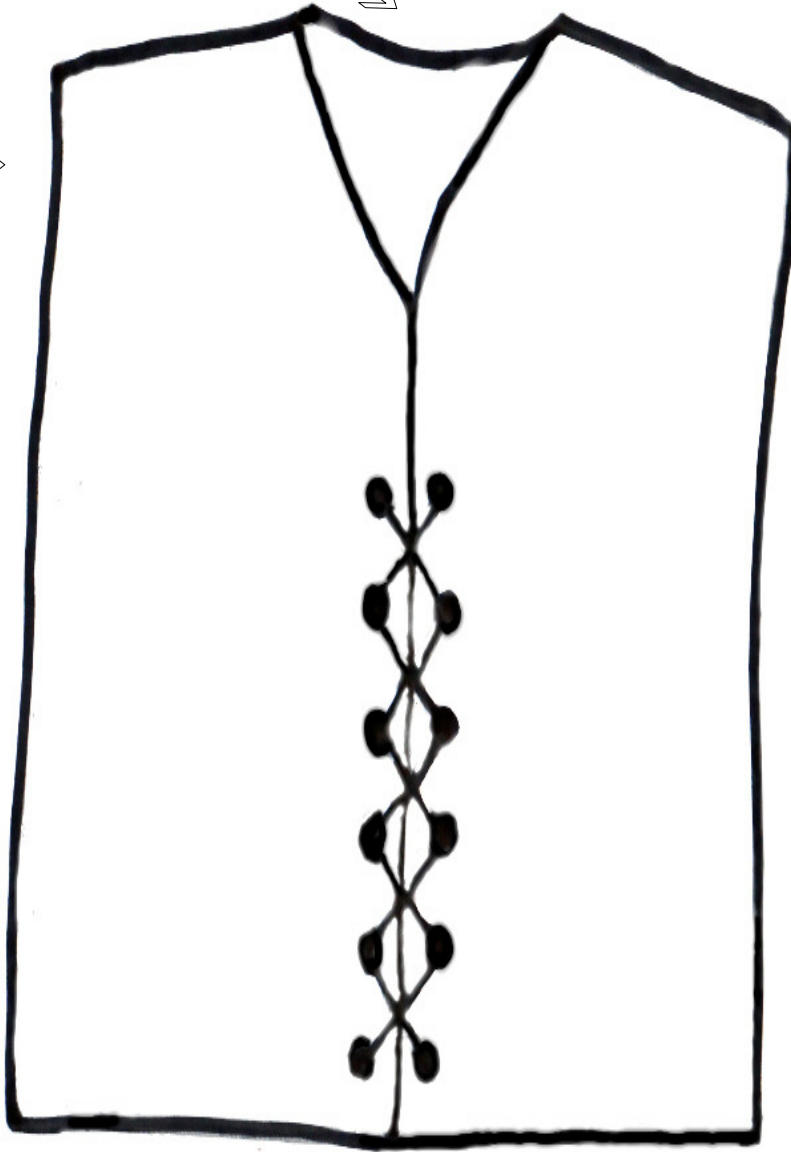


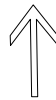
Glue head on the outside of shirt.



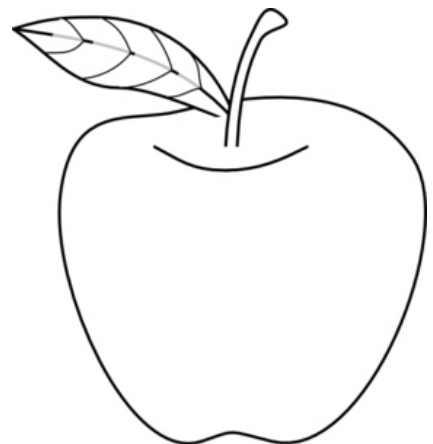
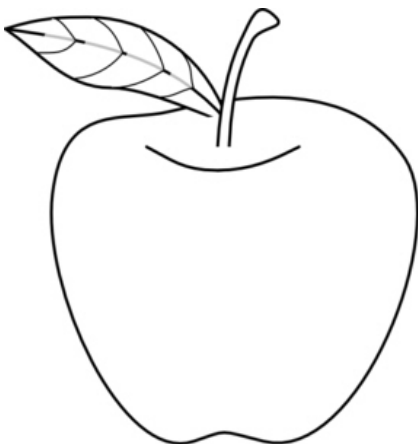
Glue arms on the underside of shirt.

