

Mrs. George Webb too—he knows
her—

Says her Georgie is a poser;

Mrs. Arnould and her Joe—now
don't that jar

Then Mrs. Richard Somers

She's of the older comers,

Mrs. Mellard too, and also Mrs.
Carr.

Then the Smith's, you know, named
Neville—

(In their name they surely revel)—

Mrs. Ogle, too, and Mrs. Wilkin-
son;

Then our good friend Mrs. Coote,
And her Major, who's a "beaut,"

Mrs. Pelly, also Mrs. Jesperson.

Listen now!—He tries to name us—

Mrs. Robinson and Amos,

And Mrs. Cramer, too, (that
makes him think);

And he nearly gave the slip

To our Mrs. Andrew Kipp

In his hurry for to tell of Mrs.
Zink.

What's he know of our Miss Whitley,
Only that she is so fitly

Deserving of a place along the
rank,

Brother Tom was once our teller,
Supervised the creamery cellar

And is now the supeintendent of a
bank.