
P R O L O G U E

The WOOING of
Penelope Englewood

*L*IST to the tale I'm about to tell,
Of a lovely maid and a howling swell;
And the cruel adventures which them befell.
I trust you will say I have told it well.

The maid was a beauty of great renown
In an upper-ten part of an upper-ten town;
Her face was a dream, and so was her gown;—
You may see for yourself and note them down.

*(The lovely maid appears in the shadow and exhibits
her many charms.)*

The name of the maid I'll reveal forthwith.
'Tis a name suggestive of strength and pith;
I'm sure you will say it is not a myth:
Penelope Englewood, middle name Smith.

(The lovely maid vanishes.)

The howling swell was a college man,
Built on a rare and expensive plan;
The girls, as he passed, to the windows ran,
And sighed as only the dear girls can.
Now he looked this way when the trouble began.

*(The eyes of the spectators are allowed to feast on the
howling swell.)*