



Mrs Janet Burford  
5 Washington Road  
Bayswater  
London

Gertrude Milligan

Gertrude M

Gertrude

Jan

50 to tea

~~scribbles~~

grapes, oranges, dates, lemonade. 12/-

out up to out 1 2 3 10h (with dance for  
pt out behind out in front

Theatrical Pieces

Comp'd by 2 balance steps  
Mrs Edward Curie  
Edward Curie

Jean Milligan

## Country Relations

### Dramatis Personae

- Mrs St Aubyn (or Stubbins) a Nouvelle Riche anxious  
to get into Society & desirous  
of concealing her nonceauté.
- Mrs Vincent — a would be celebrated tragedienne
- Miss Penn — a rising Novelist
- Madame Fontaine — a French artist
- Lady Fortescue — a Society woman whose  
patronage Mrs St Aubyn wishes to gain
- Mrs Stubbins — of Manchester
- Miss Stubbins — her daughter
- Smicott — maid to Mrs St Aubyn.

Time — Near end of Season

Scene Mrs St Aubyn's drawing room  
Smicott preparing afternoon katales for  
Mrs St Aubyn's reception day.

P):- Lor, if my mistress knew 'ow these ladies she's  
so fond of talks behind 'er back, I don't think as  
'ow she'd smile so sweet on them as she does. But then  
I don't know but she would - she aint a real lady she  
aint, for all 'er 'igh soundin' name. Mrs St. Aubyn  
indeed (metakin' her) and my country 'ouse, and my  
grand relations, and my grand friends. Bless you  
tho' not so long since she 'ad to be content to be  
called plain Mrs Shubbins, my country 'ouse is just  
a Manchester villa and my grand relations 'are very  
lately become grand (with great contempt) Cotton!!  
And my grand friends are not so many as Mrs  
St. Aubyn would like folks to believe. Pettily I  
feel as 'ow I've lowered myself by leavin' my last  
place for this tho' the wages is higher. Lady  
Manning was a real lady tho' stingy  
(Enter Mrs St A Visit P.)

Mrs St A. (walking about shaking up cushions etc) speaking  
in an affected accent) I wonder if dear Lady Fortescue will

call today. That sweet creature has quite fallen in love  
with me I do declare and I'm sure it is reciprocated  
(relapsing into natural manner) What luck to have got  
acquainted with Lady & my first season. Why  
she's one of the leaders of Society, and next year who  
knows what fine friends I may have. Of course  
I'll drop all such small fry as these actresses  
like Mrs Vincent & scribbles like Miss Penn. Tuppie  
only stepping stones (affectedly) But dear Lady  
Fortescue (relapsing) she's quite another pair of shoes  
(Enter Pincott with letter on salver)

P:- A letter Ma'am

Mrs St A (laughing in chair) Thank you Pincott  
(read) Dear Lolly (horripes) "Lolly"

Fanny and me are so glad to hear of your fine  
doings in London. You seem to be quite the belle now  
and stick with all the grand folks. Now I'm sure  
you'll be pleased to hear that me and Fanny  
has taken a fancy to come up and have a peep

at you and your friends to look for us on Thursday  
We want to do a bit of shopping too as our bonnets  
are about worn out. So no more at present but  
hoping to see you on Thursday from  
Your affectionate mother

J. Stubbs

(let letter fall clasp her hands in despair)  
Good Heavens!!! my mother-in-law and Fanny. When did  
she say they were coming (snatching letter) Thursday! - the day  
after tomorrow!! Oh she must be put off she simply must!  
Oh this week there's Lady F's ball and a dinner at that  
smart Mrs. Clavens. Two next week the season will be over  
and Lady F will be out of town. I've time to write. I'll  
go and write now!!

Ed.

(Enter Pinchot with telegram on salver)

Pinchot: Telegram Ma'am. Oh! she's gone! Well I'm not  
going to seek her. I'll just lay it on the table here  
I'd never have dared to do it to Lady Manning, but  
for Mrs. St. A's afraid of me. Still never say nothing

(bell) 'Des' some of the grand friends (Exit)  
Enter D ushering in Miss Penn. "I'll tell Mrs. St. Aubyn  
Madam.

Miss P.: I'm just it seems, and Mrs. St. Aubyn not down  
- doing her hair for Lady F I suppose - Ah well  
I'm not sorry. Let me see what are the characteristic  
features of a Nouveau riche drawingroom. It may  
come in handy for my next novel (bell)  
(going to window) Mrs. Vincent an actress I see. I must  
study her. She may come in handy for my  
next novel

D (ushering in Mrs. V) Mrs. Vincent

Miss P.: How do you do Mrs. Vincent. Charmed to meet  
you. I am Miss P. the novelist

Mrs. V: Ha!! I have heard of you. Was it not in your  
book "Shades of the Prison House" that a  
splendidly tragic scene occurs?

Miss P.: Which do you mean. It is all splendidly tragic

Mrs. V: Oh! that chapter in which the wicked Vincent

forces the heroine by mentioning her to write a letter  
announcing her engagement to the hero her son. Ah.  
I can fancy myself acting that part were the book  
dramatized. I can imagine struggling against the fatal  
influence, and the despair of being forced to yield  
(Smiles into a chair overcome)

Miss P. Quite so. (aside) the idiot! dramatise my philosophical  
novel indeed!! (to Mrs V) I do wonder what can be keeping  
Mrs St. A.

Mrs V. Ah! what a privilege to know that noble woman -  
whom an unaffected gracious creature she appears when  
one considers her noble birth and her vast wealth. The  
St Aubyns came over with the conquerors she told me  
casually in such an unassuming way.

Miss P. The St Aubyns did, no doubt, but what did the  
Stubbins do?

Mrs V. - Ha! What do these words portend?

Miss P. Why didn't you know Mrs St Aubyn is the wife  
of Stubbins the Cotton King?

Mrs V.! - But her ancestral halls?!!!

Miss P.! - Oh she has just brought up the estate of Lord  
St. Alban - his household you know - & St. Alban  
is pretty like St. Aubyn.

Mrs V.! - Can such things be? What what a patron of the  
stage she is.

Miss P.! - Oh yes, when you come to money you're on perfectly  
solid ground - there's no doubt about that. She's  
useful to struggling professionals like you and me.  
But let me advise you - get what you can just now  
for as she gets hold of people in higher circles will  
be left in the lurch.

Mrs V.! - "Oh world! thy slippery turn!"

Miss P.! - This Lady F now. I hope she may call this afternoon.  
It will be quite a treat for a satirical philosopher  
like myself to contemplate the difference there will  
be in Mrs St Aubyn's reception of Lady F from  
that she accords to you and me.

Mrs V.! - I hope Lady F may call. I should greatly like to

to make her acquaintance. She has such influence in  
dramatic circles. (Bell)

Mrs P. (going to window) Here Madame Fontaine the French  
artist. I have met her here before. She imagines Mrs  
St. A. to belong to the beau monde & expects to be  
introduced to the best artistic society.

(Enter Puckering in Madame F.) Madame Fontaine

Miss P.: How do you do Madame F.? So pleased to see you.

Madame F. (with very French accent) ou do you do Miss P. I am  
sharued to meet you again.

Miss P.: Allow me to introduce you to Mrs Vincent (aside to  
Madame) a celebrated actress. Mrs V - Madame F. (they bow)

Madame: But where is Mrs St. Aubyn is she not at home?

Mrs V.: We have not yet seen her Madame she keeps us waiting

Madame: "Ou strange. An English custom perhaps?"

Miss P.: The custom of certain classes Madame

Madame: Ah oui! Elle est d'un rang bien elevé cette charmante

Mrs St. Aubyn - she is of a class very high - n'est ce pas?

Miss P.: (sarcastically) Oh very!

Madame: - What comment what would you say Miss P.?

Mrs V.: Miss Penn, Madame, has newly made to me revelations  
of the most shocking description

Madame: - But'ow? Madame what is this Mrs St. Aubyn  
(enter Mrs St. A.)

Mrs St. A.: A thousand apologies ladies I have been just  
unavoidably detained Mrs Vincent I am so pleased  
you have come. Madame Charney de vos vons coming  
vos party voo? Miss Penn you are always welcome  
Now you must have a cup of tea. I'm afraid  
it must be rather over drawn but I'm sure  
you won't mind. Is not the tea you come  
for, is it Madame?

Madame: - Oh mon Dieu Mrs St. Aubyn

Miss P.: (aside to Mrs V) Charming manner isn't she?

Mrs St. A.: I'm particularly glad you all came today  
as next week I expect some of my relations from  
the country - my mother-in-law - the Dowager  
Mrs St. Aubyn. Such a charming old lady, but

she cannot bear the bustle of visiting and receiving  
visitors in our busy town way. The stately county  
visiting is such a different thing isn't it dear  
Mrs Vincent?

Miss P. (aside) The Dowager Mrs Stubbinis ha'ho' la'

Mrs V I - I - don't - that is - Quite so.

(Enter P ushering in Lady F) Lady Fortescue.

Mrs St. A. My dear Lady Fortescue - so sweet of you to call -  
how kind and how charmingly well you are looking.

Lady F. (stately & haughty) How do you do Mrs St. Aethyn?

(surveys the rest through lorgnette)

Mrs St. A. Mrs Vincent would you mind changing your chain  
for this one beside Miss Penn Lady F always sits there.

Mrs V. - Oh! certainly - anything that Lady Fortescue would like  
I shall be pleased to do. As a patron of the stage she is  
worthy of every honour.

Lady F. - Who is this?

