

Teaching school is our Dot Bennett,  
Who claims there are few joys  
In proving that two two's are four  
To brainless girls and boys.

McMullen was a studious youth,  
We all knew he'd go far;  
And we were right, for now he drives  
The city's new street car.

Grand Opera now claims Peterson,  
And in his ears sound sweet  
The thundering applause of crowds  
Which his endeavors greet.

And Bertrand Springer's famous now,  
A Scotland Yard Detective,  
As busy as proverbial bee  
At catching crooks deceptive.

And Dorothy Turner thought she'd be  
A modest young school-ma'am;  
But something must have changed her mind,  
For now she's hitched to Jack Oldham.

And Miss McMurray we have heard  
Was to the altar led,  
Not by that six-foot Normalite,  
But Tommy Foulkes instead.

"Why does a chicken cross the street?"  
Such weighty questions Jewett's pondering;  
For a College President is he,  
Though from too much work, his mind seems wandering.

But Ryan thought that work was wrong  
If carried to excess;  
So he's taking here a post-graduate course  
A fixture in old F. H. S.

Giffy and Kennedy are married now  
And seem to be quite happy,  
When yesterday they motored here  
In their roadster, new and snappy.

An artist's model is Helen Underhill,  
She's drawing a hundred per,  
And every artist in New York  
Waits eagerly for her.