# MAGAZINE FEATURES

## Simple Letters of A Simple Fello



The skies might be blue as they bend o'er the world.

And the breezes with perfume be sweet;
The hills might be fair with the sunlight that's there,
And roses might nod at your feet;
You might have gold for your fullest desire
And rest when night's stillness descends,
But you'd find that this earth was devoid of all mirth
If it weren't for your friends.

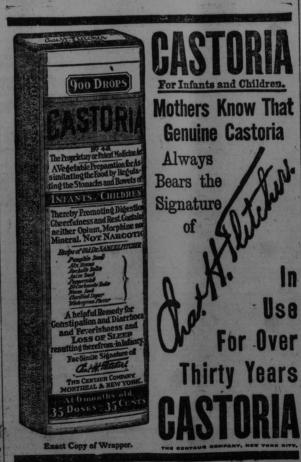
Yuu may think there is joy in the treasures you own
And pride in the goals you have won,
You may fancy today, as you march on life's way,
That there's charm in the warmth of the sun;
But the sun would be cold and the skies would be gray
And drear would be all that life sends,
And the joys that you rate now so highly, you'd hate
If it weren't for your friends.

Not from yourself comes the right to be ghad,
And not from the things you may own;
Though bright were the day, you would never be gay
If you had to live it alone;
If no one were here to be with you and share
In the joy which your conquest attends,
All your laughter would cease—Life's contentment and peace
Depend on your friends.

### Rann-Dom Reels

THE DRESS MAKER.





# NEW MEMORIES OF OLD CAPEA-NAUM

### FREE TO MEN Would You Like to Be a Strong, Husky, Manly Fellow Once More! **New Method Without Drugs**





SHORE