Mrs St. A. (Introduces all round) Would you have tea Lady  
Fortescue

Lady F. - Well I think I will. I've just called on my way  
home from the Duchess of Buttho, but she always  
has such bad tea that it positively does one more  
harm than good. Yes I should like a cup of tea

Mrs St. A. - Oh! then I shall have some fresh infused at once  
This is too old (rings bell)

(Enter Pincott) Pincott will you kindly infuse some  
fresh tea please. (Pincott tosses her head Mrs St. A looks  
alarmed) Just a little Pincott please (P tosses head  
again but meeting Lady F's eye hastily retreats with  
the teapot).

Madame! - (aside to Miss P.) Ma foi! we are - what you call?  
eclipsed! Who is dat lady. Does she belong to the  
Royal family.

Miss P. - It's a proportion since Madame. As we are to Lady F  
so is Lady F to the Royal family - so Mrs St. A thinks.

Madame! - Es Lady F a patron of art?

Miss P. - Oh she is a patron of everything.

Madame! - A la bonheur! (to Lady F) Madam is it that



you love art. Ah! Je le crois bien! You have  
the artist's eye.

Lady F.:- I do not paint myself but I have always been  
considered a good judge of pictures (Enter P with tea)

Madame.:- Oh J'en suis sure! You are the fire in the eye  
that shows always the artist. Moi! I am also  
an artist I paint. I come to London to study the  
English art and to show two or three little pictures  
of my own. The judgment of your ladyship would be  
l'honneur des honneurs.

Lady F.:- I shall be very pleased (aside to Mrs S & A) This seems  
a most intelligent person

Mrs S & A.:- Dear Lady F your discernment is marvellous. Madame  
F is indeed a charming and gifted woman

Mr D.:- Act of any kind, it seems to me touches the youth  
in a great tragedy. Now when I acted Macbeth, a very  
great person who attended the performance one night  
was very deeply affected by the sleepwalking scene  
"It is the measurement of art" he was heard to exclaim

Lady F.:- In whose company are you acting just now?

Mr D.:- Oh - er - well with nobody in particular just now  
I am giving small dramatic representations just now

Lady F.:- Indeed. - Where?

Mr D.:- Oh - er - well of course only temporarily in - er - in  
the Alhambra.

Lady F. (freely) Indeed! (turns her back) Mrs V wrings  
her hands) (to Miss P) And are you also an actress?

Miss P.:- (indignantly) No indeed! I am a literary woman

Lady F.:- A journalist!

Miss P.:- No, I write novels on the abuses too prevalent  
unfortunately in Society.

Lady F. (coldly) Indeed! Are you familiar with Society?  
I don't remember having met you before.

Miss P.:- If not in Society at least I have the best  
authority for the facts which I lash with  
unsparring sarcasm in my novels

Lady F.:- What have you written

Miss P.:- "The World's Leadmill" "Secrets of Past Lane"

"Shades of the Prison House" and others

Lady F.:- (Shaking her head) between each) "The World's Scream" -  
"Secrets of Park Lane" - "Shadows of the Prison?" -

My good young woman I have never heard of any  
of these. I'm afraid you won't reform Society by  
writing books which Society doesn't read (turning back)

Mrs St. Aubyn when do you leave town - the season is  
at its last gasp now you know.

Mrs St. A.:- Yes I know dear Lady F but I can't leave town  
quite yet. My dear mother in law and her daughter  
are coming up to town next week. How I should  
like to make you know to one another. She is such a  
dear old lady - not at all the fashionable matron  
of today - quite the stately old school, don't you know  
what a pity you leave town this week. She does so  
love a little good company - of course (hastily) not  
a crowded reception like my reception like my  
ordinary Tuesday afternoon but such an intimate  
and valued friend as yourself I know she would

be charmed to meet.

Lady F.:- Does she secure much company in the country  
Mrs St. A.:- Oh she is the centre of a delightful little county circle

Miss P.:- (aside) Quite true - they all keep an equal distance  
from her

Lady F.:- You must have her again when I am in town

Mrs St. A.:- Oh! I'm sure you would be charmed with her.

(Enter Pinnett)

Pin.:- Mrs Stubbins and Miss Stubbins

(All turn to the door Lady F "Stubbins"? Put up her  
lorgnette Mrs St. A gasps as two expensively but badly  
dressed provincial looking people come in)

Mrs S.:- Well, Dolly, here we are at last, and such a time  
we've had, what with losing a brown paper and  
finding our way to your house, and the cabman  
most impudently demanding unheard of money for  
driving only a step "My man" I says to him  
"You'll get 1/6 and not another penny will you have  
from Juliana Stubbins I promise you!" Well and

Have you nothing to say now we are here?

Mrs. S. A.:- (faulstly) Your letter said 'Thursday'.

Mrs. S.:- Oh, didn't you get our telegraph.

Mrs. P. (aside) Dear me! do they own a telegraph?

Mrs. S. A.:- Your telegram — what telegram?

Mrs. S.:- Why tellin' you we was coming up today.

Mrs. S.:- (who has been taking stock) Polly Stubbins if that ain't

my telegram lying never opened. You always was a careless thing. But don't let us disturb your company

We're tired, but a cup of tea and sitting listening to the

chatter refresh us. — won't it Fanny?

Fanny:- Oh yes to be sure Ma.

Mrs. S.:- (to Lady F.) Well I'm sure ma'am, you've all been very kind to Polly up in London here, and me and Fanny's both as pleased as can be to come up and see her happiness. Are you one of her grand friends now?

Lady F.:- (haughtily) I really can't say! But what did you call

Mrs. — that lady a few minutes ago?

Mrs. P.:- Mercy me! Do you mean to say you don't know the name

of the people you visit. Well upon my word! if London manners ain't queer. Why that's Polly Stubbins as married my son Smokey; and now she's a widow — poor thing!

Lady F.:- Polly Stubbins! Good heavens! Mrs. or Stubbins. I demand an explanation of the gross deception you have practised on me.

Mrs. S. A.:- (helplessly) I haven't deceived you, dear Lady F. This — this person is not telling the truth — I don't know who she is.

Mrs. S.:- What does she say? she unnatural — she doesn't know me — I'm telling lies am I? She knew me very well when I was the mother of the rich Mr. Stubbins & she was poor Polly Smith.

Lady F.:- You must find some more credible excuse Mrs. or Stubbins. You undoubtedly recognized this — person — when she came in.

Mrs. S. A.:- I made a mistake — there is a likeness to —

Lady F.:- Nonsense! Tell me plainly — are you Mrs. Marston St. Aubyn, a member of a noble family long

poverty stricken but recently enriched as you led me to believe.

W<sup>rs</sup> St. (laughing) The name's pretty near right ma'am but we always called it Mary Anne Stubbins. Polly always had high notions. *Stonyp.*

Lady F. - My good woman, I was not addressing you. Be so good as not to address me.

W<sup>rs</sup> St. - My good woman, forsooth, and what right has you or anybody to call my daughter my good woman.

Lady F. - This is the result of my foolish trustfulness in taking the bare word of a designing woman, and thus exposing myself to the impertinence and the pretensions of her vulgar relations.

W<sup>rs</sup> St. - Lady Fortescue if that's your name. I don't think you're no right to accuse me and Fanny of any of these things. We didn't come here to give you impertinence or show you any pretensions but to see my daughter in law, Polly Stubbins - which sorry I am as ever I am ashamed of her ungratefulness and deceit.

Oh Polly how vexed your mother would have been.

Lady F. - Mrs Stubbins I ask your pardon. I acknowledge that I was most unjust in what I said to you. You are as much wronged and deceived as myself. Madame (to Mrs St. A) Our acquaintance is at an end. Will you be so good as to ring for your servant to show me out. *(exit)*

W<sup>rs</sup> St. - I too will take my leave - Madame farewell *(exit)*

Madame - Madame, I had not comprehended all that our hostess said, but I see well that you had deceived us. I love not deceit, also I love the Lady Fortescue. Madame adieu for ever *(exit)*

Mrs P (who has been taking notes in a book) *(aside)* She is magnificent for my next work. Side Show of Society (to Mrs St. A) Goodbye Madame I don't altogether condemn you but my interests forbid me to associate with you in future. It would ruin my career. Goodbye *(exit)*

W<sup>rs</sup> St. A. (throwing herself into a chair) All gone! Friends Society

reputation - everything. (rising in fury) You  
wicked wicked woman. You have ruined my career -  
and I had begun so well too, Lady F so friendly  
- but she like the rest of the world - turns her back  
at the first breath of misfortune. Oh you hateful creature!

Miss S:- Polly Shotton - you artful false ungrateful woman -  
I've not been speakin' much - but I've been thinkin'  
a lot. How dare you turn on them as made  
you what you are now, and took you from the  
poorest without a grudge. Oh! you unfeeling  
thing!

Mrs S.A:- Oh! that you had left me as I was. I would at least  
have no connection with you. The horror of seeing Lady F's  
shocked face at the sight of you. Oh! I'll never get  
over it - never!

Miss S:- Polly my god I'm sore disappointed in you - that I am  
It's your deceit as done it all. Lady F would never have  
been shocked if you had told the truth all along.  
She's a real honest lady - though a bit haughty and 'o

hear the false tales you'd been tellin' of her. No  
wonder she was shocked, for me and Fanny is plain  
in our ways, and that I don't deny. But as  
Fanny says to be ashamed of them as has been  
kind to you and done all for you Oh! it's  
shameful. But don't be afraid, Fanny and me  
won't trouble you. I'm thankful to say we've  
money enough to stay at an hotel for under your  
roof we don't remain another minute. Goodbye  
Polly and may you come to a better mind.  
Come Fanny

Miss S:- Goodbye Polly but I don't think as I'll ever forgive  
you (Exit)

Mrs S.A:- (alone) Oh dear! Oh dear!! Oh dear!!! What -  
what have I done to be punished like this. All  
- all gone. I'm the most miserable woman on earth.  
I'll take poison - I'll emigrate to Australia, - I'll  
go into a convent - And oh dear me! what ever  
can Pinnett be thinking. I'll need to discuss her.

