## BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT, PP. 1-189

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Breakfast Table Chat, pp. 1-189 by Edgar A. Guest

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## **EDGAR A. GUEST**

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BY ØB EDGAR A. GVEST.



DETROIT, MICH. 1914



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By EDGAR A, GUEST

Detroit, Mich.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Acknowledgment is hereby made of the courtest of the publishers of Judge for permission to reprint in this book the verses "A Boy at Christman."

A BOOK of verse is like a child—
Its moods and fancies vary;
At times its ways are meek and mild,
At other times contrary.

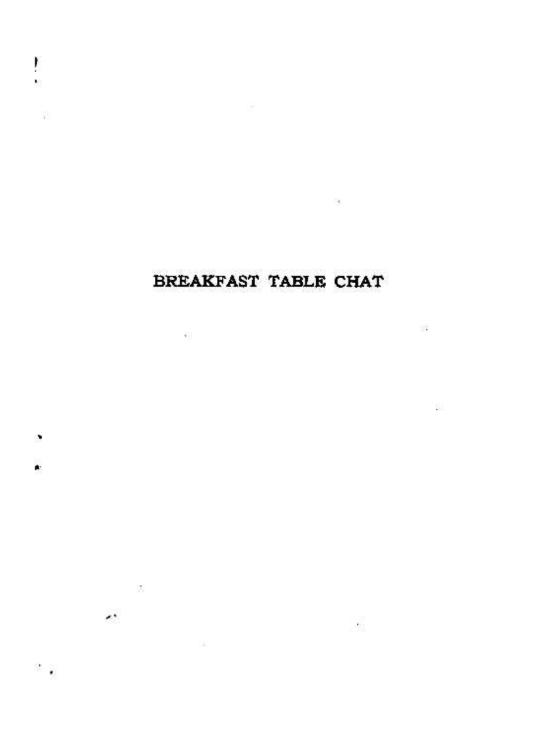
And like a child, it sometimes shows
A charm that naught can smother;
For that, of course, the credit goes
Entirely to its mother.

So readers, take my little lad, And may he be no bother; And when you find that he is bad, Just blame it on his father.

### To

## THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

As a slight expression of gratitude this book is dedicated,





## The Green of Michigan

I've seen the Rockies in the west,
I've seen the canyons wild and grim,
I've seen the prairies golden dressed,
And California's hedges prim.
I've seen the Kansas corn fields blow,
I've seen them wearing summer's tan;
But there's no place on earth can show
Such glorious green as Michigan.

I've seen the blue of foreign skies,
 I've seen old England's shady lanes,
The famous spots men advertise,
 The mountains and the rolling plains;
But wearily my eyes have turned
 From scenes that others gayly scan,
And secretly my soul has yearned
 To see the green of Michigan.

I've traveled in a Pullman car
And watched the landscape slipping by,
But always though I've wandered far
To fairer charms my mind would fly;
And when at last the moving scenes
Seem painted by some Master Man
With all the cool and restful greens,
I know I'm back in Michigan.

Here Mother Nature never tires
And droops her head upon her breast;
Beneath the scorching summer fires
She keeps her youth and looks her best.
When other states have lost the hue
They had when first the spring began,
'Tis like refreshing drink to view
The splendid green of Michigan.