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portunity of thanking our friends for  
past favors, and bespeak a continuation  
of public patronage.

**OUR OWN**

If I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day  
The words unkind  
Would trouble my mind  
I said when you went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor give you needless pain;  
But we vex "our own"  
With look and tone  
We might never take back a-  
gain.

For though in the quiet evening  
You may give me the kiss of  
peace,  
Yet well it might be  
That never for me  
The pain of the heart should  
cease.

How many go forth in the morn-  
ing  
Who never come home at  
night?  
And hearts have broken  
For harsh words spoken  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the  
stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime  
guest,  
But oft for "our own"  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the  
best.

Ah! lip with the curve impatient  
Ah! brow with that look of  
scorn!  
'Twere a cruel fate  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of morn.

The game of craps is sinful,  
but the Wall street game is the  
divinity of plunder.

The big papers are generally  
on the side of the big men with  
big deals, because there is big  
money in it.

**THE COMPROMISER**

Sees both sides of the shield—  
with different eyes;  
Between two Rights, with nice  
precision steers,  
The double-headed King of  
Compromise.

Not his to hold the scales of Life  
or Death,  
Not his, this nebulous inverte-  
brate,  
Who heeds and scorns at one the  
vulgar breath,  
Nor knows the fixity which  
stamp the great,

The kingly souls with instinct  
for the Right,  
Vibrant to conscience and her  
trumpet call,  
With clarity of vision, inward  
light,  
And strength to follow out  
their thought through all.  
—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

**POVERTY**

Amid the tinsel of our glittering  
life,  
Around the splendor of the  
god of gold,  
There lies the shadow of a world  
of strife—  
Of crowded rooms, of hunger,  
and of cold.

When all is light, and gaiety is  
queen,  
And bright the eyes of folly  
and desire—  
If chance lifts up the veil, be-  
neath is seen  
The black sides of the pit, the  
quenchless fire.

Have I the right my happiness  
to show,  
To let my laughter echo thru  
the night,

When many pass me by who can-  
not know  
The worth of beauty, meaning  
of delight?

Oh! all the pain and sorrow of  
the poor  
I feel within my heart—O God,  
that I  
could knock upon the little attic  
door  
And tell the children that they  
need not cry!  
—Pall Mall Gazette.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY  
KING**

No spider preying on his kind,  
An idler and a parasite  
No autocrat of people blind.  
Ruling his slaves by right of  
might.

No plaything of a by-gone age,  
A picture pleasing to the eye:  
Strutting for one brief hour the  
stage—  
A foolish, useless butterfly.

But one whose hand is brown  
with toil,  
Whose face is tanned by wind  
and sun;  
Who beautifies and tills the soil,  
Whose crown by right divine  
is won.

A worker, not a useless drone,  
In the world's busy line of  
men;  
His sceptre is a tool, his throne  
A symbol, and his sword a pen.

He wears a laurel wreath for  
crown,  
And throughout all the land  
men sing  
His good deeds, praises and re-  
nown—  
The twentieth century King!  
HENRY COYLE