

R. H. HARNED

The shoppers' money dribbles out  
While Harned's cash comes pouring in;  
He doesn't mind the weather bleak,  
The surging crowds, the Yuletide din.  
Other folks may grouch and gloom  
With empty purses and hacking cough;  
At Christmas time he always wears  
This happy smile that won't come off.

