

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

PAGE		PAGE
128	Parunts knows lots more than us	432
352	Picnics is fun 'at's purty hard to beat	449
39	Pore-folks lives at Lonsomeville	262
5	'Ras Wilson, I respect you, 'cause	27
57	Right here at home, boys, in old Hoosierdom	214
338		
442	Said The Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon	175
418	Say good-by er howdy-do	318
316	Scotty's dead.—Of course he is	417
567	"'Scur'ons-like," said the tree-toad	4
42	Seems like a feller'd ort 'o jes' to-day	213
416	Sence I tuk holt o' Gibbses' Churn	105
371	Sence little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange	
456	and still	363
95	Settin' round the stove, last night	84
14	Sing, oh, rarest of roundelays	359
86	Some peoples thinks they ain't no Fairies <i>now</i>	539
340	Some sings of the lilly, and daisy, and rose	3
195	Somep'n 'at's common-like, and good	118
183	Sometimes I think 'at Parunts does	458
233	Sometimes my Consciencee says, says he	571
192	Sometimes, when I bin bad	139
345	Such was the Child-World of the long-ago	510
220		
440	Take a feller 'at's sick and laid up on the shelf	218
269	"Talkin' 'bout yer bees," says Ike	384
66	Talkin' o' poetry—There're few men yit	557
294	Tell you a story—an' it's a fac'	204
75	Tell you what I lik the best	77
327	That-air young-un ust to set	147
	The Boy lives on our Farm, he's not	190