A La Edgar Guest

Betty Gaylord*

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"We were just going to call you, sir," came the emotionless reply. "Mr. James killed himself a few minutes ago! He left a full confession, witnessed, about some embezzling he had done. Mr. Richard—"

The only answer he received was a dull thud and the clatter of a telephone and its stand.

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**A La Edgar Guest**

_By Betty Gaylord_

Life, my dear, is what you make it!
You have to grin,
Stick out your chin,
And take it!

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**Dollar in the Crannied Pocketbook**

_(Poor Tennyson!!)_

_By Betty Gaylord_

Dollar in my pocketbook,
I pluck you out of the bottom,
I hold you here, eagle and all, in my hand,
Little dollar—but if I could understand
What you are, eagle and all, and all in all,
I would better understand economics.