

INTO THE SUNLIGHT

O H, cut out the vain repining, cease thinking
of dole and doom! Come out where the
sun is shining, come out of the cave of gloom!
Come out of your hole and borrow a package of
joy from me, and say to your secret sorrow,
"I've no longer use for thee!" For troubles,
which are deluding, are timorous beasts, I say;
they stick to the gent who's brooding, and flee
from the gent who's gay. The gateways of
Eldorados are open, all o'er the earth; come out
of the House of Shadows, and dwell in the
House of Mirth. From Boston to far Bob-
caygeon the banners of gladness float; oh, grief
is a rank contagion, and mirth is the antidote.
And most of our woes would perish, or leave us,
on sable wings, if only we didn't cherish and
coddle the blame fool things. Long since would
your woes have scampered away to their native
fogs, but they have been fed and pampered like
poodles or hairless dogs. And all of these facts
should teach you it's wise to be bright and gay;
come out where the breeze can reach you, and
blow all your grief away.