

## Working Girls (Continued from Page 6)

goin' to call addressin' a gen'iman frien' on the street meetin' people, I scorn to defend myself. He wanted to know how Uncle's gout was an' Ias you please, Abie, I care not! I had a feelin' when I was talkin' to Henry Watkins, the bookkeeper, that summon was rubberin' at us.

Econgetine -1 wouldn't stay en-gaged to a fella who's always calum-niatin' you, for man oughta be more tender. There's a red machine goin' by that's just like Mr. Timmins' - he says I kin use it any time I want to phone the garage, an' to consider it

as all my own. Flossic — He certainly is a gem! Evangeline --- He says "Little one, I been a stern manager all my life. but we're all human, an' your sad story" — oh, it's him, dearie — he's the one with the beard an' the grey spats! Mr. Timmins! He can't have seen me yet, but he's comin' right toward us. Hello, Mr. Timmins, nere I am, an' I want you to know Flossie, for  $\rightarrow ch^2$ ... I  $\rightarrow$  must  $\rightarrow$  have  $\rightarrow$  made a *mistake*? Is your pame Timmins from London or am 1you never saw me before, Mr. Tim mins? Oh, Flossie, how kin he, after all them promises — no, don't tell me that maybe you kin explain my mis-take! I'm finished with all males, dearle, an' I'm goin' to ast to be put clear in the back row when I rejoin the comp'ny! Flossic - But look, there's another

with a beard'n spats, an' he's grinnin'

 $Evangetine - I \leftarrow why - it must be$ -Henry! They're twins, dearle-oh, Henry, c'mere this instant! Gee, I thought I was ditched again!

## THE LITTLE NUN By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

- The little rfun, Assunta, When her sisters were at prayer, Crept out, one April morning
- Upon the convent stair. And listened to the robins That sang in God's sweet air.
- O blithe and brave Franciscans!"
- The little sister said, I trembled when I heard you At daybreak on my bed,
- And longed to sing my matins With you, when dawn grew red.
- Frail choristers from heaven,
- Is it a sin for me To listen to your music.
- Your holy ecstasy? Or does the good St Francis
- Look down, and smile to see? My sisters chant responses
- In the strange hush and gloom But O. sometimes I sicken
- For the green world's wide room. Long for the benediction Of bird and bee and bloom!
- If it be sin, God pardon
- A wayward child. . . . Yet sing Higher, and even higher, And let your voices ring,
- Mad trumpeters of April. Interpreters of Spring."
- The little nun, Assunta.
- Died on an April day : The sisters knelt around her
- In sombre black and grey, Singing their Nunc Dimittis,
- Forgetting not to pray.
- Outside, her friends, the robins Sang for the wayward child ; Higher, and even higher,
- Rang out their requiem wild : And the sad sisters wondered
- When the little-dead nun smiled

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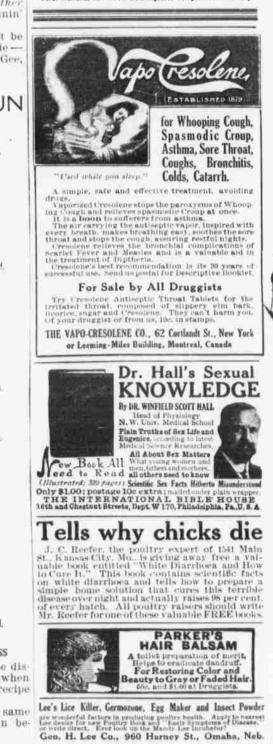


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