

16 THE CHEMAWA AMERICAN

She still humming of her friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

—WARE

THE FUN OF LIVING

"Haven't we had fun today?"
Thus my youngster tired of play,
Gurgles to me every night
Just before his eyes go tight
Shut in restful, dreamless sleep—
Baby slumber sound and deep.

"Haven't we had fun today?"
One of us is sure to say
At his bedtime. For his dad
Is no older than the lad—
Counting by the way he feels
When the two kick up their heels.

"Haven't we had fun today?"
As the years grow later, may
Neither of us e'er deny
Such assertion, with a sigh.
May the bigger things of life
Seem a game, with cheerful strife.

"Haven't we had fun today?"
When God bids me go away
From this world we so enjoy,
May I hear him—still "my boy"—
Laugh his au revoir, and say
"Haven't we had fun today?"