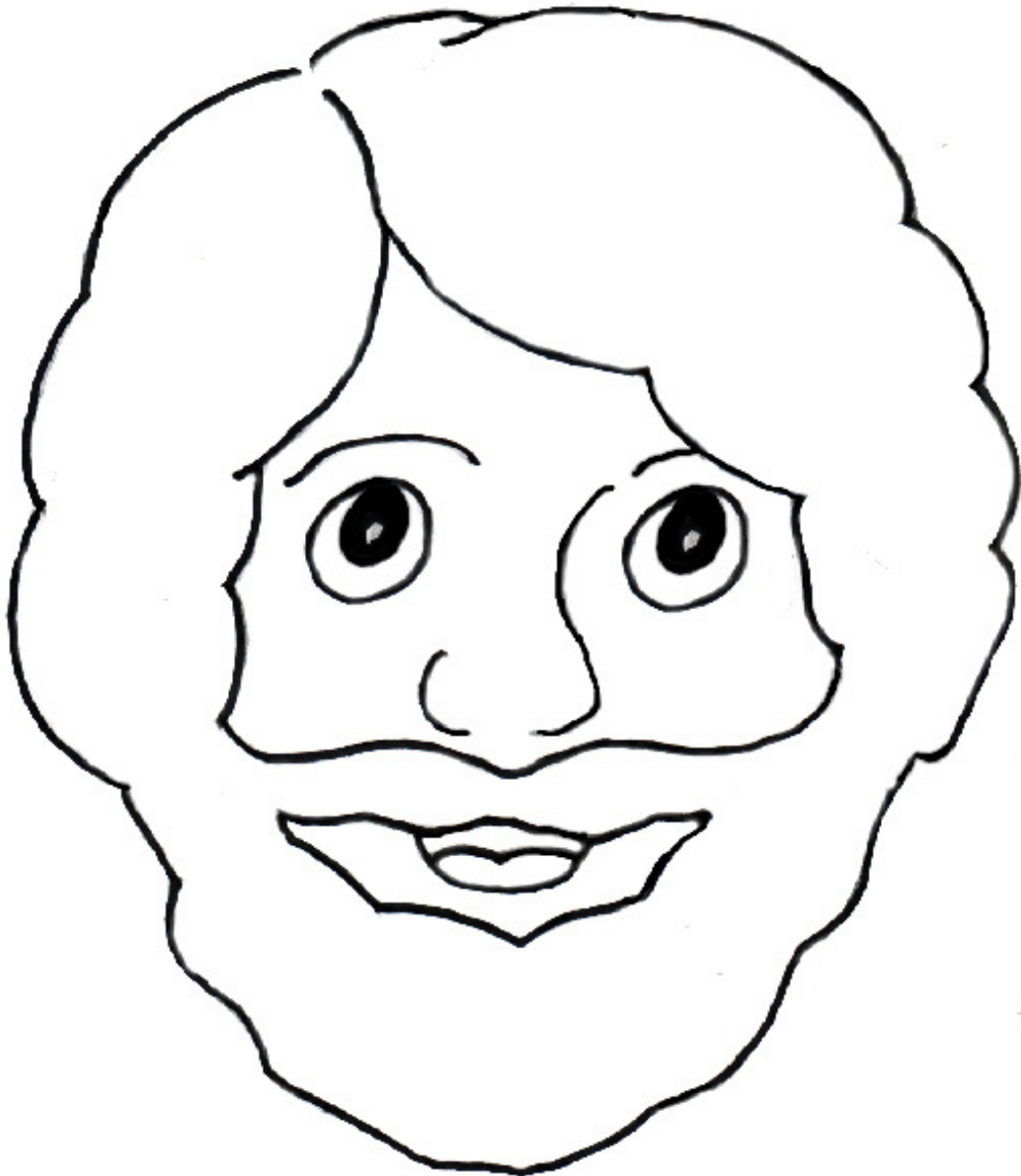
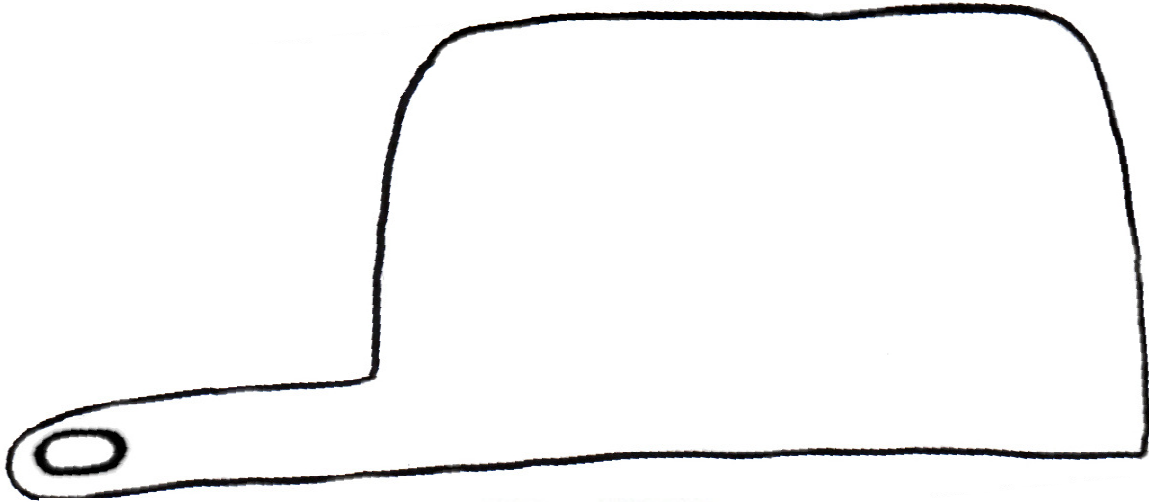