Even my maid is torn from me. I'll ring and  
dismiss her now - no I'll wait - no I'll write  
her a note - but that's absurd. I'll do it now (rings)  
(Enter Pincott)

Pin:- (sternly) You rang ma'am

Mrs S.A.:- Yes Pincott I rang. I hope you weren't too busy  
Pincott. I wanted to speak to you - that is - to tell you a-

Pin:- Yes ma'am, you wanted to speak to me & you  
wanted to tell me - what?

Mrs S.A.:- You see Pincott I am thinking of leaving town -  
for good, and perhaps leaving the country - and  
I couldn't take you with me. so you see if you don't mind -

Pin:- Take me with you - take me indeed. And do you  
flatter yourself ma'am that I would go with you  
not if you offered me a thousand golden sovereigns  
in my hand. Let me tell you ma'am I was just  
a-coming up to tell you that I wouldn't stay in  
this here place not by no means, what with vulgar  
persons coming to the house and a-wrangling with

low cabmen, which I was never accustomed to such  
behaviour at Lady Mainwarp. So I give you warning  
ma'am and mean to leave this day and to do all  
the other servants'

Mrs S.A.:- Go away Pincott please go away. You may  
leave this day, this hour, this minute if you  
like - only leave the room  
Exit Pincott

Mrs S.A. Now Welcome Death!!

Tomorrow  
Bell

New Neighbours

A Comedy.

Principal Persons.

Miss Lavinia McPhun	}	maiden ladies of the
Miss Priscilla McPhun		old type
Miss Penelope Gordon	—	their niece
Libbie	— — —	old servant
Betty	— — —	young servant.

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Scene Breakfast room at the Misses McPhun's

Libbie! - (engaged in setting the table) Betty! Betty ye lummer  
I smell that toast burnin'. Look ad't this  
minute. The careless hizzy! she'll be glowin'  
oot o' the windy at thae men unloadin' the new  
neibours' furniture. Ma certy it's easy seen  
she's ane o' Ricketts' Samson's bringer' up - a  
through-thro' body as ever I saw. Ay but it's  
fast they useless fauds wi' naething to recommen' them  
but a bonny face an' a braw gown 'at gets the best  
men, an here am I that won the prize for scores  
at the floor show when I was but aughteen year  
auld age in my first place wi' Miss McPhun and  
Miss Priella. Ay an' Mistress Lamson ca's me an auld  
maid forbye - the impudent body. Hech, hech but it's  
gey wearisome whiles bein' yer lane, an' seein' a' yer  
auld freens wi' a man an a hoole o' their aye.  
Betty, hae ye maekit the tea?

Libbie! - No yet.

Libbie! - Th - ye lazy - Juid sake! there's Miss Penelope

left a' her books an' papers an' trash scatterin'  
on the floor. Th! but she's a sorrow that an' a  
sair handfu' for her aunties.

(Enter Betty with tray)

Aweel ye've gotten't ready at last. Ma lassie  
if I had been yer mither ye'd ha been gey  
differently brocht-up.

Betty! - I hae nae doot, but I wouldna change. Think ye  
My mither's no an ill tempered auld maid.

Libbie! - Ye impudent hizzy, wad ye daur ca' me an  
ill tempered auld maid.

Betty! - You? Wha was speakin' about you? I was  
speakin' about ma mither. Did ye think it  
fitted ye?

Libbie! - Haud yer tongue and getter up thae things o'  
Miss Penelope. What what I was say is what's  
young folk comin' the three days. (Exit)

Betty! - Ah, ye cross auld wife - you an' ye mistress



is a' alike. Miss Penelope she boy for the three  
o' ye. She waken's ye up.

(Penelope flies in in dressing gown with hair  
flying dances round and clasps her hands)

Pen! - Good morning Betty. (looks out of window) Oh  
Betty what a lovely morning - perfect for a  
picnic. if only some of the girls were here.

Betty aren't you sick to death of washing  
dishes and sweeping and listening to cross  
old Libbie.

Betty! - Well Miss Nell. but I must just try and  
begin again.

Pen! - I'll tell you what. You and I will have a picnic  
- just us two. We'll take lots of things to eat  
and go away for the whole day - away from  
all the old cross patches. What do you think  
of that grand idea?

Betty! - Ay Miss Nell it's a grand idea an' it's a great  
pity it's impossible.

Pen! - Betty you disagreeable coldblanketing girl!  
Whatever do you mean. Why should it be  
impossible.

Betty! - It would be a' sight for you Miss Penelope  
but I would lose my place if I gae without  
askin'; an' if I askit Libbie would she  
flee at me.

Pen! - Dear me, it seems as if there was absolutely no  
fun to be had here at all. Why in the name of  
goodness did Tom take Scarlet free just now  
and in the holidays of all times. Little wretch  
won't I take it out of him when I go home.

Good gracious I hear Aunt Ravinia I must fly -  
where's my hair ribbon - it was that I came for  
Oh Betty if you love me help me to look for  
it. (They hunt)

Betty! - Here it is Miss Nell in the coal scuttle, an'  
how could it get there

Pen! - I'm sure I've no idea - Oh yes I was having

a stable chair with the dog and the coal  
scuttle was the water jump. I suppose it  
must have fallen off them (Heis out)

Netty:- My! I wish Miss Penelope aye stayed here. (Come  
to window) My! the furniture that folk has  
of that's no Jock Cameron unloading the van (laps on window)

Jibbie:- Lassie! are ye at that windy again? Noo's the work  
o' this house to be done the day if ye speu' a  
yer time glowin' at a wheen chairs and tables?  
Gae wa an' wash the front steps, an' see ye  
denia pit aff yer time harrin' wi' Jock Cameron.  
(Exit Netty grinning)

Aweel I'll awa an' ring the bell (Exit)

Enter the Misses McPherson

Miss L:- (looking at watch) It's exactly eight o'clock. Shall we  
wait three minutes for Penelope?

Miss D:- Ravinia, you know what a headache I always have  
when I am kept waiting for my cup of tea.  
Laziness in young people should receive no encouragement

Miss L:- Prussia you are quite. I must speak sharply to  
Penelope. Jibbie was telling me yesterday that  
Penelope's behaviour was the talk of the town.  
I can't think what our sister means by treating  
her so badly. I'm sure we never permitted  
Jane so much liberty when she stayed at home  
and she should know better than to allow her  
children to behave so.

Miss D:- I believe Penelope takes it from her father's side.  
You'll remember when Cecie Gordon first came to  
the house I said from the beginning "Mark my  
words there's more in that man than meets the  
eye" and Penelope is the result. Pass the  
butter please?

Miss L:- (looking at watch) Ten minutes past eight. Do you  
conduct! Jibbie was telling me the new neighbour  
furniture is arriving and very handsome furniture  
she says it is.

Miss D:- Oh! I was nearly late for breakfast. I was so

absorbed in looking at it. Fancy not only the dining-room is furnished in mahogany and leather but even the parlour and one of the bedrooms the drawing room is upholstered in blue damask but I am sure they must wear chintz covers on the chairs, for although the backs and legs were rather worn-looking the damask was quite fresh

Miss L:- Dear me how interesting. I hear from Tibbie who heard from the butcher's wife that the house is taken by a single gentleman. He must be well off.

Miss P:- A single gentleman! How charming, how strange! Why, I feel quite excited. How can we get to know him?

Miss L:- Oh! that is easily done. We shall doubtless meet him in the street, drop something and enter into conversation with him

Miss P:- But Ravinia don't you think it would be better

to wait till Penelope goes. Young gals are so apt to be forward, and it is strange that men never seem to see anything to disapprove of in the behaviour of a girl who has a pleasing face  
Now Penelope -

(Enter Pen with a bag)

Pen:- Oh goodmorning Aunt Ravinia (kissing her) Good morning Aunt Procella (ditto) So sorry to be late but my hair simply would not do nicely. I'm sure I hid it up and took it down again a million times

Miss L:- Penelope don't exaggerate. When you are tempted to talk of large numbers like a million always recollect that it would take one more than a year even to count a million - so I read in the Peoples Friend

Miss P:- And if you took so much time over your hair Penelope it is a pity it repays you trouble so badly for it is in a perfect bush

9.  
Pen:- So sorry Aunt but such is my nature and my  
Aunt's nature. Accuse nature not me.

Miss L:- Penelope you are sadly frivolous. I wonder at your  
mother I really wonder at her. When she was  
under our control we should never have allowed  
her to laugh and talk so wildly as she  
permits you to do.

Pen:- Poor mother, what a life she must have led

Miss L:- Penelope - I must -

Pen:- Oh! for goodness sake Aunt can't you call me  
Nell, that's what I'm always called at home. I  
don't know how any parents can be so cruel &  
un-Christian as to call any miserable infant  
Penelope.

Miss L.P:- Penelope!!!

Pen:- Yes Penelope

Miss L:- We were addressing you. We are shocked. Have  
you never read the beautiful story of Penelope  
the wife of some very estimable Greek person who

10  
was travelling abroad, how she ingeniously warded  
off the unwell come attentions of some very  
unprincipled young men who attempted to make  
love to her - a married woman Penelope my  
dear!! - You ought to read such improving  
books Penelope.

Pen:- Oh! I know all about that story, and  
I think Penelope was a storyteller - flirting  
- cat, just keeping them hanging on - not  
warding them off a bit.

Miss L.P:- Penelope!!!

