

Mothers' Love

A mothers love is true and tried.
And is as deep as the ocean wide.
She'll watch over you with tender care.
And shield your path from every snare.
She thinks of you, thru the day.
Whether near or far away.
The you are loved by sisters and brothers.
Their love you'll find is not like mothers.

Her thoughts of you are always pure.
And of her love you may feel sure.
She'll toil for you without a sigh.
And is happiest when you are nigh.
And when she greets you with a kiss.
She can tell when things have gone amiss.
And should you win the love of another.
You'll not find that love as true as a mothers'.

When mothers life is ebbing away.
She prays for you lest you stray.
From the straight and narrow path.
And bring on your head God's just wrath.
And when she has been claimed by death.
And you are left sad and bereft.
Her spirit will come back thru the deep.
And watch o'er you while you are asleep.

Sweetly dream oh gentle mother.
For us there can be no other.
We miss your kind and gentle care.
We miss your presence everywhere.
In the kitchen in the hall.
We no longer hear mothers' call.
The we would miss our sisters and brothers.
Our hearts cling more closely to our Mothers'.

Mavis Earhart Clark.

A REFUGE

I'm weary of the world,
I'm ill and tired and blue.
I'm sick of sin and strife,
And things vain mortals do.

I'm tired of crowds and noise,
And lack of quiet and peace
When thoughts spring from the mind
So happy of release.

Ah! comes to me a thought--
"Thy life in strife and sin?
There is a refuge sweet,
Where all is peace within.

Let earthly trials flee,
A far, faint voice I hear.
"O, come awhile with me."

Before an altar white,
Where tapers burn and glow,
Alone I kneel and pray
And feel my heart wounds go.

Then blessed and healed I turn
Once more into the strife.
But now it chafes me not,
For I've seen given Life.

Third Degree Communion of Reparation*

Members of this degree must receive our Lord in Holy Communion once a week or once a month on the day assigned them as members of a band of seven or thirty, in reparation for the sins of ingratitude and irreverence committed against our Lord, particularly in the Holy Eucharist.

If no day be assigned, they may choose any day they wish, or the first Friday of this month.

*A plenary indulgence may be gained.

KISSES AND HUGS ----- INCORPORATED

West No Man's Land

Included.

No Man's Land

Three O'clock in the Morning.

SWEETHEART:

Dear Boy of My Heart:

You'd be surprised if you knew " Somewhere a heart is Breaking" for you. " You did'na want me when you had me, but listen " Pal of mine," Somebody misses somebody's kisses, and Everything, You know what I mean.

Oh! Daddy when you get this letter I know you will say " O where is My mama but just take it Slow and easy, because Lovers Lane is crowded now--- Oh Boys by the camp-fire when it is Moonlight on the Mississippi we will Row, Row Tow to My Isle of Golden Dreams, and sing Home Sweet Home on the Sashire Sea.

My Bird of Paradise I will make you love me, just leave it to me for I am some Vamp, You're mighty like a rose Dear old Paddy Longlegs and I know I miss you most of all. Perhaps you have learned It's never to late to be sorry, So meet me Tonight in Dreamland here there's a little love without a turning, and the Black Eyed Susans grow.

Don't you recall that Missouri Waltz we had At the Park Town Strutters Ball when Casey Jones danced with Hawaian Butter fly, and Minnie did the Shimmie for me. I'll say she did.

I know what it means to be Lonesome because I've got the Alcoholic Blues, but I want you to take me to that land of ~~Dreams~~ and Kiss me again, I am simply wild about you. I'll be glad when the preacher makes you mine for life ~~is~~ but a game of checkers and I don't want to lose you I am so used to you now. Tell me "Dear Heart" you'll be waiting for me at the end, we will lead the simple life together. For all I ask of you is Love, smiles, and Kisses.

Your own

Susie.

P.S. " I keep the key to my celler" till we meet again.

I DOUBT IT

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone
Maybe you do but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you are permitted to seize
With a wonderfull softness about it,
Do you think you could drop it with never a squeeze
Maybe you do but I doubt it.

When a sweet little girl is in reach of your arm
With lovely ways about her
Do you argue the point twixt the right and the wrong
Maybe you do but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart
With a womanly tenderness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it and act a good part
Maybe you would but I doubt it. *

LOVER'S LICENSE.

This license permits the holder to have as much fun
with a girl as the girl permits. Either knee is fully licensed
to carry one girl, the use of both knees is apt to give
the fellow cramps. Should the girl find herself in danger
of falling she is fully licensed to hold on to the fellow's
neck with one or both hands, two for preference. When the
girl has no objections he is licensed to give her a kiss,
her face being so very handy. If she objects, he is fully
licensed to return it. When she feels she is tired of sitting
on one knee she can shift to the other.

Dan Cupid,
Sec'y
Judge Time Up
President.

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XSEALX
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Land of My Sunset Dreams

From One Till Two.

Charlie, My Boy:-

I met you one June Night, in Savannah, at
Three O'Clock in the morning, and since then I Haven't
been the same.

I've got the Good Looking Papa Blues since
you went away, Sweet Little You, and I know I'll never be the
same Red Hot Mama again until you have me in your arms.

Since my Sweetie Went Away, Ive never two-
timed no time, buttwaited for your return. If I Can't get the
one I want, the one I get I don't want.

