## The: Bees-Home-Masazine - Page:

"Somebody Home" 卷 By Neil Brinkley


tricate corridors I heard a tiptooing and a rustthy cracks of light when I was a long I saw food for Venus' son. Here is no hearto of gum-
gum made like a strawherry shell and filled with wine? My word-a heart
workh working for: She's not so busy playing Nhen I in the place where she spins the web of her life the stroke of my soft fist rings and the sou
of her gets to its busy feet and calls out, Com ing!'"
ain-thinking to fiook at her, will nay, 1'm cercinks that some maids knuckle to -"Somebon home here, by George!" -NELL BRINKLEY.


## Ariend cough is really one of our brest



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Column of Human Progress


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Little Mary's Essay

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