Pen:- Yes Penelope

Miss L:- We were addressing you! You as a very  
immodest young girl to talk of any such  
matters. Only an evil mind could think  
of such things. You shall not go out this  
forenoon, but stay in and write to your  
mother, and I shall put a note inside  
telling her of your shocking conduct, and

reproving her for not training you better.  
Ring the bell for Betty to clear away. Come  
Lavinia we must consult Tibbie about the dinner  
Exeunt

Deu:- Nasty old things! what would I not give to lay  
them out. This is what it has been all these three  
weeks reprove reprove reprove from Aunt Lavinia  
Snap, snap, snap, from Aunt Priscilla and I  
really don't know which I hate most. I wonder  
if they were ever young. I can't imagine them as  
babies not even as girls and as for falling in love  
or anything of that kind I couldn't imagine it.  
(Enter Betty)

Betty:- Here's a letter for Miss Deulope. (Sings to clear table)

Deu:- (reading) Oh dear, good gracious, horrors, I can't bear it  
I won't stay here Oh - - (cries)

Betty:- Scary me Miss Deulope what wrong 'ere 'is?

Deu:- (sobbing) Oh that horrid little wretch Molly hasn't gone and  
taken scarlet fever too! It's too bad. A man

12  
six more weeks here (cries) If I could even play  
a joke on Aunt Lavinia and Aunt Priscilla it  
would be some comfort, but it seems as if the air  
here killed jokes - they can't live in it.

Betty:- Miss Nell I could tell a joke to play on them

Deu:- Betty! do you mean it? If you can you're an angel

Betty:- I heard the Miss McPhuns - -

Deu:- The Miss McPhuns! They should be called The  
Miss McSorrows I think!

Betty:- Aunt I heard them talkin' to Tibbie about the  
Gentleman that's comin' to bid next doo, an'  
I think they've gotten their eye on him. They  
aye say that the Miss McPhuns would like  
fine to be married. Could ye no joke them about  
that. (Goes to window) Ay they've gotten a' the  
furniture in noo. Losh me Miss Nell here's a cab  
stoppin' at the door - it'll be the new neebour  
Come an' see him.

(Both peer out)

Pen:- (groans) Oh! he's as old as the hills - go if he's a minute. - Who's that getting out now. Oh! that must be the gentleman, and the first one must be his servant. The one seems as old as the other though. That jokes done for Betty! (thinks) Wait though we might pretend they're both quite young and lead them on, and then they'll get such a sell when they find he's such an ancient. I'll talk to my Aunt Betty and you'll cheat Tibbie about the man-servant.

Betty:- I will that - Miss P. Tibbie's just checked wi' jealousy at my nicker gettin' married & her left an auld maid. They were friends lang syne at the schule. (Enter Tibbie)

Tibbie! Eh! ye lazy lummer - are thae things no cleared awa yet! Upon my word there's no pit a laund tae ken! What hae ye been daim!

Betty! Me an Miss Pen has been watchin the new

new neighbours arrivin

Tibbie:- The new neighbours - whaur? what were they like?

Pen:- Oh Tibbie such handsome men, but quite old!

Betty:- Wherest Miss Pen I thocht -

Pen:- Be quiet Betty! Oh ye quite old. I'm sure they must be over forty both of them

(Betty hides her mouth & enters the Misses McPherson)

Miss L:- Whom are you talking about Penelope - who are both over forty?

Pen:- Oh the next door neighbour and his man servant I saw them arrivin' just now

Tibbie! (aside) a manservant. Oh!

Miss P:- Do you call over forty old child? It is merely the age of reason. What was he like?

Pen:- Which? the neighbour or the man servant.

Miss P:- The neighbour of course you silly child - what is the man-servant to us.

Pen:- Oh they're both as handsome as possible but I think the man servant is the handsomest

(aside) ugly old things both of them  
Miss L. "Penelope don't develop low tastes. Always cultivate an interest in your equals and superiors rather than in your inferiors except what is required to fulfil our Christian duties of course."

Miss P. "Larmia I think I should like a short walk. I have a slight headache. Don't you trouble to come dear."

Miss L. "Oh I was just thinking Priscilla of going out to breathe the fresh morning air - it is elevating I think to drink in all the charms of nature as early in the day as possible."

Miss P. "I - I think I'll just try on that new mantle and bonnet that came home last week. I always like to make a short trial of my clothes before I wear them for good. You will just be putting on your old bonnet Larmia won't you?"

Miss L. "Well I hardly think it right for me to walk out any more in that old bonnet. When one comes to my years - not old of course but dignified - one must keep up certain appearances and after all our position demands that we should dress well. No Priscilla I shall also wear my new cloak & bonnet (Exit)"

Betty :- Tibbie I'd better gang out for the messages

Tibbie :- Deed ye'll dae naething o' the sort. I'll gang maist - It's see o' fine mornin' - an' forbye the shair ye bocht yestreen wasna fit tae eat. (Exit)

Pen "Oh! Oh! Oh! Betty!"

Betty "Oho. ho ho. Miss Penelope (burst out laughing)"

Pen "Oh stop Betty I hear my aunt's coming (Enter Miss L. v P.)"

Miss L. "Priscilla, am I tidy. It is always well to be

perfectly neat - remember that Penelope  
Miss P.:- Oh yes quite tidy. Lavinia are I? Is my  
boonet on straight? Does my mantle hang tight

Miss L. Oh yes.

Pen:- Oh no you both mean. Aunt Lavinia you have  
about a yard of white thread hanging to your  
dress and your hair is tumbling down. And  
Aunt Priscilla do you know that the price  
mark is sticking on the back of your boonet &  
your cape is sticking up all round.

(Betty & Pen fly to tidy them)

There you are all right. Now don't flirt with  
the new neighbours if you meet them.

Miss L. & P.:- Penelope!! I am surprised! What an idea!  
For shame!

(Exeunt)

Tibbie (without) Betty where's the key o' the wardrobe

Betty What for?

Tibbie Ma boonet

Betty:- For bunnets on the kitchen dresser  
(aside to Pen) Is her best boonet she's after  
to catch the new man servant wi'

Tibbie:- Fetch me that key this memento!  
(Exit Betty)

Pen:- Oh dear! I'm sore with laughter. Poor  
old dears it's almost too bad. Who ever  
would have thought Aunt Priscilla could be  
such a flirt for she's the worst  
(Enter Betty laughing)

Oh Betty isn't it a joke

Betty:- Oh! Miss Pen if ye saw Tibbie - fair  
dressed up to the nines - awa tae buy  
butcher meat. The butcher'll think she's gane  
mad daft. (They go to window)

Pen:- Why it's raining cats and dogs. The poor  
old things will be drenched. Oh how  
my aunts. How cross they are. Their best  
things must be spoiled nearly



(Enter L and P.)

Miss P.:- Most annoying my poor bonnet. Laonia it was your proposal to go out and just see what your stupidity had done. And my yellow gloves I thought would have done for months of waiting.

Miss L.: (in tears) Priscilla you are most unjust and unthankful. It was your idea entirely to go for a walk and put on our best things — and after all we met nobody.

Pen:- Oh Aunt Laonia whom did you expect to meet.  
Miss P. Nobody — nobody — but we might have met somebody you know.

(Enter Tibbie)

Tibbie: (pouting) Oh — miss — Mrs Phun — miss — Priscilla — the lein' — wicked lassies — it's a lot o' fair nonsense they've tellt us an' me wi' ma best bonnet on an' aw'

Miss L + P.:- Oh Tibbie what is all nonsense

Tibbie A' that about the manservant — set door and the Gentleman. They're baith auld aeneuch to be oor grandfathers. The manservant'll never see aughty again and his maisters no muckle abint him — an' waes me fur ma best bonnet.  
(to Betty) Ah ye lenty that ye are.

Miss L. Betty leave the room instantly you shall leave the house I promise you in a week.

Tibbie:- Aye she will

Betty:- Aweel it's no muckle I'm leavin' but Mrs Pen'll miss me maybe.

Pen:- You shant' dismiss Betty. It's a shame. It was my plan altogether.

Miss P. Well Miss I hope you're proud of your plan. I never saw a girl like you. Thank's goodness you're very different from me when I was a girl.  
Pen Thank's goodness I am!

Miss L.:- Penelope!! Your father shall pay for all the damage you're caused. What crime have we

committed that Providence should ordain us such  
a punishment.

Pen. What crime have I committed that I should  
have to stay here and be lectured into my grave?  
But I am sorry about your best clothes.

Miss P To your room you shall go Miss and this instant  
you shan't stir from it for a week. Take hold  
of her on the other side Lavinia.

