Beatrice Barefacts.

(Mary and Marmaduke.)

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Tempo di Marcia.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Dear Be - a - trite Bare - facts, a
Dear Be - a - trite Bare - facts, I
Dear Be - a - trite Bare - facts, am

CONTRARY MARY (reading.)

coun - try girl am I,
Next month I'm going
am a nice young man,
I do not drink or
I in love or not?
Since I a cer - tain

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down to town, so tell me how to make a gown of smoke or swear, I tint my nails and bang my hair, and party saw I sleep and smile and eat no more, but

scraps that I've put by. I've carefully saved curds and ruc - es ban. My sal - a - ry weep an aw - ful lot. Whenever I meet

up - ly is small, I beg to say With him I'm frozen to the spot, But My
this would it be quite in taste To wear a yellow
I'd no longer dwell alone. Now would you wed and
blond goes rushing to my head I know my nose turns
velvet waist? your answer quickly rush. Tush!
start a home on eighty cents a day? Nay!
fiercely red Can this be Love or what? Dear
Tush! Tush! Tush! Nay! Nay! Nay!
me! me! me!
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That dress worn on a ferry boat
in it. A home on eighty cents a day Would
question, You have a dreadful case of love or

scare away the river.
last just eighty minutes.
chronic indigestion.

MARY and MARMADUKE.

Oh, write to Beatrice Bare facts when.
Every you are in doubt, Oh she will help you
out, she'll put your doubt to rout. The
talented Miss Barefacts, She tells a thing or two In the
Perfect Ladies column of the Woman's Home Magoo.