



Dedicatory

To Newspaper Men—

By One of Them

A health to the Knight of the Pencil,
A health to the Lord of the Quill,
Who works like a slave but who jests like a knave,
And who sticks to his "rag" with a will.

A health to the writers of fiction!
A health to the gleaners of fact!
For the lads who are young but are wily of tongue,
And are adept exponents of tact!

A health to the slaves of the ink-pot,
Who, careless of fortune or fame,
Will give their best years (missing brilliant careers)
And all for the love of the game!

A health to the man who writes "sermons"!
A health to the lad who "does courts"!
A health to them all, the disciples of gall,
Penning stories of "commerce" or "sports"!

I give you a toast, "To the Real One,
The beggar who scribbles and delves,
Who lives on the street and whose smile is a treat";
Good Fellows, I give you—"Ourselves!"