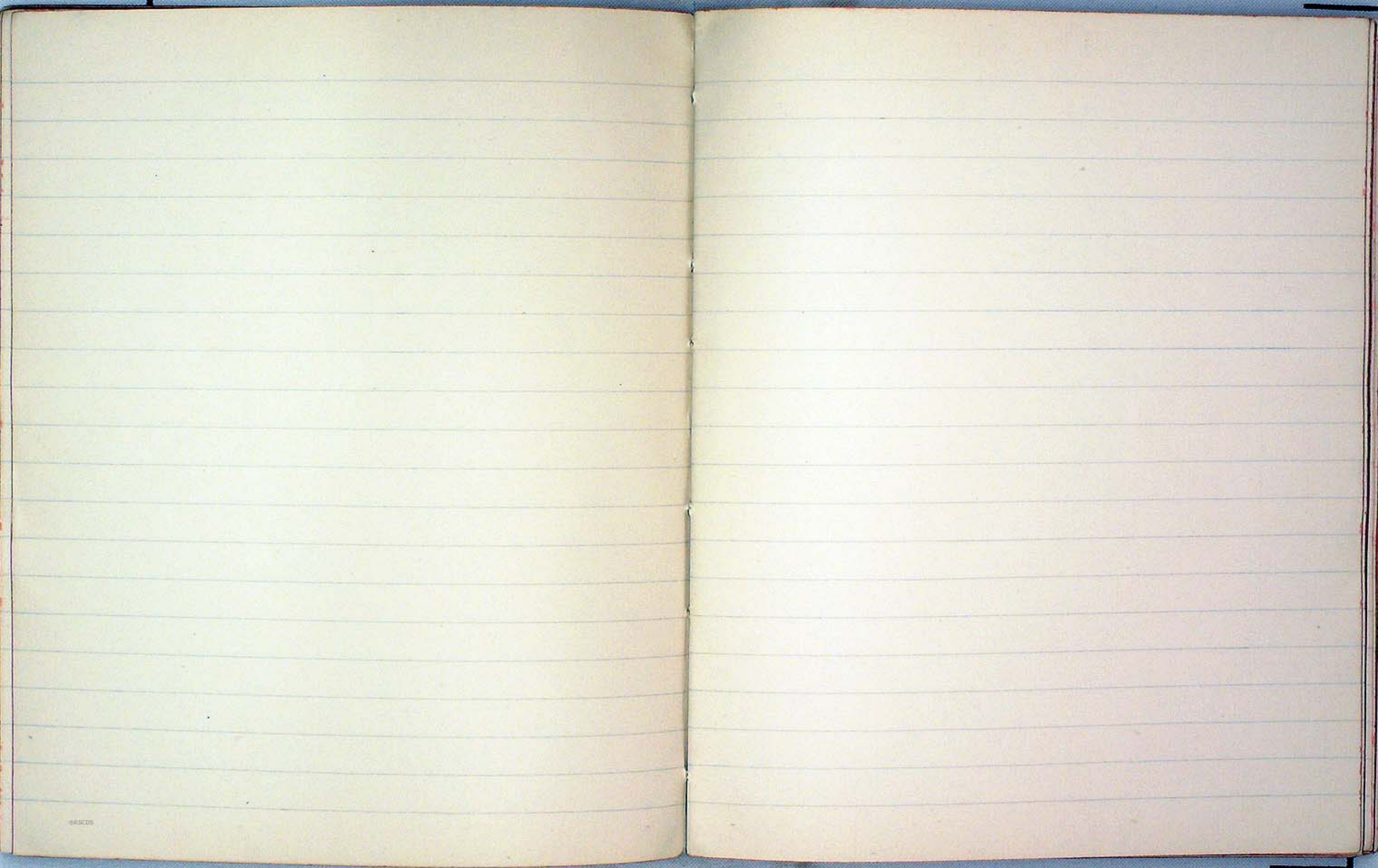
Pen :- (looking back as they lead her off) Oh well I've  
had a laugh out of them for once at least  
so humah for the new neighbours.

Cap.

2 capes

green gloves

bell.



H. M. C.

H. M. C. I think can't do

Mujakorakhi my dear

The chair is recognized by all

Both things were alike as fall

Research do shall know as they be

The parameter H. M. C.

What He. He mind then Ken & cool

Do find you from the County school

You have no appetite for tea

When your stomach H. M. C.

You are not hungry - but you have  
And quickly pass to bread & jam see  
The student's breakfast & say can see

The influence of H. M. C.

You have indulged in talker much

You give a wild pharmaceutical chart

When the place you bet should be

And matter fairly H. M. C.

At last you hear the welcome chorus

Just in the very heart of time

And how you wish meet personally

And never heard of H. M. C.

Departing with uncertain step

You try to sleep it off in bed

But on the morning you shall see

You'll still dream of H. M. C.

Right heart course if wish you may  
For then will surely come a day  
When you will not expect to be

If all the world were H. M. C.

First Aid

Now you would be first aid. Come hold it.

Try very

slide by the rule and you cannot go wrong

If in sudden emergency guidance you want

First on the stomach and stop the chest.

A little white foam on the metal disk lie

As the London Express says a thunderstorm by

The man should speak with the man for the throat

You

Or you fall from a height with a bundle that  
shows a breaking of bones a good deal of blood  
flows above on the mountain side leaves a black  
trail.

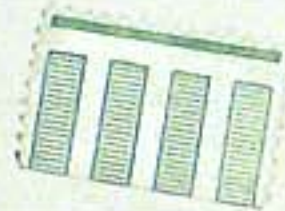
So and so in the sunlight the heavy state park  
You hear a loud cracking 'a cry' & a splash  
The unfortunate body is dropped from the creek  
[Thee]

You find that the baby has swallowed a cent

What the coat has happened. Watch to go home  
the a cure for these ailments. You're not far from  
First Aid

The first remedy always infallible. Well.

In their present condition no hardly can fill  
If they haven't improved by the end of the next  
Do not fuss on the stomach or stop the chest



Löfberg

Mary Billqvist  
Math. Halls skola

Carl Gustafsgatan 10

Gothenburg. Sweden

Emmy Gren Broberg

Prof. J. Berg

Handverkarskolan 2

Stockholm. Sweden.

Miss E. Broberg

Prof. J. Berg

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Löfberg

Original Compositions

John B. McElroy

Miss Melligan impressions of her Curvature class

I enter the gymnasium gaze with longing at the door  
when I hear the voice behind me

"Take a little rest Miss Melligan take a little rest."

I start at once most eager and doing just my best  
when I hear the voice behind me

"Take a little rest Miss Melligan take a little rest."

I obey lie down on a plinth - to sleep I'm very near  
when I hear the voice behind me

"I want your help just here Miss Melligan I want your  
help just here."

Miss Louise Smith's back feels my grasp I groan  
awful pain

I leave go there I hear the voice

"The pressure once again Miss Melligan the pressure once again"



I stop & hug my aching wrist. Spaukaugus, I begin  
When the voice says just behind me

"Keep on that poking arm Miss Melligan keep on that poking arm"

Slow march by numbers now I try to lift as in a sack

When I hear the voice behind me

"Think on your hollow back Miss Melligan think on your  
hollow back"

Since upbending's next commended I see my procreant  
frown

And once more the voice arises

"Keep ~~that~~ (right) right shoulder down Miss Melligan keep  
your right shoulder down"

I perform endless trunk curlings till my head is in a wheel

Says the voice with admiration

"Oh you are a supple girl Miss Melligan Oh you are a  
supple girl."

And after running laughing resting which are certainly not play  
I hear the voices behind me

"That will be all for today Miss Mellyan that will be  
all for today."

---

### A Vision of Fair Gymnasts:

There once was a college in Kent  
To which a rare set of girls went  
There were Scotch girls a few  
And some Irish ones too  
And English to the least's content

---

This set was a most funny one  
As strange as ice found north the Sun  
Some of these were so tall  
While others so small  
But they all were quite ready for fun

Some at games were quite splendid athletes,  
At studies they were but so so  
While others would stew  
Till all things were blue  
And then at exams they did crow

---

The best at gymnastics was Mrs  
At vaulting she used to delight us  
She never would shak  
But went over so quick  
That we wondered if she had St Vitus

---

Miss Sturke was best at the dancing  
I wish you had witnessed her prancing  
With such elegant feet  
And her steps so neat  
She was really quite sweet charming

---

At arm movements Miss Lait topped the list.  
With her beautiful ware of the wrist  
With her body bent low  
And her head turned up so  
She ~~has~~ arms round her head used to twist

---

The best at command without doubt.  
Was Miss Douglas whose resounding shout.  
Would not let us skirt  
When we should do our work  
And kept us all working about

---

At medicals I really don't hunt  
If one outstanding genius did show  
We all liked to back  
Or beat our patients back  
So a proper remnant show

---

There were some in a medical class  
And never one weekday did pass  
That treatment they had  
For their amputees had  
Which were all due to ignorance cases

But now I must finish this rhyme  
So I fear you will think it a crime  
If more paper I use  
But you allow atone  
With this waste of your valuable time

### The Song of the Skeleton

To be sung to hymn tune "Now sing me the Song of the Skeleton"

Oh I'll sing you the Song of the Skeleton  
Of its limbs body cranium all  
And the rest of the part of the body  
Which we never know quite what to call.

We believe that it has four extremities  
A Vertebral column and spine  
A face made of fourteen small bones  
All beautiful delicate fine

We believe in our present state of knowledge  
That the Thorax's what we call the chest  
That the ribs are just 12 pairs in number  
And are really elastic when pressed

That the Sternum is shaped like a dagger  
That the lungs resemble the toe  
That the bones at the base of the Cranium  
Are things that we here shall know

That Tibia is next to Fibula  
And joined to the Great Femur bone  
That the shape of Innomination  
Is a thing that shall here be known.

That the Orbital foras is the one thing  
That just about turns one inside  
That the skull just inside is all dented  
To permit convolutions of the brain.

That the Nerves are inclined toward each other  
To be nearer the gravity line  
That around each extremity muscles  
And ligaments gracefully arise.

That the teeth are 2 dozen in number  
That the ear has a delicate drum  
That the Coccyx Sacrum are flat bones  
And after the Vertebrae come

But in spite of these horrors I've mentioned  
Anatomy's swiftly sublime  
So make it your dearest endeavor  
To learn it whene'er you're the time.

Address to my Letter Hole

Take every volume of "The Hawaiian Tree"

Oh letter box oh letter box

How dear thou art to me

I gaze at thee with longing

But ne'er a letter see

Oh letter box.

At early morning dawn & eve

I <sup>feel</sup> stare thee hole with care

But gaff as hard as e'er I can

There's ne'er a letter there

Oh letter box

But now & there there comes a day

Pleasure without alloy

For what I find within my box

Gives me unmingled joy

Oh letter box.



Oh letter box dear letter box  
I pray be kind to me  
And always hold a letter  
When I come to feel in thee  
Oh letter box.

---

Ebenezzer

For weeks on end Mackay and I  
We heard a dreadful caw  
And wondered what could give a cry  
That hurt our eardrums so  
"It must be some poor animal preparing soon to die"  
So said Mackay.

---

I put it down to being  
The noise of a sick cow  
And in fancy we were seeing  
It with anguish on its brow  
"Oh that I could do something soon to stop that mournful cry"  
So said I.

---

We heard it at the break of day  
Also at dewy eve  
It broke our rest in such a way

You never would believe  
"I'm sure with ceaseless crowing the Larynx must be dry"  
So said Mackay.

