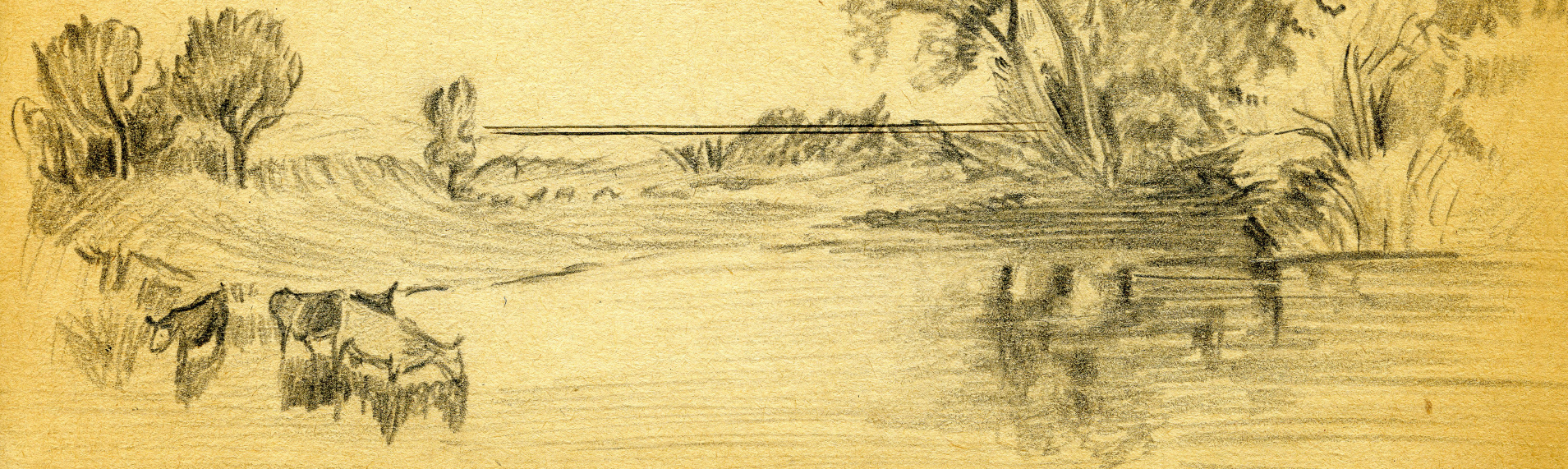


Then, if a thought should glad thy breast,
Of those who loved thee first and best,
My name, perchance, may haunt the
spot,
Not quite unprized — nor all forgot.
C.E.M.



May 28/18.

I love you little,
I love you big,
I love you like a little pig.

(Mary Miles Winter)
L. M. H.

When the days of life are ended
And the path no more you trod
May your name in gold be written
In the Autograph of God.
Gipsy E. Mahaffy.

When you get old and cannot see
Put on your spectacles and think of me.

Edith Solomon
Feb. 21. 1921.

July 9th 1925:

A few lines from an unknown poet.

D. R. R.