

Something nice of every mother;
We're prouder of the valley's
womanhood.

So now my lady reader
If you'd hope e'er to succeed her,
Be modest, patient, thoughtful
and sedate;
Cut out all your foolish wobbles,
Cremate all your slits and hobbles,
And strive her virtues all to
emulate.

And in sizing up our neighbors,
Their shortcomings and their labors,
Convinced we are that none of
us can boast;
We must admit quite calmly
That we're parts of one huge family,
And of each other we must make
the most.

January 1st, 1915.