

and magazines; but I look back, through mists of tears, to when I barely earned my beans; my laurel wreaths seem wreaths of crape, they do not soothe my jaded soul; my teeth are in such beastly shape I

Compright, 1939, by M. C. Fist



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ample of the sort have the door swing out instead of

have been short we said, and looked at each other

in?" he said. "No reason on earth,"

of thing I mean.

When I am called away from earth

sham

with all its pomp and wealth and

TWHERE

