HOME, SWEET HOME.

"It must be the bustling home around I choose
The din of the world and hustle me
The day and night fancy bustle me
Where the sun never shines on my bed or floor
While my whole room is my bed and floor and
With so much comfort, how could man com-
plain?

"In regard to my home I have my own
I confess proud of those. The atmosphere
That I breathe is pure and clear
That I breathe is pure and clear.

And, funny private, in the house I fly—
A piece of bric-a-brac grows there, too, and
Pictures all taper and piled about.
Books, flowers, and music, made in town
With chairs heaped up a foot above the ground
Where I can sit and read and write and rest
Having about in those outrageous dress.
Where I can sit and read and write and rest
Where I can sit and read and write and rest
Where I can sit and read and write and rest