

So toll the bell "who stand afar," the funeral is here
Another milestone on the road for "Society" this year.

Come all you ball room simplens and you dainty dinner
few

With your most lamented farewells and your very last
adieu,

And place the dear departed in their sacred graveyard lot,
For the beauty and the blossom will shortly be forgot.

But the Babe will yet remember from beneath the hire-
lings face

That there had been no tragedy if Mother was in her
place,

For the ballroom and the dinner and perhaps the auto
too

Have robbed me of a mother which our home would never
do.

But "Society" is heartless, be it high or be it low,
That would orphan me so cruelly for all their gaudy show
And leave me in my lonely cot to fret and cry apace,
For they have killed my mother and I'll never see her face

RHYME AND REASON FOR WHITE LUNCH CAFE.

I'll tell you what the people say
Who buy and eat three times a day,
That *White Lunch Cafe* is the place
For all the Epicurean race.

It's cakes and biscuits, I adore,
Rich fruits and vegetables galore,