

old man sat on a bench in the park and thought: "George died awfully young. I've made clocks for seventy-five years, and most of them are still running. He worked at the May's plant for four years and brought home three clocks; none of them lasted two years. People seem in an awful hurry nowadays."



Despair

By Mary J. Brand

OUT there,
Beneath the sod,
My mother lies tonight
Alone and unafraid, but I—
Alone—