

That be their reason what it may,
They do enjoy their chance to play.

And what a round of things we find
To entertain the live-long day;
Books, lectures, schools, to train the
mind;

Excursions, picnics, or what may
You not find here to fill with pleasure
The long glad days in fullest measure.

Some choose the park, where many
games

Entice the old and young alike;
It stirs their blood, and cheers the
heart,

And fills them all with zest, that
quite

Renews their youth, makes light the
load,

And sends them happy on their road.

Then there's the dear old Tampa bay.

Oh, how we love its many moods,
Its restless beating to and fro,
Enticing, luring, how it woos
With all its charms, when at its best
The pleasure seekers to its breast.

The churches stand as towers of
strength,

In stately grandeur, firm and true,
Inviting all who wish to hear

The story old, yet ever new,
And rest in peace and quiet there,
Praising the Father for his care.

We could "sail on" like one of old,
When looking for the great new
world,

For there are pleasures yet untold
That keep the traveler in a whirl
Of changes, as they go and come
From early morn till set of sun.

And so we seek the Sunny South
With flowers, palms and pine tree
grand,

That those in need of rest and strength
Can come to her from every land
And bask in nature's gifts so free,
Placed there by God for you and me.

—Nellie I. Thomas.

Kentucky Inn.