



HANGING ON

(The Man Who Quits)

The man who quits has a brain and hand
As good as the next; but lacks the sand
That would make him stick, with a courage stout,
To whatever he tackles, and fight it out.

He starts with a rush, and a solemn vow
That he'll soon be showing the others how;
Then something new strikes his roving eye,
And his task is left for the bye and bye.

It's up to each man what becomes of him:
He must find in himself the grit and vim
That bring success; he can get the skill.
If he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he gives in;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin;
The man who fails needs a better excuse
Than the quitter's whining "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chance slip,
Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.
The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout,
While the man who quits joins the "down and out."

—CHARLES B. BARRETT

SONG OF THE SOIL

I am the mother of men that toil,
The ancient mother of all, the soil.
The strength that ye boast, ye have drawn from
my breast,

'Tis to my arms that ye creep for your rest;
The man to his mother full tribute shall bring,
Then hush ye, and harken the song that I sing.

I hold in my great heart the seed and the root,
I give to my children the blossom and fruit,
In my veins lie the silver, the copper, the gold.
I bleed—yes, I bleed—yet I nothing withhold.
I smile when thy blade rends my bosom in twain,
And cover my wounds with a mantle of grain.

I give you the bread that ye lift to your lips,
I feed your proud mills and your far sailing ships;
I am loved of the sun and the wind and the rain,
Then hush ye, my children! no longer complain;
To each shall be given the guerdon of toil,
For I am the Mother of Men, the Soil!

—KATHRYN A. TURNEY