SUPPOSE YOU TAKE WITH OPEN MIND, TWELVE HANDSOME MEN—WHAT DO YOU FIND?

PEOPLE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, TWELVE SHAPES IN EVEN SERIES; TWELVE
faces, cast in classic mould—(a type that quickly wears;)

heads—the same from crown to nape, interminable iteration; Twelve

nooses—all alike in shape, without a variation; Two
dozens—all large and bright; Two dozens—almost quite like

Cupid's bow—underneath somewhere about three hundred teeth,
By average calculation.

This is a principle you may disseminate.

Good-looking men are effete and effeminate. As for variety,

they haven't got any—Morbidly mild in their mawky monotony!
This is a principle we may disseminate: Good-looking men are effete and effeminate. As for variety, they haven't got any—morbidity mild, morbidly mild in their morbidly mild, morbidly mild, morbidly mild in their
But take twelve plain men, and you find Variety of every kind!

You've
eyes that swivel, eyes that squint, And dribbling eyes, and dosy; And

mottled cheeks of every tint, And hair that's red and rosy; You've

mouths that grin and mouths that gape; Large ears that don't offend us; Un-

even teeth grotesque in shape, And noses, too tremendous! You've

noses flat and noses snub, Gigantic noses, noses club; You've
noses long and noses short, And some that snore and some that snort,

With energy stupendous!

Why we're unpopular passes the wit o' me!

Each of his kind is a comical epitome, Teeming with humours of dissimilarity—Quite a museum of peculiarity!