PAGE THREE

00

BY JUNIUS

The Day's Work

spoke to him today?

ing time is through;

deed you did today?

you did or said?

a scar of discontent?

sternation of the birds.

wouldn't it?

That old

word of you?

his way?

THE EVENING HERALD, KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON



was but will not mention it here unless some bakery is willing to donate us a few healthy loaves of bread. In case you want the name of your bread mentioned here, send six loaves over.)

Yes, old boy. Omar was nobody's fool. He spilled an earful when he emitted that immortal poem of his entitled the Rubaiyat. It is a most philosophical and tuneful thing and abounds in word pictures. It is all about drinking however, and is seldom read by prohibitionists.

- I can picture nothing better on hot summer's day than sitting on a cool mossy bank under the old chestnut tree, with a beautiful maiden singing a fellow to sleep to the tune of a jazz lullaby, that is, if she has a nice soft melodious voice and not the screeching near-classical variety.

(And for the love of Mike let her not accompany herself upon an ukelele.)

the Mumm's extra dry begins to get in its little work and make you dreamy and "don't care what happens to me now", let her rave you won't hear her.

By this time the cute little ants will be swarming all over your bread and some of them will be meandering up and down your whiskers and now a few of them will sting you, but you will dream on and-well, Omar may have had the right idea in spite of the prohibitionists.

A lot of us would get the worst of it if we were compelled to love ourselves like we love our neighbor, according to J. T. Perkins.