



And Our Shoes and Stockings and Clothes and Food Are in There, Too, and They'll Never Come Out.

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WANTED--A FATHER; A LITTLE BOY'S PLEA

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A shy little boy stood peering
Through the door of a bright saloon;
He looked as if food and clothing
Would be thought a most welcome boon.

And one of the men, in passing,
As if tossing a dog a bone,
Asked, "What do you want this evening?"
In a rude and unkindly tone.

"I am wanting"—the boy's lips trembled—
"I am wanting my father, sir."
And he gazed at the little tables
Where the careless onlookers were.

It was there that he saw his father,
But the man only shook his head,
And the boy, with his thin cheek burning,
Ran away with a look of dread.

Oh, the fathers—the fathers wanted!
How the heart-break, and bitter need,
With the longings, deep and piteous,
For the wandering children plead.

May the children's call arouse them,
May the fathers arise and go
With the young souls waiting for them,
For the little ones need them so!