I Love You, Banny Google, and when that choo-choo
toots its whistle, I'll know You're in Kentucky as sure as
you're born; I'll meet you at the station with Hot Lips, and we'll
take a ride in Ray's Little Chevrolet-to the nearest Church
around the corner. Ain't we got fun?

You're my Lovin' Sam, and I'm you Baby Blue Eyes.
In Maytime we will sail away to Mandalay, and we'll build a cozy
Little Love Nest where we'll bill and coo and on the Back Porch
we'll be Sittin' in the Corner and watch the Red, Red Moon. I'll
sing for you that Dreamy Melody, and when Lights are Low, we'll
cut ourselves a Piece of Cake and make ourselves at Home. We'll
We'll raise our Little Son of a Gun to be a Dream Daddy in the Land
where the Sweet Daddies Grow.

Till we meet again

Angel Child.

Land of My Sunset Dreams

From One Till Two.

Tiller :-

I met you one June night in My old Kentucky home, at
Three o'clock in the morning, and since then I haven't been
the same.

Tell me why you're knee deep in daisies, and head over
heels in love when you see another sweetie hanging around?
Sweet Man O'Mine. If you leave me I'm going to climb the
blue ridge mountains back to you, because honest and truly
I'm in love with you. My Papa doesn't two time no time, but
he takes Just a little drink then he feels like the Last rose
of summer, and I'm supposed to Laff it off, but it's never to
late to be sorry.

You've got to see your mamma every night or I'll go
Down among the sleepy hills of Tennessee and be Just the
kind of a girl that men forget, and when I'm gone you'll sing
Just a little blue for the pal that I love.

I'm jealous because you're in love with every one but
the one that's in love with you, but why should I cry over you?
Mamma goes where Papa goes or I'll be Lonesome just for you.
Oh Gee Oh Gosh Oh Golly I'm in love with Sweet little you,
because they all love you. Give me a little kiss, will you Huh?
Then I'll give it right back to you.

I'm Yearning just for you, Dearest, because A Good
man is hard to find. You have many Friends, and Now I know,
You're Cheating on me. I have a pair of swinging doors that
lead right into my heart. Old pal why don't you answer me ?

When you're blue and kinda lonesome too, just stick
to You're little blue eyed Dream girl Who is from Kentucky
just as sure as you're born, and Remember that she is a
Wonderful Pal.

A cloud of love and a kiss on every star.

Yours till the stars quit falling.

Angel Child.

Ethel Sweet
Kiss me Square
Lovers lane
Hot Springs, Ark.

SWAK

West of the WATER TANK.

West of the water tank, on a windy drizzly night
Sheltered from the blowing storm, in the dim fire light.
I see the face of one I loved, whose passed into the light
Some how it seems we're closer, mother & I to-night.

My pal huddled in a heap. My coat lies over his head
If it wasn't for his caughing, I'd think he was dead.
He seems to think his road is done, he was talking sort of wild
Reviewing all his baby days, when he was still a child.

A beam of light approaches, a roar and then it's past
The pullmans are as black as night even to the last.
People there are sleeping in heaves of snowy white
While we sit by the water tank in the rain of a cold March night.

My pal has ceased his caughing, I guess that he's asleep
I'd better go and look at him, e'er I my vigil keep.
Why he is moved from where he was, my coat is off his head.
The rain is beating on his face. My God old Jim is dead.

Jim old pal your troubles over, no more you'll ride the rod
Your's is a nice warm pullman, on a limited train to God.
You were a true blue buddy, and you I want to thank
Before I go and leave you here, west of the water tank.

West of the water tank alone, I stood with bowed head
To breathe a prayer away up there, for Jim who's lying dead.
A panting freight pulls up the grade. I whisper Jim Good-bye
I'll carry on as best I can, but I'll see you bye and bye.

A GIRL IN OLD KENTUCKY.

I have loved in Old Kentucky, but my love was all in vain,
But my dreams in Old Kentucky, just to live them once again.
'Twas a girl in the blue grass, she was as pretty as they grow.
In the country God designed Himself, here on the earth below.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Hear's to you, real friend of worth
The sweetest part of life on earth
As future comes, and present parts
May bonds of steal join our hearts.

Land of my Sunset Dreams,

From One Till Two.

My Buddy,

I met you one June night, in Savannah, at Three o'clock in the morning, and since then I haven't been the same.

Take me back to old Kentucky where the sun shines all the time for Ray in his little Chevrolet. I'm just a little blue for the Pal that I loved, but You're in love with every one but the one that's in love with you, so why should I cry over you?

I hate to lose you, I'm so used to you now, so linger awhile, and I'll take you home old pal of mine. Every night I cry myself to sleep over you, because I'm all alone, wondering where's my Sweetie hiding? In Kentucky just as sure as you're born.

When will the Sun shine for me? Sweetheart? If the rest of the world don't want you go back to your black eyed Dream girl of Memories.

Call me back pal of mine, and let me call you Sweetheart, because Honest and Truly I'm in love with you. Bring back those wonderful days, and That old gang of mine, and we'll have Just another waltz beneath th Red Moon in Our little gray home in the west, I'll be sitting in the corner with my Dream Daddy, singing, You are my song of love.

Just save all your kisses, and I'll save mine, Till we meet in the sweet by and by.

Till we meet again,

Angel Child.