

A pin is such a tiny thing, of that there is no doubt,
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh you're wretched
till it's out.

She's wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty
girl,
She is always sure to tell her if her hair is out of
curl;
And she is so sympathetic to her friend who's much
admired,
She is often heard remarking, 'Dear, you look so
worn and tired.'

And she is an honest critic, for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural
pride,
And she said, 'Oh, how becoming!' and then gently
added, 'it
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit.'

Then she said, 'If you had heard me yester eve, I'm
sure, my friend,
You would say I was a champion who knows how to
defend.'