At midnight hours it sounded clear  
To break our sweet repose  
And often times we wished it near  
To give it knocks and blows.  
"If I had hold of it, some cause for crowing I'd supply"  
So said I

I was wroth I think one afternoon  
And it was Sunday too  
It was just after dinner soon  
And we had heaps to do  
"To write as many letters as I can today I'll try"  
So said Mackay

But we were hardly settled down  
With blotting pads all  
When suddenly a dreadful sound  
Came o'er the garden wall  
"If that w'it that old cock next door begun again to cry"  
Wailed I.

---

Without a moment's respite  
That bird n'er ceased to call  
Till we really wondered quite  
If it e'er would cease at all  
"We certainly must dub it some good name to know it by"  
Said Mackay.

---

We thought of every sort of name  
But not one pleased us quite  
Till at last an inspiration came  
(Twas wonderfully bright)  
"Let ~~George~~ name be ~~George~~ it exactly suits its cry"  
I claimed I.

So Ebenezer is its name  
And Ebenezer I shall stay  
When I hear at its noise exclaim  
As we did all that day  
I hope it won't torment me further cause than to fight  
As it did Mackay & D.

An ancient poem lately discovered in an old library  
in London - it was shown to the Chaucerian Society  
who at once claimed it as one of Chaucer's works.

"Ye Maydes"

From earliest times it hath been sayde  
That alway meke and gentyl is a mayde,  
Custys and lowly to all men must be,  
The she indeed hath lost her high degree,  
But lately I have been by many told  
That these yong maydens al be gotten bold,  
And thinkē ware of spot and gamis new,

That of their duties as a wife true.  
They practice every pastime for the nonie  
Yul byz they are of brawn and skep bonie.  
And they in secret I be told also.

Muto deep logye haddi longe y-go.  
And now from men they try to win a place  
Een if they gain it only by true face.  
No longer as they by their brethren led  
But liker rather them to lead instead.

They yoe nat of that text a pulled hen  
That sayth that maybes be nat so good as men  
In spite of all their efforts they think good  
That maxime that much study maketh wode  
They spend too oft their precious tyme I gessi  
In shuffling of bright gowns and lockes in pessi  
They holdi too ful oft conversation  
And wate their names spread thro at the town  
They holdi meetings to discuss the laws  
And quite with serious faces ancient saws.

Which they picked all from their own seed  
And thus full of their Sisters they ridead.  
No more the gentle waydars shall we see  
But always laughing and good. empaigne.  
Among the men she ever hath a place  
And shrinketh not to stare thus on the face  
This change in waydars at last has been slow  
Oh you again the gentle waydars I used to know

Halloween Greeting to the Seniors

Welcome! Great seniors on this festival night.  
Great Halloween when spirits do delight.  
To roam around  
To you our guests may these few hours be bright.  
And mirth abound.

We have prepared the very best we could  
Of games and pastimes also as to food  
We're done our best.  
That you will find our preparations good  
We do request.

Perhaps you've never played such games before  
Perhaps you'll never want to play them more  
After tonight.  
But when you're tired of one then just improve  
Some fresh delight.



## The Triple Alliance

Down in the wood, or rolling the ground  
Practising dance: in the Medical found.

Always together they're certain to be

The Triple Alliance the devoted three

Always together

In all kinds of weather

Round every corner it's a wonder to me

If you don't meet the three - the devoted three.

---

The first is Miss Berggren of looks most delectable

That's not so sedate as the looks I am sure

Her hair in two places looks so tidy and neat.

And at dancing she displays most elegant feet.

Fishes mouths she can make

Which make the others shake

And this one of the three - the devoted three

Who always together in all things must be.

Leticia Bates is the next, the smallest is she  
Though quite the most famous of the devoted three  
At dancing she's quite an honor to the rest  
While at gym over all she is quite quite the best

But this really not "good"

For she tells you you're "ruin"

Which is really a wonder when one thinks that she  
Is one of the three — The devoted three.

---

The last of the Trio is Mollie the Seiner  
Who's noted for being an unending grinner  
She's never at rest from morning till eve  
And how she can twist you could hardly believe  
First left and then right

It is quite a sight

But the faces she makes are so painful to see  
And she is the third of the devoted three

---

The students all tease them I suppose there a reason  
But to say that they're silly I think is rank treason  
For they want to have fun, that is all as you know  
And that is the cause that they ever must go  
Always together

In all kinds of weather

For whenever you go you are certain to see  
The Triple Alliance, the devoted three.

---

### A. v. B.

(1) The rivalry is very keen  
The studies A vs B between  
But it's all fun  
No silly jealousy is seen  
In either one

---

(2) On average the A's are best  
But by the B's they're closely pressed.  
The geniuses are B's  
And that they're better will protect  
Before we cease.

---

(3) Last time at Miss Piggott's test

The B's were certainly the best

We had three first

But least said is ~~always~~ <sup>always</sup> better best

Next time we're worst

(A) The best at it

(H) The best at dancing are in B

While as for Carter who as she

So good at sports

While Mackay's brain's capacity

Attention courts,

(5) The best commander is in A

And quite the best skill likely stay

She's got the voice

But students who can act or play

They are B's choice

(6) At Basket Ball A beat us quite

But didn't they just have a fight

Before they won

But were resolved to win all right

Before we're done

(7) Today a Lacrosse match we played

A really splendid game it made

It was good fun

And how the senior B's humiliated

To hear we'd won.

(8) But in spite of all this rivalry  
The best of friends are A-B  
That so next year  
As seniors we will all agree  
I have no fear.

### Junior Lacrosse.

Loudly blows the whistle as onto the field I stroll  
And a voice comes from the centre line  
"The blues defend this goal today; the blues defend this goal."

I quickly take my stated place, blue with the cold so raw  
And the voice comes from the centre line  
"Are you ready draw centro; are you ready draw."

The ball is flying every where loud to my side I call  
When the voice comes from the centre line  
"Two hands to meet a ball Miss Melligan two hands to meet a ball"

They send the ball towards me and it flies into the straw  
And the voice comes from the centre line

"Pick it out and draw Miss Melligan, pick it out & draw"

We draw but though I chase it I can't get it at all

And the voice comes from the centre line

Try and pick up the ball Miss Melligan try pick up the ball

I get the ball and fly away with hope of fame - alas!

The voice comes from the centre line

"Now take your chance from Miss Melligan; pass pass pass pass pass"

But see here comes one from my side & in her cross the ball

& the voice comes from the centre line

"Now you get free & draw <sup>call</sup> Miss Melligan, now you get free & draw <sup>call</sup>"

My enemy has got the ball we're racing neck to neck

When the voice says with encouragement

"Now stick to her check Miss Melligan, now stick to her check"

Spent with thee exhaustion for my heated brow  
With joy I hear the voice again  
"Thank you for times up now" it says "Thank you for  
times up now"

Miss Piggotts Lament.

Oh dear, I don't know what to do  
It gives me endless pain  
To teach Anatomy to girls  
Whose answers are insane

I really never never knew  
A set of girls so dense  
I sometimes wonder if they have  
One particle of sense

When they want to talk of bones  
Of its surface they say.  
And when its surface they want  
It's just the skullway.

To me it seems so simple  
And the bones so very plain.  
But they get so much mistaken  
Again and yet again.

They cannot see a simple ridge  
Of it rest on their bone  
But when I point it out to them  
It's then quite plain I'll own.

Calculations are the worst.  
At them they're more than poor  
Altho' they've got their notes & Gray  
They're hardly ever sure.



They contradict each other  
And think I say very sweet  
If they never think about the bone  
And say their notes by heart.

---

Muscles articulate they say  
Foramina give hold  
To other bones argue  
That so they have been told.

---

If they'd only use their common sense  
I'm sure I would be alright  
But they come to me quite puzzled  
In the medical at night

---

They want the bone explained to them  
I didn't make it clear  
That the great Foramen Rotundum  
Was some place near the ear.

That the nasal bones are tiny  
And in color somewhat paler  
Than the bone that they are joined to  
The great maxilla maxilla

That the basis of Os Spheroideum  
seems to me the other way  
Than the one which I dictated  
In the notes the other day

A thousand more such questions  
Are heaped at my head  
And I really sometimes think I'm right  
Before I go to bed.

I'm sure you'll sympathize with me  
And think I am oppressed  
But I really have determined  
Not to care who my best

And just think of what a triumph  
And a joy 't would be to me  
If I turned out a genius  
From my stupid study N.

---

A. Laurent

I cannot work I strive in vain  
To drive this work into my brain  
My brain feels mussy  
But oh it really gives me pain  
To loaf while all the rest are busy

---

I lean my head upon my hand  
I try all means at my command  
All to no vain  
This awful feeling I can't stand  
Oh how can I refresh my brain?

---

A dozen times I've read it over  
But at the end I know no more  
Than at the first  
What has the future got in store?  
In the exam must I be wiser?

---

I cannot work my legs do ache  
My brain to work I cannot make  
Let me to bed  
And when from sweet repose I wake  
May all my woes be fled.

---

A. Dixie

Oh this is the song of Mackay & me

Listen to my tale of woe

Now we were sent to bed at 8:30

Listen to my tale of woe

I wasn't a bit tired but was misled

As fresh as a daisy tipped with red

But Madame saw fatigue in my eyes said

"This little girl should be in bed"

Listen to my tale of woe.

She took us both by a lily hand

Listen to my tale of woe

And in spite of protest & demand

Listen to my tale of woe

It was quite early clear daylight

But to the study we bowed goodnight

And everybody laughed with great delight

At such a quaint unusual sight

Listen to my tale of woe.

But when we reached our chamber high

Listen to my tale of woe

I just wish you could have seen Mackay

Listen to my tale of woe.

