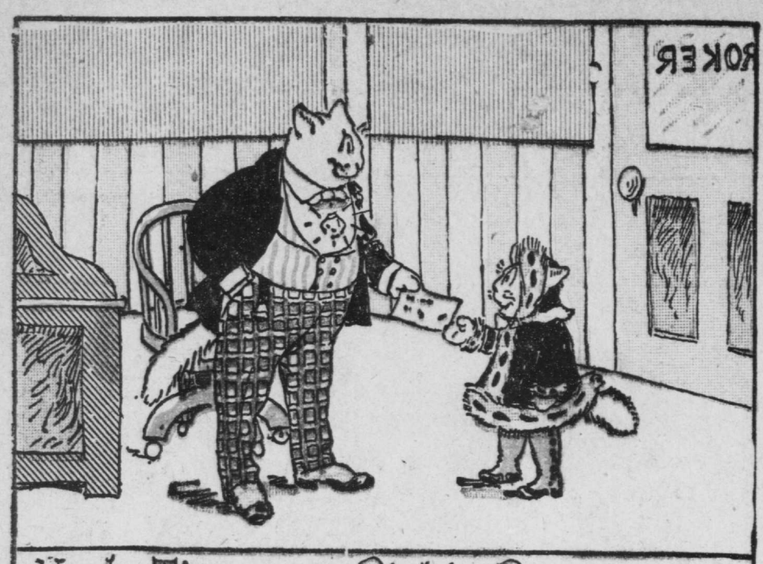
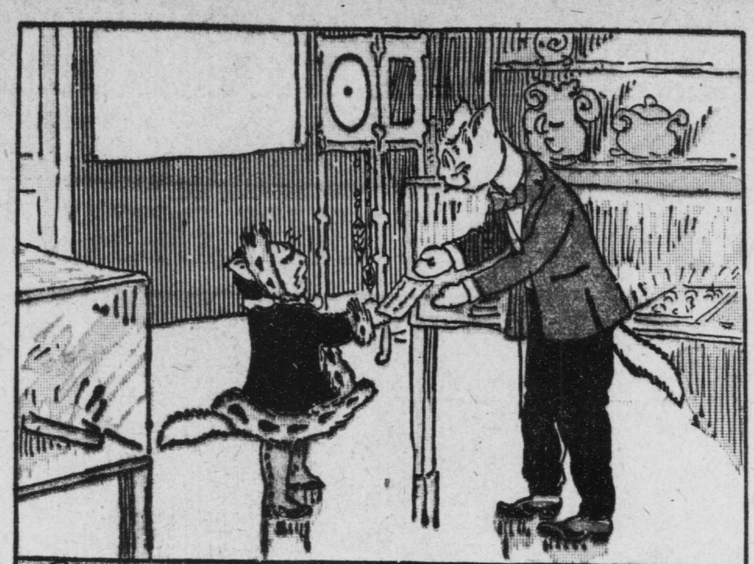
—PINKIE PRIM—



Uncle Tim gave Pinkie Prim
An order for a ring.
Emerald, Diamond, Ruby!
Some "fifty-dollar thing."

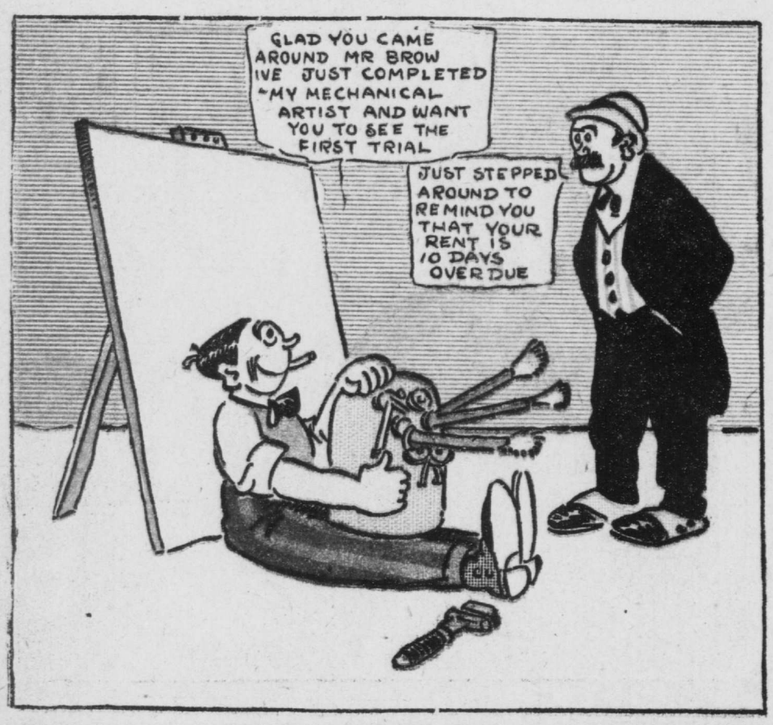
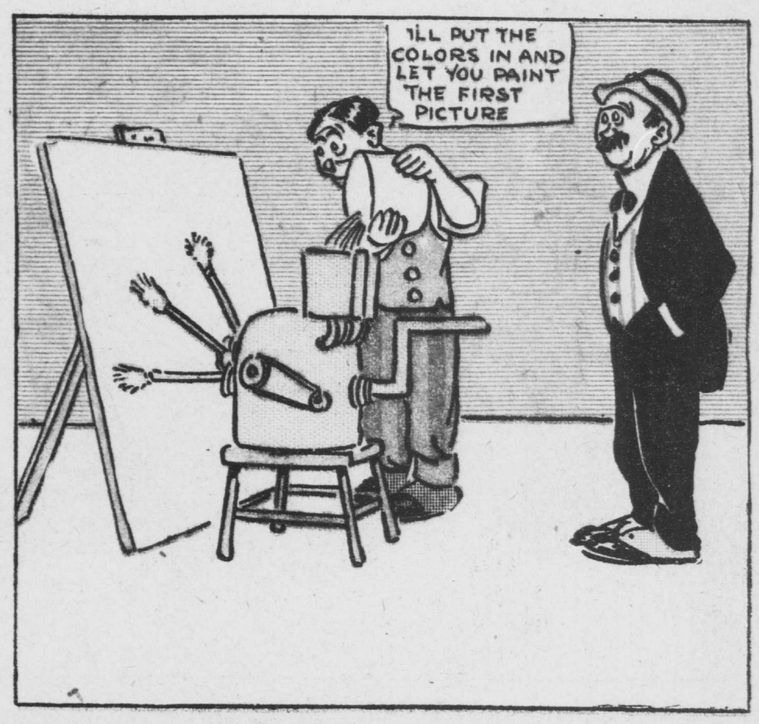


Pinkie Prim important grew!
She went to jew'lry store.
"Diamonds! Please" The man showed her.
She looked them o'er and o'er.

She tried them on, and marvelled much
At glint of gold and gem.
"Put them all back in the case!
I'll call again for them."

Pinkie's heart was smitten sore
At thought of hungry poor.
Uncle Tim she went straight to,
And said; "Why, Uncle, you're

"Only wasting money for
The baublet you would buy.
Give it, Uncle, to the poor!
Distribute it, I'll try."

Uncle tore the order up,
And gave to her a bill.
Soon ten happy fam'lies were,—
That lived down neath the hill.

— HANDY ANDY —