

MAIN STREET.

Girls and giggles, giggles and girls.
Hangs, pommades, tresses and curls—
Swift eyes glancing, alert and bright.

Lightness and laughter on girlish lips.
Or they echo the poignant lilt that slips,
A serpent thing, now in shade, now in light.

Gaiety flippes the Spring-toned air—
The grace of girlhood is everywhere!
Shop doors stand free, full streams of light.

You mothers, who carried these girls,
Bore them in love and pride.
Do you know the men that walk tonight

Through the Storm.
The final rupture came two years after their marriage.

The stormy red went out of Emily's face, leaving it like a marble mask.

The dress of these Arabs is a cotton sheet held in by a belt in which they carry crooked knives.

How Not to Invest
FIRST, never invest in anything on the basis of an advertising prospectus.

Consumption of Matches
MATCHES are such trifling objects, such infinitesimally small adjuncts to the daily housekeeping task.

Through the Storm.
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giveness before it was too late. She dared not go down to John and ask him to take her to his husband.

When Emily opened the kitchen door of the Fair homestead, Almira Senter cried out in her alarm.

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Briber and Bribee

OT more than a hundred years ago there lived in a city not more than 15,000 miles away from New York, but not the city of Boston.

I am not much of a mathematician, but somehow the arithmetic of sense permits me to figure out that, if this paper was a bribery sheet.

Truth is the only thing that never produces ennui. The human family has never become intimate enough with it to be bored.

Although the philosophers have been giving it a hard chase for many thousand years, they have never run it down; and it is still spry enough to elude the flank movements.

Ever since the sinuous track of the Old Serpent was discovered upon the sands of time, Truth has had a pretty large contract.

This is doubly embarrassing, for Truth does not wear skirts. It is not at all certain that it wears anything, but if it does, it has entirely too much at stake to risk its reputation by materializing in the guise of that sex whose chief charm is its uncertainty.

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The Caterpillar.
The Caterpillar—his all fuzz,
Just like the curtain in our door!

A Bluejay.
I thought it would interest you to hear about a bluejay that I found. It was in winter and quite a lot of ice and snow was on the ground.

Rather Have Half.
The difference between common sense and mathematics was illustrated in a remark which was made in a school one day.

Climbing Mount Rigi.
I want to tell you of an experience I had in Switzerland. It was around Easter time in the year 1905.

Little Gracie and Granny.
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