She sat on her bed with horror white

And said this takes the crumpet quite

I can't sleep 12 hours this night

Especially in the brood daylight

Listen to my tale of woe.

And as for me I laughed with glee

Listen to my tale of woe

Mackay indignation thus to see

Listen to my tale of woe

But when she in a short while fell asleep

And I must a lonely vigil keep

With only my meditations deep

I began with rags on my bed to beat

Listen to my tale of woe.

I was shocked at the thought of 8:30  
Listen to my tale of woe  
When they surely would bring food to Mackay & me  
Listen to my tale of woe  
At half past 8 Mackay awoke  
And turned to me & thus she spoke  
I think it's about time that my fact I broke  
When they come with our biscuits won't it be a joke  
Listen to my tale of woe

But we waited in vain till 9 P.M.  
Listen to my tale of woe  
And nobody with our biscuits came  
Listen to my tale of woe  
"This is really getting more than quaint  
It's impossible to appreciate a saint  
With hunger I am getting faint."  
Said Mackay, with rage beyond restraint  
Listen to my tale of woe

But after much twisting turning round  
Listen to my tale of woe  
At last we both went to sleep quite sound  
Listen to my tale of woe  
When we woke next morning 10 to 8 was near  
We'd be late for breakfast we began to fear  
For the bell on the tower we never here hear  
And we knew how they'd laugh when we'd appear  
Listen to my tale of woe

But after all we were in time  
Listen to my tale of woe  
And now we have come to the end of my rhyme  
Have you believed to my tale with woe  
I hope that it won't oft happen that we  
Are again sent to bed at 6:30  
When we prove exhaustion are totally free  
For to not very pleasant you will all agree  
Listen to my tale of woe

## The College Cat

He really suit the College cat

He doesn't exactly belong to us

But he lives in our garden & really is

A most delightful Puss

And now when the students call

Mike Mike Mike " " "

But he never takes any notice at all

If he doesn't so like Oh Mike!

It's the gardeners cat of yond like to know

But I'm terribly fond of him all the same

• But he's coy and artful & truly does

Just suit his name

And when he's in sight you'll hear me call

Mike etc

But he hardly takes any notice at all

So it may be a dislike Oh Mike!

He loves Madam Miss Wilkins too

And follows them round each flower bed  
But what does he do when I come near

Runs away instead

And in spite of my fond alluring call

Mike etc

He won't come nearer me at all

Are you afraid that you'll choke Oh Mike!

But lately I have seen him go

And he hasn't been nearly so shy & coy

And has let me stroke his lovely coat

The darling boy

And at these moments you hear me call

Mike etc

While he purrs & twarts & rolls in a ball

Yes do me then you like Oh Mike!

## Gardening at Kingsfield

Oh how is the garden so well kept at Kingsfield?  
How its roses sans nombre

No ill weeds encumber?  
Amongst the pansies so fair

Not a withered one there  
Paths so clean

Lawns so green  
All is tidy & sweet!!

But just one night before  
What a noise & uproar

The ear of the adviser greet.  
The students are out

All are scattered about  
Some for water cans hurry

Towards the broom shed some scurry  
Some with basket in hand

In amongst the flowers stand  
They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

They work with a will

pecking off withered flowers  
Till the garden appears

The most lovely of bowers.  
And down in the wood

We come on a brood  
Of students all rushing

With brooms for the brushing  
Of dead leaves away

Dead leaves which drop down  
From the trees every day.

Away bright red cherries!!  
Away bright purple berries!!

All hat his at the feet  
For the paths must be neat.

And then in the garden some students are watering  
The flowers raise their heads

In their fresh watered beds  
Water cans they are filling

Water cans they are filling  
Water cans they are spelling

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing

The water is gushing



and foaming & rushing  
And foaming and roaming  
Collecting projecting  
Till flowers are all dancing  
And their odors' entrancing  
Thus at once & all over  
With a mighty uproar  
Oad thus is the garden so well kept at Stingsfield

## Ladder Climbing

Oh how do the Juniors go up through the ladder?  
They enter the 1st space  
With a marked lack of grace  
Into the next one they screw  
And can hardly get through  
Then they wriggle & squeeze  
And get caught by the knees  
And they all but expire.  
As space by space they get higher  
They look anxious and frown  
For fear they'll fall down  
Then they get in a tangle  
And by their kilt dangle  
They get bruised black & blue  
And are near cut in two  
And are ready to drop  
When they come to the top  
And it's thus that the Juniors go up through the ladder.

Oh how do the juniors come down through the ladder?  
It's with bumping of shins  
And agonized grins  
They come down with a thump  
And their funny bones bump  
Then their seat-cushions fly out  
They rain haupins about  
But they lope safe & sound  
They will soon reach the ground,  
And the rest stand and scoff  
When their gym shoes fly off  
And their face purple glow!  
As they bump their poor toes  
And thus battered and sore  
They at last reach the floor  
And it's thus that the juniors come down through the  
ladder.

## West Hill

10 little forms 10 smuggy paws  
Each of which after my penny dress claws  
Now I long for a wash tub and plenty of soap!  
But 10 pairs of eyes are turned sweetly to mine  
And 10 little voices all say in a whine  
"Are you a rope teacher 'Are you a rope'?"

I start them to skip with a very good grace  
Every odd part of me held in loving embrace  
And coyly to me they all whisper their "name"  
But then in the distance I hear the first sign  
But scarce have I got them arranged in one line  
When "<sup>Let's 'ave</sup> ~~Place~~ for a game teacher <sup>Let's 'ave</sup> ~~place~~ for a game."



I hastily hush down their impatient cries  
But I fear all their interest in drill also dies  
But then I appeal to the gentler side  
But just when I think they are docile & mild  
Up says my most naughty my glummiest child  
"Please can I are a ride teacher Please can I are a ride?"

"Not now Lizzie" say I with looks that could freeze  
"This is not the right time for requests such as these  
So "Position" I cry then "Arms upward bend"  
When I suddenly notice my boy's increased size  
And I ask "Who is this" with some little surprise  
"Please I've brought a friend teacher Please I've brought a friend"

To Miss Ingham I take her and once more begin  
To catch their attention I caper and grin  
A suitable time for a game you'll agree  
But scarce have I named it they gather about  
And frown so little Lizzie then goes up a shout  
"May I be the teacher may I be he?"

At last in the distance the whistle sound shall  
And now for one instant my children are still  
To think the class finished to me is a boon  
I ready away them one more in one file  
And out of the playground they march with great style  
Then it's "good afternoon teacher good afternoon!"

## The Mighty Gods.

Oh! would ye know the mighty gods  
By whom our destiny is fashioned?  
Let ye then and I will tell ye  
Of these glorious immortals  
Six they be in total number  
Each one in her sphere typical  
Holds her sway & none dare question  
What the mighty one commandeth.

### Stanza I

Firstly in the group immortal  
Comes our noble Pia Mater  
The who hath the sense-of-humour  
Oft which costeth us discomfort  
Tho' our comrades skate with laughter  
The for whom we'd work or die for  
That her smile may light upon us  
And her lips to praise give utterance  
"Sööo, and that was not so bad now!"

Food are they to souls that hunger  
Crumbs of hope from *Pia Mater*.

Stanza II

Nearly in the group we come to  
She - who - asketh - many - questions.

"Where's the *Pancreas* and *liver*?"

"What's the use of *Heli-rubin*?"

"Quickly give the test for sugar?"

"What is meant by *Hæmaglobin*?"

She who lends her patent iron

When our quodles are not tidy

Takes impressions of our footprints

Down our blackened bits of paper

And who readily directs us

If we would make some excursion

Through the countless streets of London

Thro' the maze of omnibusses

Till we reach our goal in safety

Safely reach our destinations

Heaping blessings on the head of  
She - who - asketh - many - questions.

Stanza III

Thirdly in the group there comes the  
Lady of the Drooping Lashes

Who delights us with her trappings

And her soft prehensile movements

Who has gained renown and merit

Thro' the famous *sentliva*

Who is rightly celebrated

For the eggs she deftly proaches

While she's gaily prouetting

With her finger tips coquetting

Casting soft enraptured glances

Wound about her as the dances.

Stanza IV

Fourthly in the group we find the  
Maiden - with - the - Purple - Orbits

Close to whom we love to banter

During time of tea or dinner  
Who can tell us tales of Sweden  
Tales that make the heart beat quicker  
Now the eat of mashed potatoes  
And salt herring mixed together  
Now they walk with lighted torches  
Thro' the citadel at midnight  
In that far and glorious country  
Round which glows a dazzling halo  
But she will not taste the butter  
Though it lies before her platter  
Till you 'polagize' profusely  
Then she says "It does not matter!"  
And with pupils wide dilated  
Cries with fervour "Thank you so much!"  
Had you saved her life from danger  
Scarcely more gratefully she'd thank you.

Stanza V

Next upon the hat comes she

Who - welds - the - os - Innominatum  
Holding forth on bones and muscles  
And the structures of the body  
Who with chalks of red and yellow  
Draweth minims on the blackboard  
Hoping therewith to impress it -  
That a century may pass and yet  
The student won't forget it  
On the brain 'tis so enthroned  
Like the noted name of Calais  
On the heart of poor Queen Mary.

