



FRANK W. HAMLIN, MILO, ME.

WE don't regret this horseless age: we're rather glad it came.
 Modern means of rapid transit make the haloed past seem tame.
 Telephones and tubes and tunnels help the day's work speed along;
 Phonographs and pianolas make of life one endless song.
 But we're sorry they've discarded, favoring a shorter plan,
 Some of the old-fashioned virtues of the old-school gentleman.
 We rather miss the dignity which business men defined;
 We miss the loftier point of view, the love of things refined.
 In our mad rush for riches there is scarcely any time
 For the culture of our spirits, or to think on thoughts sublime.
 For kindness and deference to others we can't wait,
 Nor learn betwixt what's thine and mine to differentiate.
 So we take a certain pleasure in presenting to your view
 One who joins the old-time virtues to the hustle of the new,
 Who has found success in business, knows the joys that wealth can send,
 Not forgetting that all striving is a means, but not an end.