

**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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# BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT

BY  
EDGAR A. GUEST.



DETROIT, MICH. 1914



MARSHNER

*Edgar A. Guest*

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By EDGAR A. GUEST  
Detroit, Mich.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE**

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

**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.



## BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT



## 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.