

These thoughts went through Penelope's head,  
And all to herself she communed and said :  
" If ever I am induced to wed,  
Or into a summer engagement led,  
'Twill be when Plato allays my dread,  
And gives me comfort and hope instead,  
With his college wisdom and air high-bred."  
Then a maidenly blush o'er her features spread,  
And a lustrous smile round the room she shed,  
Which, in college parlance, got Plato " dead."

*(Penelope modestly acknowledges Plato's greeting with  
an entrancing smile.)*

When Plato had taken a proffered seat,  
And fully composed his hands and feet,  
He remarked that Penelope looked quite sweet ;  
Which, by way of a starter, was certainly neat.

*(Plato compliments Penelope.)*

Thereat Penelope fain did blush ;  
For a minute or two fell an awkward hush ;  
Which assured the youth at the very first flush,  
He had made what in college is called a " crush."

*(Penelope blushing acknowledges the compliment.)*

Then close to the maiden he drew his chair,  
So close, in fact, that I must declare  
There was precious small room, if any, to spare ;  
And this, I am told by the girls, is where  
They came to regard him so *debonnaire*.

*(Plato draws a chair close to Penelope.)*