Stanza VI

And lastly of the Gods immortal  
But I mean in no wise leastly  
Comes the High and Mighty Master  
Of the Hurley Burley Beanbag  
Bertie of the Bigg Worm - Handge  
Who's cold blue eye its vigil keeps  
O'er us on the field of cricket

And we feel the awesome Presence  
Standing close behind the wicket  
Woe to ye who dare to slack it!  
Woe to ye who miss the catches!  
For the wrath of God's descendeth  
Yea 6 ft of blood and thunder  
Falls upon the base offender  
Nearly rending her asunder  
Spurns scotns relentless crusher  
Yell a senseless shapeless mush is  
All that's left of she who blundered!  
Then with voice of wrath uplifted  
Furcely roareth Begg. Vom. Handye  
"Take that mess from off the play ground!"  
Tremblingly we all obey him  
Seeking rats & trash & barrow  
Scraping till no trace remaineth  
Of the mass of protoplasm  
Once we looked on as our comrade

Is not worth the tone contemptuous?  
Worth the stinging bite sarcastic?  
But to hear once in a lifetime  
From our tyrant's lips "Well fiddled!"  
While the Blue Eye looks more kindly  
And there dawneth in thy brow  
Just the faintest spark of hope that  
After all perhaps thou art not  
Such a hopeless fool at wicket  
As thou hadst at first imagined  
But we love the Begg. Vom. Handye  
Tho' it offly us chastiseth  
And we love Innumeration  
Tho' she rightly us despiseth  
And we love the purple Orbits  
Tho' she rile us mostly intensely  
And we love the Drooping Lashes  
(we admire them immensely)  
And we love the Many-Question

Though perhaps you'd never guess it  
Oh! but how we love Pia Mater  
Human words can not express it!!

The Troubles that afflict the Just.

I've cut my little finger  
And it's very bad indeed!

I've only got to look at it  
And that will make it bleed

I've tied it up with linen

But it's really very sore

And I'm certain that I'm losing

Quite a large amount of gore

But still they keep me working

It really isn't right!

And as for playing cricket

It is outrageous quite!

But yet I have to bat and bowl  
Which gives me frightful pain

And worse still is the falding

But protests are in vain

The agony is awful

For every ball I stop

And yet I think I suffer most

The times I let it drop.

For then across the play ground

From far away there calls

An angry voice in loud contemptuous

Jones "Don't fink the balls

Miss Starting or however

"D'you expect to play the game"

I writhe in mortal agony

It really is a shame.

Of course I'd not reported

That I'd been wounded but

They ought to know by instinct

That I was badly cut.



I owned my little finger  
Would be bask'd right in swain  
Before that dashed sarcastic voice  
Should say such things again.

That night I had a curious dream a follow

### The Ideal Coach.

I hurried out to games one eve  
And there what did I see!  
The old familiar Big Water Stand  
It really could not be!  
I must have been dreaming  
I couldn't be awake  
For smilingly he turned to me  
And then he gently spoke.  
'Oh! don't hurry please Miss Starbuck  
For I know you'd rather not  
And tho' it's really after time  
The weather is too hot.

And if you're sprained your ankle  
Mrs Carter you need not bat.  
Miss Fowley if you're feeling faint  
You'd better lie down flat.  
And if anyone's sore fingers  
They needn't be illused  
And attempt to go on fielding  
For of course they'll be excused.  
And if any one is tired or hot  
Or hot or feeling slack  
I give them free permission  
To the study to go back.  
Now Mrs. Ask your looking billion  
Please go straight into your bed.  
And never mind the bowling  
I will take your place instead  
And I notice that Mrs Carter  
Has a bad mosquito bite  
And Miss Haasfield & Mrs Hunter  
Are looking pinched & white.

And Mrs Hallam and Mrs Douglas  
Most sadly pale & thin  
And little J. C. Millegan  
Has lost her usual grin.

Mrs Lane has got a headache  
I can see it in her eyes

And I never saw a more dejected  
Girl than Miss Mackay.

Mrs Read is so limping

She has given her foot a twist

And Mrs Turner Smith has got an  
Horrid awful bruise upon her wrist

So students listen well to me

I warn you how that if

You're ever feeling banged or bruised  
Or sore or rather stiff

You must but come & make it known

And I your noble coach

Will only offer sympathy

And no unkind reproach

I'm really tender hearted  
And I hate to scold & scold.

Please have patience with my temper

For you know I'm getting old.

But still I'm always anxious

To do my very best.

There'll be no games this evening

You may go away and rest

And I think it would be better

If you found a shady nook

And took a bag of cherries

And an interesting book

And rested unmolested

In a corner cool & green

I'll have juice milk & biscuits

Call you in at 8.15

Being now that my directions

Have appeared to every one

Will consider that the lesson

In the afternoon is done.

## The Mooring of Roberta.

It chanced one day at Knysna tea  
A plate of bread was handed down  
He took to Roberta C.

One piece remained yet was brown.

With laughing jest she took the bread.

"This is a sure & certain sign  
A handsome husband I shall meet  
And all his riches will be mine!"

What if his brown I do not care  
He's handsome & his wealth is too  
As long as those two facts are there  
I wouldn't mind if he was blue!"

The others laughing did propose  
The Scion of every dusky race  
A wealthy Jew of hooky nose  
Among them took a leading place

"This man would never dine off hog"  
Suggested one sagacious boon  
"Didst wheel you off to a synagogue  
Each Sabbath morn & afternoon!"

So fair Roberta's shrine were lead  
Broom males of varying pedigree  
Declining them with thanks she said  
"A red Indian is the man for me!"

\* \* \* \*

The days passed on each just the same  
Naught changed the hum drum lot of life  
And no transmogrified red skin came  
To claim Roberta as his wife.

He noted that she soon began  
To droop & fade & pine away  
Her countenance grew pale & wan  
What troubled our preceptor gay

None dared disturb her solitude  
With fensive brow & drooping head  
Off restlessly she paced the wood  
"Alas! she cometh not" she said

Just as Roberta spoke these words  
There came a sound upon my ear  
A rustling as of many birds  
Amongst the tangled undergrowth.

And from beneath a bramble bush  
A pair of hawklike eyes looked out  
A lean brown hand began to push  
The grasses the ferns about.

Then cautiously a rather limb  
The wary redskin did protrude  
And finally the whole of him  
Emerg'd into the little wood.

The fair Roberta he did spy  
"Wah! wah!" he shrieked what meant what legs!  
Subsiding with exalt'd cry  
Into a thrasher nest of eggs.

Recoiling from his ecstasy  
In eager haste he soon began  
Assuring her that he would be  
A most exemplary young man

This time his "wah! wah!" signified  
"How will you will you marry me!  
And be my blushing little bride  
Away across the stormy sea?"

She quickly gave her glad consent  
To fall in with his wildest wishes  
To share her humble little tent  
And most unpalatable dishes

'Sub mind' he said in "wah wah" talk  
"If little ills occur at these"  
He fiddled with his tomahawk  
And seized Roberta by the hair.

"My dear you are inclined to brood"  
Roberta answered very coolly  
"Now go and fetch your little horse  
And mind you don't become unruly"

"And leave my head alone my pet  
Don't touch my hair I simply hate it  
And please remember too as yet  
We're not unreasonably maléd!"

He gazed at her in blank dismay  
Scarcely understanding what she said  
Obediently he turned away  
To seek his little quadruped

Roberta soon made up her mind  
She'd not indulge each little whim  
She did not mean to be unkind  
But that would not be good for him

He led him to the shelter where  
His gentle animal had been  
But to his anger and despair  
The beast was no where to be seen.

For while the Neaskin woods were  
Old Metherley had chanced to pass  
And keen to get his labours done  
Had let him off to mow the grass.

Must all his happiness be wrecked  
He left in fury unrestrained  
And hastening to his bride elect  
With angry gestures he explained

Roberta thought and thought a lot  
"Don't swear my dear for that's no use  
But rather let us find out what  
Our humble states can produce"

"Here is a pony there of course  
But then he is a legless beast  
However there's the vaulting horse  
He'd carry six of us at least"

"And he could travel day and night  
Without a single thump to eat"  
The red skin gurgled with delight  
And humbled at Roberta's feet.

Triumphantly they led him forth  
They saddled him with laughter gay  
They turned his nozzle to the North  
And whooping wildly dashed away

Off to his wigwam in the plains  
He flew with his intended squaw  
And there she now serenely reigns  
No farewell to the "Shaking Paw"

\* \* \* \* \*

Ahd all because Roberta ate  
A piece of bread they handed down  
The only piece upon the plate  
A piece that happened to be brown

---

## First Aid

Now ye would be First Aiders come list to

Abide by this rule and ye cannot go wrong  
If in sudden emergency guidance ye seek  
Kneel on the stomach and slap the cheek.

A little while forms on the metals doth lie  
As the London Express goes a thundering by.  
The men stand aghast the women folk the streets  
Ye —

A man fall from a height with a terrible thud  
There a breaking of bones & a good deal of blood  
Ye lie alone on the mountain side barren & bleak.  
Kneel.

To and fro in the sunlight the merry state flock  
Ye hear a loud cracking! a cry! & a splash  
The unfortunate body is dragged from the creek  
Kneel!

Ye find that the baby has swallowed a comb  
That the cook has hysterics & wants to go home  
For a cure to these ailments ye're not far from  
Kneel —

In this remedy always infallible, Well.  
In their present condition one hardly can tell  
If they haven't improved by the end of the week  
Don't kneel on the stomach or slap the cheek

H. M. C.

H. M. C. ! What can it be  
Unfathomable mystery  
Its charm is recognized by all  
Both strong & weak alike do fall  
Beneath its spell who e'er they be  
The fascinator H. M. C.

What tho' the wind blew keen & cool  
As hid you from the County school  
You have no appetite for tea  
When your ~~incom~~ H. M. C.

You are not hungry - leave your ham  
And quickly pass to bread & jam  
The student's watchful eye can see  
The influence of H. M. C.

You have indulged in rather much  
You give a wild spasmodic clutch  
Below the place your belt should be  
And mutter faintly H. M. C.

At last you hear the welcome chime  
Just in the very nick of time  
And how you wish most fervently  
You'd never heard of H. M. C.

Departing with uncertain step  
You try to sleep it off in prep  
But on the morrow we shall see  
You'll still succumb to H. M. C.

Light heart consume it while you may  
For then will surely come a day  
When you will not be contented be  
If all the world were H. M. C.



