

### WHAT A BOY THINKS

I hate it when folks call me,  
"Son!"  
There's a fellow comes to our  
place,  
And I don't even like his face;  
Of course he's old—almost twenty-  
one.  
"Son", he says, "what's this  
you've done?"  
And then he takes my top, and  
tries to spin it.  
And I hope every minute it's stop.  
Or else he takes my kite, like just  
last night.  
And keeps a-trying to get it  
flying.  
"Do it this way, son," says he,  
and he has fun.  
I'm not his son, I wouldn't be!  
He can't put over anything on me.  
And then, there's that Miss Brown;  
Everybody knows her, in the town,  
"Well, little son," she shouts that  
way,  
"And how's the little man today?"  
She's not married, and I can't see  
why—  
She'd call me son. But then she  
has and does.  
Over and over again. It's just a  
pain!  
My mother calls me by my name,  
and so does dad.  
It'd be a shame if they didn't,  
the only one  
I want or ever had. Gee's but I  
hate every one,  
Who calls me son. Maybe if I  
was seven;  
It'd be different, but I'm way, way  
past eleven.  
—Laura Ann Evans.

So refreshing  
with lunch



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# GONE WITH

# THE WIND

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CUT BUT  
THE  
PRICE!

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February 3rd, 4th

TIME: Matinee 2 P. M. Daily.  
Nightly - - - 7:30 P. M.

AT POPULAR PRICES

PRICES: Matinee, Children 25c  
Adults - - - 40c  
Night—All Tickets - - 55c