

*The WOOING of*  
Penelope Englewood

The name of this swell, I forgot to state,  
Was Plato Riley, surnamed the Great.  
As the custom ran to abbreviate,  
He was known in college as simply Plate ;  
For such is the queer caprice of fate.

*(The howling swell disappears, and the father is shown  
in his manly strength.)*

This is the father whom next I show,  
The head of Englewood & Co.  
And you will find wherever you go,  
That his check is good for a million or so ;  
A pretty soft snap for Penelope's beau ;  
That is, if he happened to suit, you know.

*(The father retires and the mother makes her courtesy  
to the admiring public.)*

There is the mother, a woman rare ;  
Of the burdens of life she assumed her share ;  
Of the Englewood house she had special care ;  
But had always a moment or two to spare  
In a neighborly way, if wanted there.  
And while I admit it is hardly fair  
To lay these family secrets bare,  
I am forced to say that Englewood *pere*  
Was often a little the worse for wear,  
After a tiff, in the way of hair.  
And as for Penelope's beaux, I swear  
I have frequently heard the boys declare  
Not one of the crowd would ever dare  
To enter the room and sit in a chair,  
Under her spectacles' awful glare,