

GRIN, — YOU, GRIN.

By the Poet "Low-Rate."

When the sky looks black, and the thunders roar,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When the stocks go down, that you thought would soar,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When out of your pocket slips a Yen,
Thank all the Gods that it wasn't ten;
Whining's all right for dogs—not Men;
Grin, — you, Grin.

When you fall down stairs and you break your beak,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When the hens don't lay for a solid week,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When you wife runs off with a Count or Earl,
Just fall in love with the hired girl,
And as you burn up the first one's curl,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When you find you've twins, and they start to howl,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When you walk the floor and you'd like to growl,
Grin, — you, Grin.

Just think if you'd been a typhoid germ,
You'd have had 10,000,000 or more, Old Worm,
Just grit your teeth, boy, good and firm,
Grin, — you, Grin.

When you're down on your luck and out of work,
Grin, — you, Grin.

As you ask the Boss for a job as clerk,
Grin, — you, Grin.

Don't look to your friends to see you through,
GET OUT and show them what YOU can do;
They'll cheerfully boost you along if you
Grin, — you, Grin.

And then when you come to the Golden Gate,
Grin, — you, Grin.

If Peter should tell you that you are late,
Grin, — you, Grin.

Tell him you stopped on the way awhile,
To hand out a cheery word and smile,
And as he whispers of Durance Vile,
Grin, — you, Grin.

As you wander up to the Seraphims,
Grin, — you, Grin.

As you turn and bow to the Cherubims,
Grin, — you, Grin.

Grab hold of a harp with a golden string,
And tap an angel upon the wing,
And call aloud for them all to sing
GRIN, — YOU, GRIN."