



A Heap o' Livin'

Edgar A
Guest

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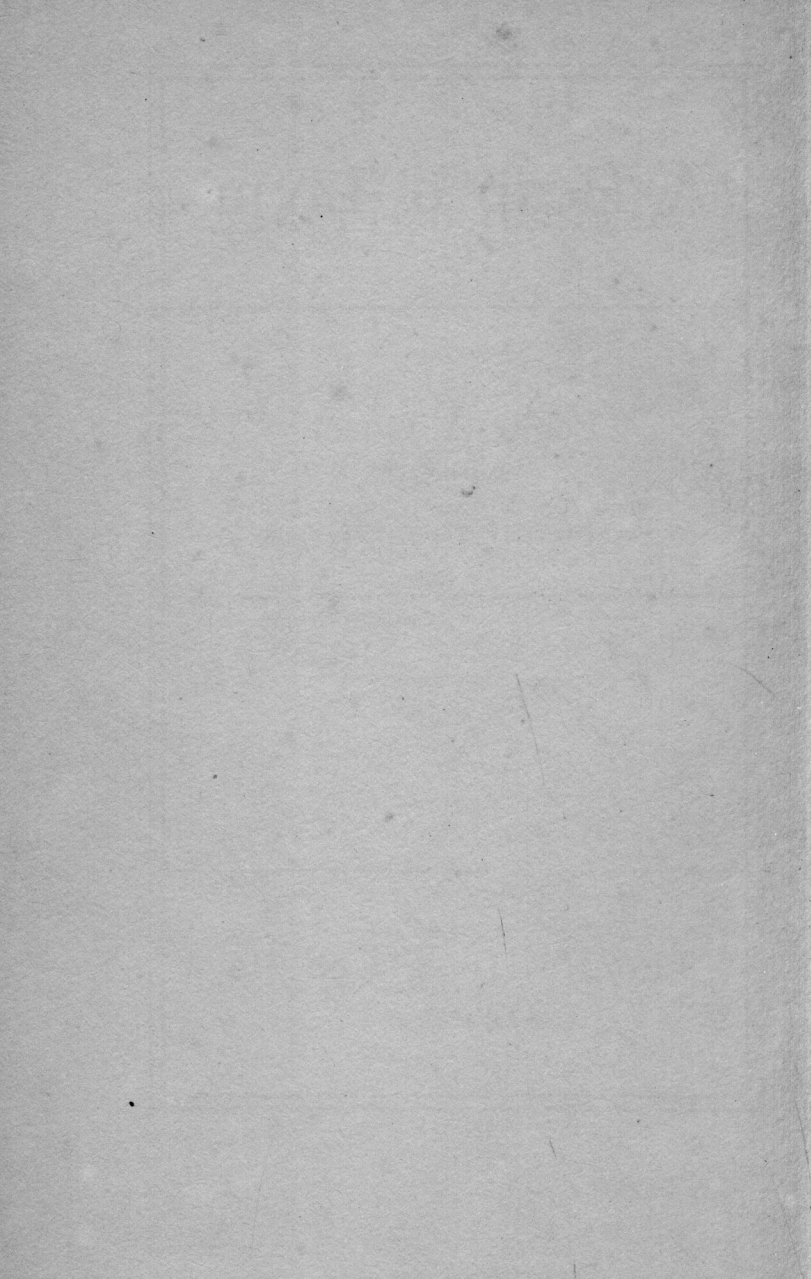
By
Edgar A. Guest

Author of

"When Day is Done"—"Just Folks"
"Over Here"—"The Path to Home"



