.
Now Johnny's never alone,
He has the busiest phone!
Almost ev'ry other day
A new girl will say—

CHORUS.

He's not so good in the house
But on a bench in the park—
You'd be surprised!
He isn't much in the light
But when he gets in the dark—
You'd be surprised!
I know he looks as slow as the Erie
But you don't know the half of it, dearie.
He looks as cold as an Eskimo
But there's fire in his eyes.
He doesn't say very much
But when he starts into speak—
You'd be surprised!
He's not so good at the start
But at the end of the week—
You'd be surprised!
On a street car or in a train
You'd think he was born without any brain
But in a taxicab—
You'd be surprised!

Sent in by Velma Shaw and Dorothy Swinehart, Stites, Idaho, Rout 2.

OCTOBER 3, 1940.

Songs of Long Ago

She's a Latin from Manhattan.
She's a Latin from Manhattan, you can
tell by her "Manana."
She's a Latin from Manhattan and not
Havana.
Tho' she does the rhumba for us, and
she calls herself Dolores.
She was in a Broadway chorus, known
as Susie Donahue.
She can take a tambourine and whack it,
But with her it's just a racket.
She's a "hooper" from Tenth avenue.
She's a Latin from Manhattan, she's a
"Forty-second streeter."
She's a Latin from Manhattan, Senorita
Donahue.
Sent in by Mary Wahl, Spokane.

Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Blackbird, blackbird, singing the blues all
day
Right outside of my door.
Blackbird, blackbird, why do you sit and
say
"There's no sunshine in store"?
All through the winter you hung around.
Now I begin to feel homeward bound.
Blackbird, blackbird, gotta be on my way
Where there's sunshine galore.

CHORUS.

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go,
singing low.
Bye bye, blackbird.
Where somebody waits for me. Sugar's
sweet, so is she.
Bye, Bye, blackbird.
No one here can love and understand me.
Oh, what hard luck stories they all
hand me.
Make my bed and light the light. I'll ar-
rive late tonight.
Blackbird, bye bye.

Bluebird, bluebird, calling me far away.
I've been longing for you.
Bluebird, bluebird, what do I hear you
say?
"Skies are turning to blue."
I'm like a flower that's falling here.
Where every hour is one long tear.
Bluebird, bluebird, this is my lucky day.
Now my dreams will come true.
Sent in by Dorothy Nygren, Spokane.

September in the Rain.

CHORUS.
The leaves of brown came tumbling down,
remember?
In September, in the rain.
The sun went out just like a dying ember,
That September, in the rain.
To every word of love I heard you whisper
The raindrops seemed to play a sweet
refrain.
Though spring is here, to me it's still
September.
That September, in the rain.

Sent in by Hazel Manley, R. 5, Spokane.

Songs of Other Days

Sweet Bunch of Daisies.
Sweet bunch of daisies, oh, how dear to
me,
Ever I hear them whispering, love, of
thee.
Whispering so gently in their silent theme
Of love's bright morning, now one sad
sweet dream.

CHORUS.

Sweet bunch of daisies,
Fresh from the dell.
Kiss me once, sweetheart.
Daisies won't tell.
Give me your promise,
Oh, sweetheart, do.
Darling, I love you.
Say you'll be true.

Sweet bunch of daisies, treasured more
than gold,
Bring back to memory those dear, sweet
days of old,
When we together strolled through forests
green,
Gathering the daisies growing by the
stream.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Sleepy Rio Grande.

Play that waltz again, Sleepy Rio Grande,
Let me dream of bright Spanish eyes.
Dreams that will never end.
Pale moon high above, night just made
for love.
Let me hear those mandolins play
Sleepy Rio Grande.

Around me those memories come stealing.
Memories that linger with me yet.
I hear a melody appealing, one I can
never forget.
Once more I seem to feel you near me,
Once more I hold you to my breast,
Soft music coming from the shadows,
Playing the song I love best.

CHORUS.

Play that waltz again, Sleepy Rio Grande,
Let me dream of bright Spanish eyes.
Dreams that will never end.
Pale moon high above, night just made for
love.
Let me hear those mandolins play
Sleepy Rio Grande.