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But Men

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dollars and twenty-five cents!!! I began to get mad; then the feeling turned to burning shame. I had been hooked. Clever me, who was going to fool all of New York into thinking I was one of her sons, had been fished. I reached into my billfold and took out eight dollars.

I managed to say, "Thank you," as I gave him the money.

He turned his head towards me as I extended my arm with the money in it, and he gave me a thin smile and softly said, "Naw, this one's on me, Johnny."

I managed to step out of the cab and stumble to the curb. Puzzlement took the place of my burning shame. As I stood on the curb I turned to look for Mike's worn, green cab. "There it is!" I thought to myself. "No, it's that one over there. No, there it is."

In New York City there are over one million cars. Out of this there are over ten-thousand taxis. In one of them there is a man named Mike Bellis. I turned and walked into Macy's.

**But Men**

Blow, Wind, be cold, Wind,
You are strong, Wind, let them know,
   let them know,
Be fierce, Wind, ragged, Wind,
Hard and sharp and painful, Wind—

Hate them, Wind,
Hate this mass of people, Wind,
Show them,
Nearly break them, Wind—

Then come gently, Wind,
With warm and soothing breath again,
Lift them, Wind, be kind, Wind,
For they know,
   they are but men.

*JAN M. LAZELERE*

*Age 15*