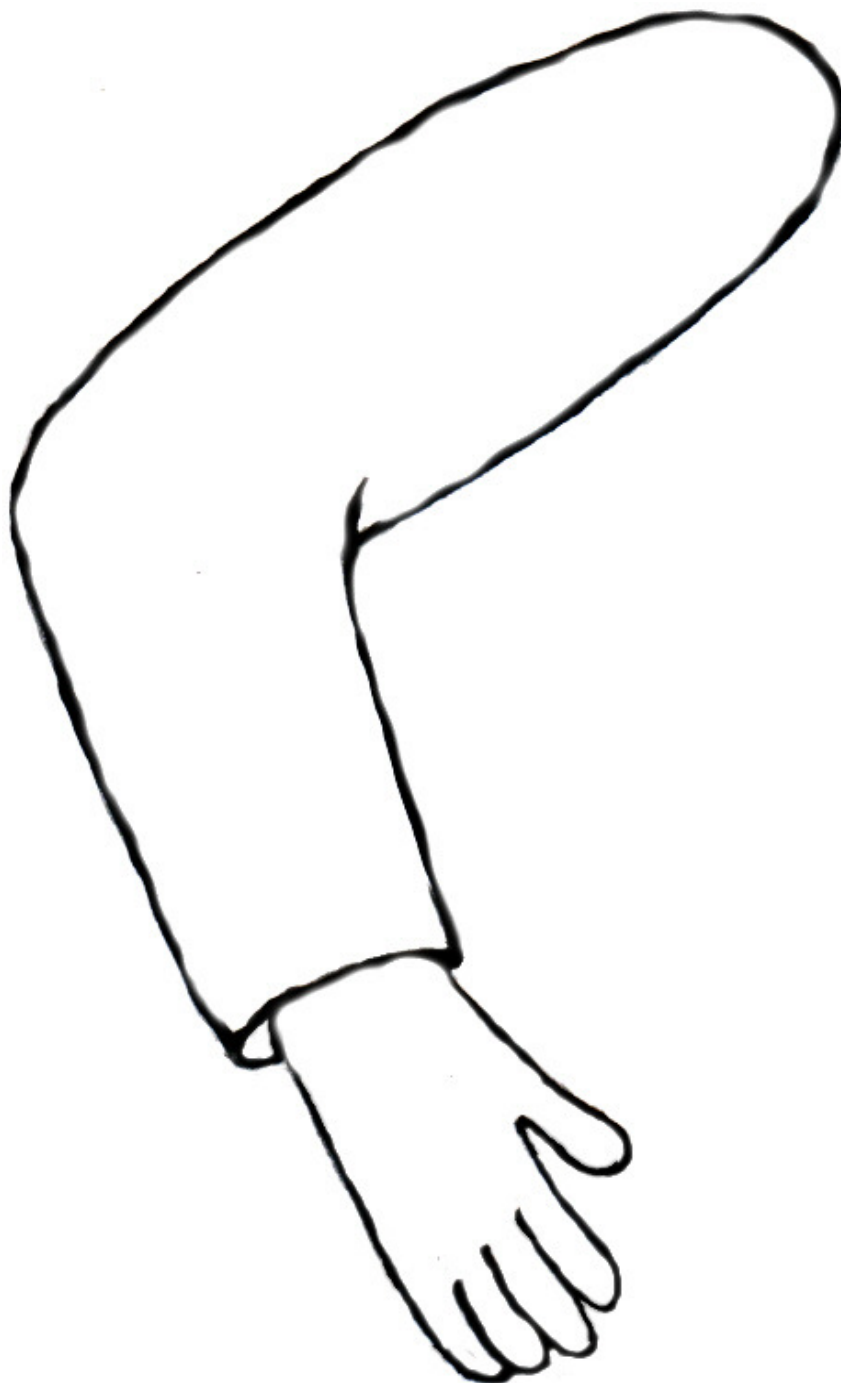
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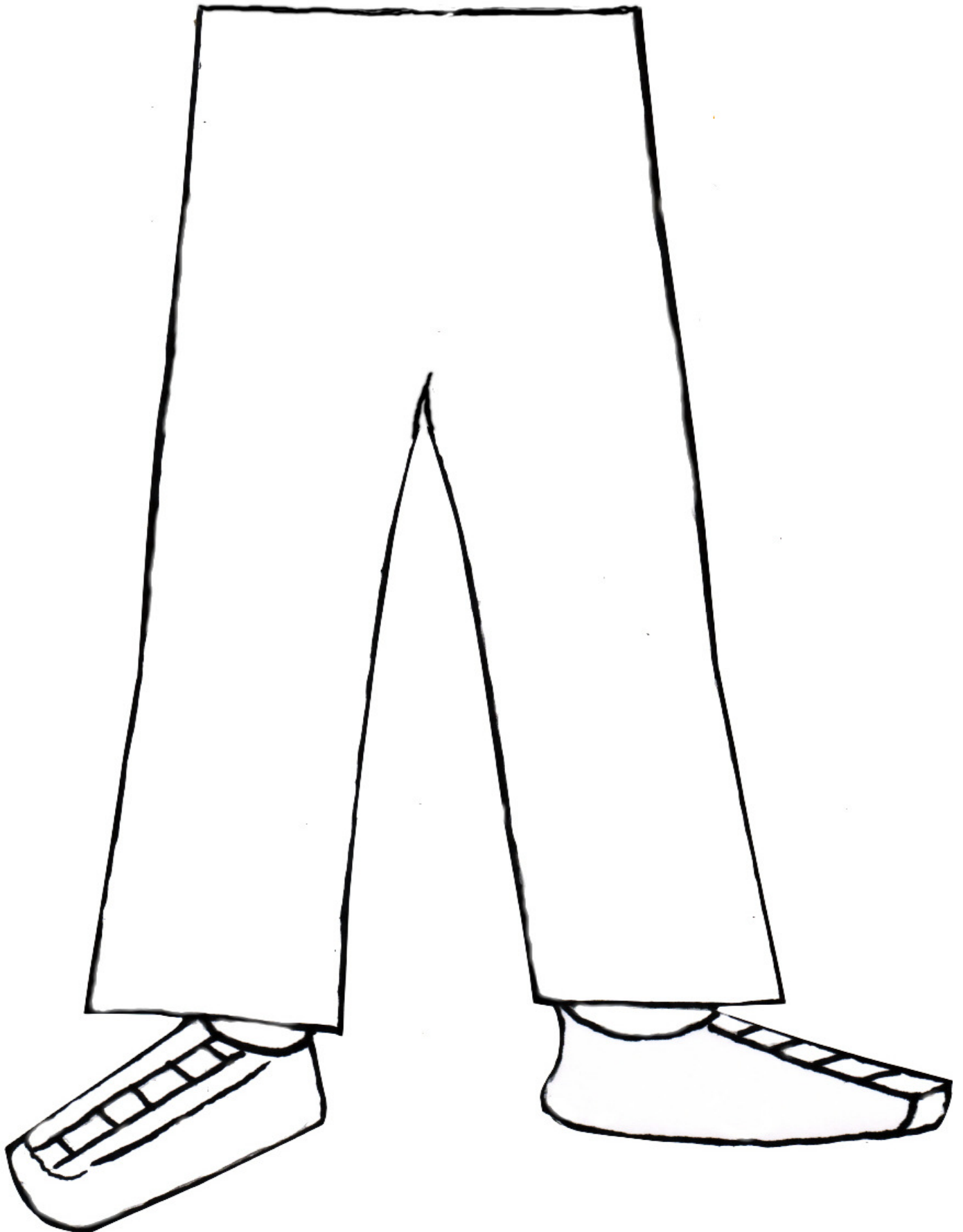


Glue pants on the underside of shirt.









## September

Sweet is the voice that calls  
 From babbling waterfalls  
 In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;  
 And soft the breezes blow,  
 And eddying come and go  
 In faded gardens where the rose is dying.  
 Among the stubbled corn  
 The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
 The merry partridge drums in hidden places,  
 And glittering insects gleam  
 Above the reedy stream,  
 Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.  
 At eve, cool shadows fall  
 Across the garden wall,  
 And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;  
 And pearly vapors lie  
 Along the eastern sky,  
 Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.  
 Ah, soon on field and hill  
 The wind shall whistle chill,  
 And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,  
 To fly from frost and snow,  
 And seek for lands where blow  
 The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.  
 The cricket chirps all day,  
 "O fairest summer, stay!"  
 The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;  
 The wild fowl fly afar  
 Above the foamy bar,  
 And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.  
 Now comes a fragrant breeze  
 Through the dark cedar-trees  
 And round about my temples fondly lingers,  
 In gentle playfulness,  
 Like to the soft caress  
 Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.  
 Yet, though a sense of grief  
 Comes with the falling leaf,  
 And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,  
 In all my autumn dreams  
 A future summer gleams,  
 Passing the fairest glories of the present!

*George Arnold.*

