MISTER E. Z. MARK

Words & Music by EARLE REMINGTON

Allegro moderato

was a man in Gotham and his name was E. Z. Mark. The man came to his store, one day, to sell some sable furs. He got a telephone, one day, and said, "Is that you, dear?" He man came rushing in, today, and said, "I came to sell..."

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best that ever happened, from the Battery to the Park; He'd said, "For fifteen hundred bones these priceless skins are yours." He thought it was his wife's voice, she said, "Send fifty, dear!" The diamond necklace that I found, 'twas lost by some big swell, And

bite at anything he saw, the fakirs knew it well; They took them home to show his wife, she said, "You must be drunk!" Those man will call, he came, that's all, he got the fifty too —— But the reward's a thousand, I'll take half, no time to waste, —— But

always hunted E. Z. when they had some junk to sell. —— are not sables, E. Z., they are only common skunk!" what his wife said afterwards, I wouldn't say to you —— when he showed it to his wife, she screamed, "You chump, that's paste!"
Last night as he was closing up a little boy came in.
"Your wife wants both your overcoats," he said without a grin,
"To send them to the cleaner." E. Z. gave them with a dime.

His wife said when he told her: "Well, you're left another time.'

He bought a lot of real estate from such a lovely man:
He took his wife out Sunday just to look over the land;
But when they reached the section that the lots were said to be
His wife said: "E. Z., you're all right, they're nine miles out at sea'.