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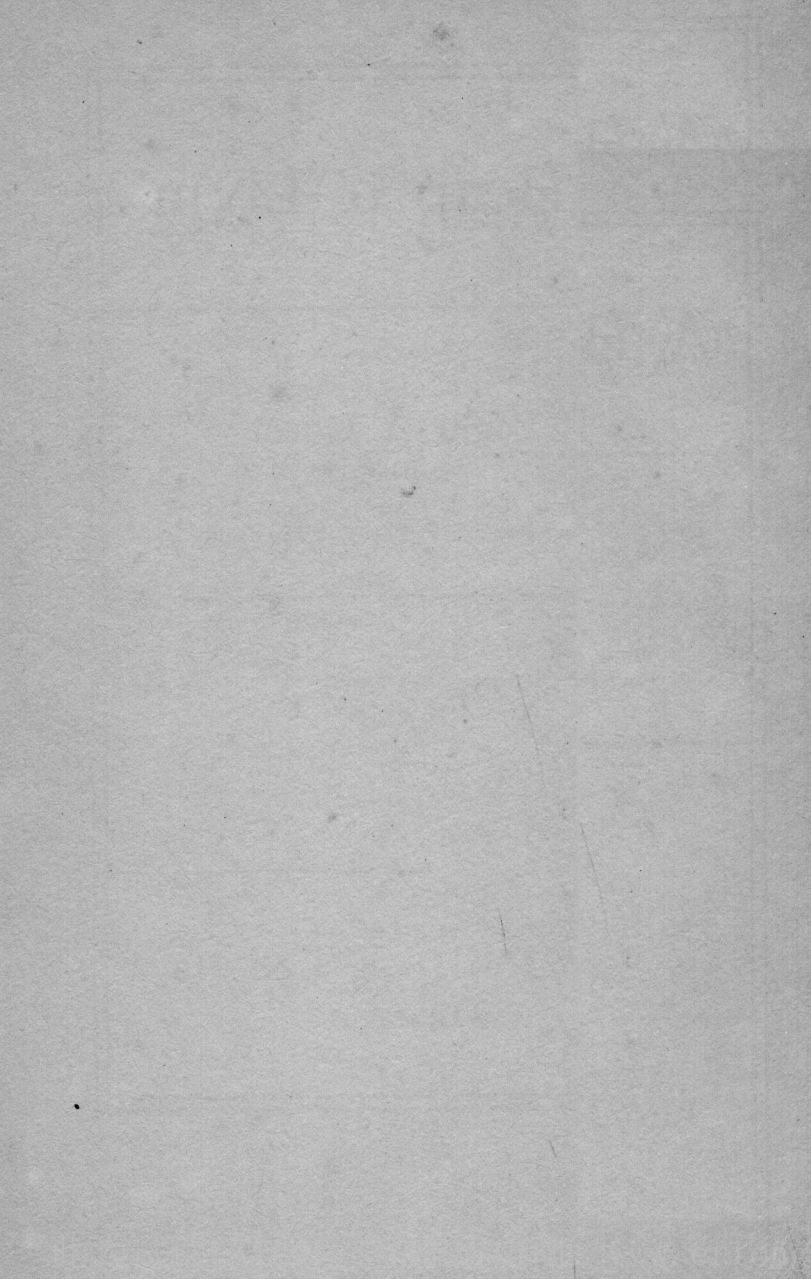
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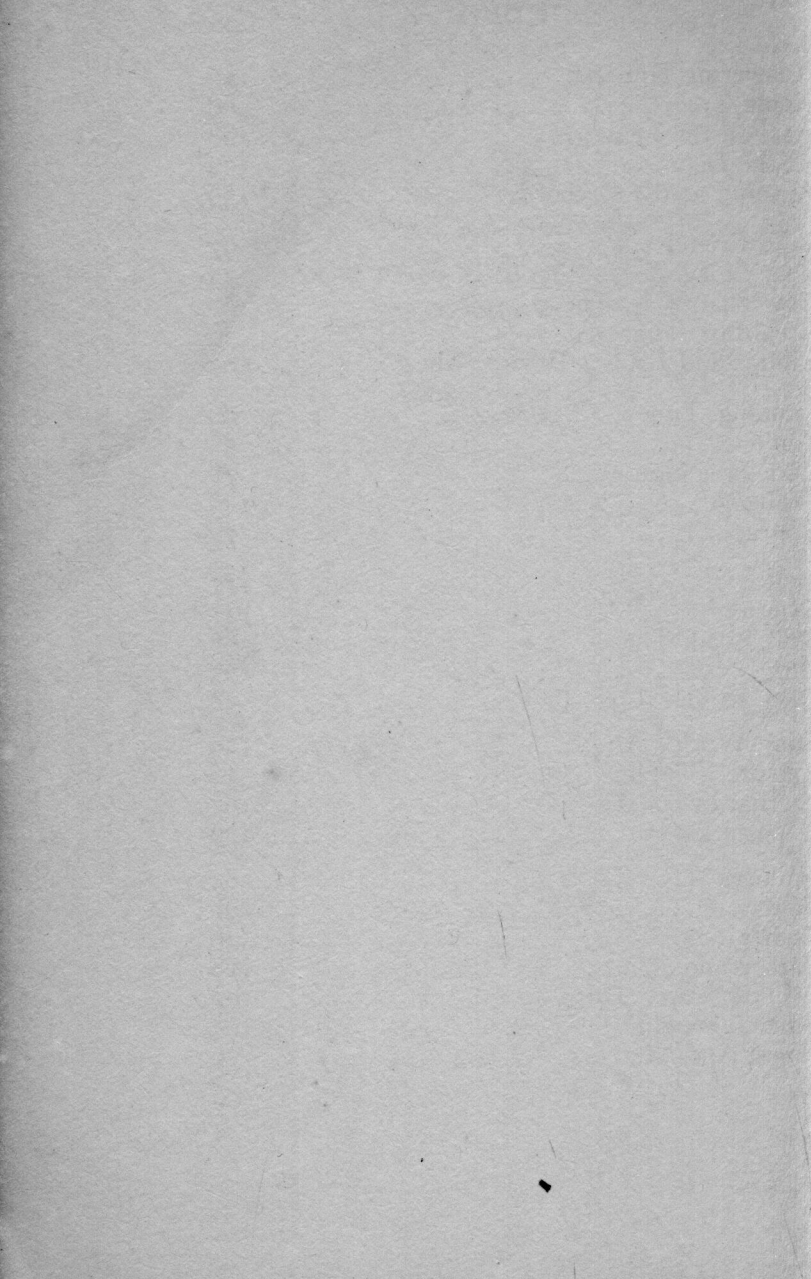
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A Heap o' Livin'



