# WOMANS SECTION OF THE BEL <br> Lett' © Jfiopping wifl Polly 


saw her just as she fitted by Little girl that I was;
Pale little face all sweet and shy, Pale little face all sweet
Little girl that I was. Nervous hands and a look that spoke Of wonderful dreams that must be broke, Some dark day when the dreamer woke, Little girl that I was.

I caught in vain at her flying hair, And the look of dreams in her eyes Seemed to be more than ever fair,
For the fact that my own were wis For the fact that my own were wi I thought if Time for a little while Would lift my lips with her wistful smile, My heart would sing on the next long mile For the little girl that I was.

She never dreamed she would grow to be In the years that were drear and long, Beggared of all her dreams like me, With a soul too tired for song, She never dreamed that the flying feet, Passing me on Life's busy street Would quicken my heart with a memory sweet, Of the little girl that I was.






## Winsomely Exquisite Spring

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