

They make up for any *inward deficiency*
By secured flattery and *pompous self esteem*,
Which consists in that light and loud proficiency
With which vain glorious men, precious women do teem;
In praiseworthy compliments on the cut of dress,
The which does so poor people and shopkeepers impress.

With that lofty and so apparent mental show
That *brass* will glitter brighter than gold any how.
But then, what of that, since great physical training
Sums up in the dear end all qualities wanting;
And long live that *croquet* with its elegant swing
That gives women a gentle and more ladylike spring!

For thus tennis, golf, baseball, boating, bicycling,
To which may be added riding, enlarge muscles,
More fit for athletes, say for big boys or young men;
Since those exercises hasten the blood's pulses,
But do not always suit, let us say, to maintain
The languid air, the pallid and somnolent *cheek*

Of ladies who wouldn't for a world forego, each week,
The remarkable, desirable, fashionable visits
Where they can easily lavish their ready wits
By conversations on good health and babies' praise,
The weather, the rain, the sun, th' wind, the dust, the heat;
Which combined with a few gossips, is all they can raise
In so short a time and place where ladies so meet.