To
Marjorie and Buddy
this little book of verse
is affectionately
dedicated
by their Daddy



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WHEN YOU KNOW A FELLOW

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys
and know his cares,

When you've come to understand him and the
burdens that he bears,

When you've learned the fight he's making and
the troubles in his way,

Then you find that he is different than you
thought him yesterday.

You find his faults are trivial and there's not so
much to blame

In the brother that you jeered at when you only
knew his name.

You are quick to see the blemish in the distant
neighbor's style,

You can point to all his errors and may sneer
at him the while,

And your prejudices fatten and your hates
more violent grow

As you talk about the failures of the man you
do not know,

But when drawn a little closer, and your hands
and shoulders touch,

You find the traits you hated really don't
amount to much.

When you get to know a fellow, know his every
mood and whim,
You begin to find the texture of the splendid
side of him;
You begin to understand him, and you cease to
scoff and sneer,
For with understanding always prejudices dis-
appear.
You begin to find his virtues and his faults you
cease to tell,
For you seldom hate a fellow when you know
him very well.

When next you start in sneering and your
phrases turn to blame,
Know more of him you censure than his business
and his name;
For it's likely that acquaintance would your
prejudice dispel
And you'd really come to like him if you
knew him very well.
When you get to know a fellow and you under-
stand his ways,
Then his faults won't really matter, for you'll
find a lot to praise.

THE ROUGH LITTLE RASCAL

A smudge on his nose and a smear on his cheek
And knees that might not have been washed in
a week;

A bump on his forehead, a scar on his lip,
A relic of many a tumble and trip:
A rough little, tough little rascal, but sweet,
Is he that each evening I'm eager to meet.

A brow that is beady with jewels of sweat;
A face that's as black as a visage can get;
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.

A crop of brown hair that is tousled and tossed;
A waist from which two of the buttons are lost;
A smile that shines out through the dirt and the
grime,

And eyes that are flashing delight all the time:
All these are the joys that I'm eager to meet
And look for the moment I get to my street.

IT ISN'T COSTLY

Does the grouch get richer quicker than the
friendly sort of man?

Can the grumbler labor better than the cheerful
fellow can?

Is the mean and churlish neighbor any cleverer
than the one

Who shouts a glad "good morning," and then
smiling passes on?

Just stop and think about it. Have you ever
known or seen

A mean man who succeeded, just because he
was so mean?

When you find a grouch with honors and with
money in his pouch,

You can bet he didn't win them just because
he was a grouch.

Oh, you'll not be any poorer if you smile along
your way,

And your lot will not be harder for the kindly
things you say.

Don't imagine you are wasting time for others
that you spend:

You can rise to wealth and glory and still pause
to be a friend.

MY CREED

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill
And cling to faith and honor still;
To do my best, and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind
To keep my having lived in mind;
If enmity to aught I show,
To be an honest, generous foe,
To play my little part, nor whine
That greater honors are not mine.
This, I believe, is all I need
For my philosophy and creed.

A WISH

I'd like to be a boy again, a care-free prince of
joy again,

I'd like to tread the hills and dales the way I
used to do;

I'd like the tattered shirt again, the knickers
thick with dirt again,

The ugly, dusty feet again that long ago I
knew.

I'd like to play first base again, and Sliver's
curves to face again,

I'd like to climb, the way I did, a friendly
apple tree;

For, knowing what I do to-day, could I but
wander back and play,

I'd get full measure of the joy that boy-
hood gave to me.

I'd like to be a lad again, a youngster, wild and
glad again,

I'd like to sleep and eat again the way I used
to do;

I'd like to race and run again, and drain from
life its fun again,

And start another round of joy the moment
one was through.

But care and strife have come to me, and often
days are glum to me,