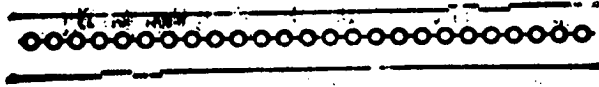
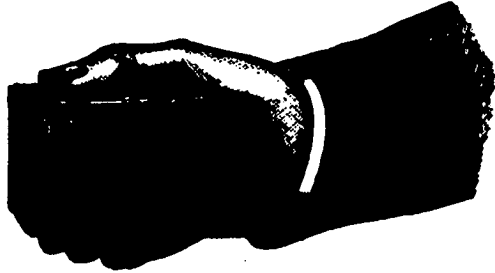
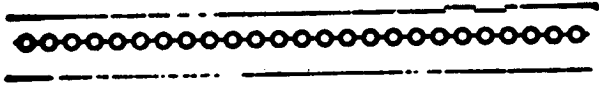


THE



Snapshotted

Selector

by K.C.N.

When me darter's home from Melbun for to spend her ollerdays,
She spends the bloomin' moments in the most outrageous ways;
A-trampin' the selection with a leather-covered box,
A-posin' everybody 'fore a naked patch o' rocks,
Or sittin' sort of careless on the "dogleg" like as not —
In front of what I've heard her call "the pictereskest spot;"
You daren't move a mussel, or your finger even crook,
When Mary aims her kodak and you gits your picter took.

She fotograft her mother when she went ter feed the cat,
A wearin' of her apron, and a holey one at that,
She fotograft me milkin' when moskeeters bit me so —
It's lucky that the language I was usin' didn't show,
She calls 'em "bits o' nature," and she says as how they're "art,"
But we'd rather get some clothes on and appear a little smart.
A sittin' close together with the proper lovin' look,
As married people oughter, when they gits their picters took.

Instead of takin' fotografts o' somethin' worth her while,
She'll fossick up some old thing in a aggravatin' style;
Instead o' takin' people in their go-to-meetin' rigs,
She'd rather cop a feller when he's feedin' of the pigs.
We're so afraid she'll take us, when we least expect her to,
We have to sneak an' dodge her when there's anything to do.
When Mary gits her ollerdays, we wear a worried look,
For fear she'll aim her kodak, an' we'll git our picters took.

