

Now Betty Neales liked George MacRae,
Or so we've all heard said;
And so you see, one day in May,
The happy pair were wed.

A dim lit room, with incense ran,
And there within you'll find
In garb of Mandarin, our chubby,
Teaching Mah Jongg, all the time.

Votes for women! Eva cries,
"I stand for women's right!"
A clamouring suffragette is she,
Of men can't stand the sight.

And Nickerson, the A Class sheik,
Vowed he would never marry;
But Agnes Waters changed his mind,
The best of plans miscarry.

Away out West on a lonesome ranch,
Where wintry winds are harsh,
Are Joseph Hurley and his spouse,
And she was Bertha Marsh.

Now Burton Kierstead liked to flirt,
This fact is quite well known,
So famous author though he be,
He now has lost his Joan.

Jack Vaughan, that worst of all male flirts,
With every heart would trifle;
But now for him no more we'll sigh,
For Jack was caught by Lytle.

When Mr. Miller had retired
And married his Miss Palmer;
Another man they had to find
And Bobbie Love received the honor.

A brilliant future stretched before
Our old friend Katherine Cox,
'Till that Professor came her way
And now she darns his socks.

A bobbed haired Harem has MacLeod,
He couldn't decide on one;
And now poor man, for frocks and hats,
Bills greet him by the ton.