

JUNE



1895



"Rah Rah Rah! Roh Roh Roh!"

WE ARE the Maidens of Marlborough"

52

Extracts from  
"Sub Rosa" and "Symposium"  
With illustrations  
by  
Marian Osgood Hooker.



Motto

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT"



Staff of "Sub Rosa"

Marian O. Hooker Editor in chief.  
Henrietta Visscher Assistant Editor.

Motto

"Think rather of the work than  
of the praise."



Staff of Symposium

Alice Gertrude Paul Editor in chief.  
Mary Cutler Assistant Editor.







The Damsels and the Siren.

A certain photographic maid a sort of siren was by trade,  
For when the chilling winds did blow  
She'd lure fair damsels on to woe.

She tempted maidens three from school  
To shoot at them her deadly  
tool;  
She robed them all in cheese cloth white,  
Around them put gold girdles  
bright.



And now all to the garden go:

The three do range them in a row,  
And each the quick command obeys -  
Her hands above her head doth raise.



Then thrusting forward one small foot,  
Her weight upon it she doth put,  
And as she'd been instructed so,  
Behold each maid begins to row.



Now on her chest her hands do lie;  
She brings them back with deep drawn sigh,  
Again attentive they all stand  
Awaiting for the next command.



The photographic siren said  
"Oppose your hand unto your  
head"

Contented with their graceful ways  
She gives each one a little praise.



And now they walk with footsteps light,  
As if to pull some candy white,  
Right hand is raised the left drawn back,  
Which is reversed when they do tack.





But see it groweth  
Late apace.  
The maidens to their  
home do race.  
Next morning one is  
"in the dumps"  
Convinced that  
she hath  
caught  
the  
mumps.

"You've done quite well, to rest  
your backs  
I'll give you all leave to relax"  
The photographic fiend doth cry  
Each girl relaxeth with a sigh.

Now damisels, heed my words, I pray -  
If this dread Siren comes your way  
Avoid her wiles  
Where'er you be,  
Lest she enchant you e'er you flee.

But  
mumps  
don't come  
within a day,  
And these all  
quickly passed away.  
The Siren  
joyed  
to see a maid  
by her  
in bed and  
sorrow  
laid.

Finis





"A Carnival in Madrid"  
by  
Florence Silent.

---

"Cusha blushed  
and  
kept watching intently  
the passers by"

---



"After dark  
the girl crept  
out to  
gather Banyallas  
roses."

---



A faint cry



Burst from the lips of the nun

An orchestra came from the Japanese Isles  
To charm foreign natives with music  
and smiles,



They would bring forth such tones  
That folks hardened as stones  
Would request their return to the Japanese  
Isles.



The Chief  
of  
the Fiji Isles  
when  
within him his  
anger  
rises

Takes his



boomerang  
slays  
or angoutang  
then  
dresses  
himself  
in  
smiles

And the wife of this Fiji Chief  
As she works alone in  
her grief,



Makes  
some armor  
bright

For his next mad fight,  
And so pleases her valiant chief.



A Rhymed Tragedy  
When Roland for Hainaut blew on his horn,  
(Who will tell me if this is quite  
true?)

There was  
a  
sweet  
maiden he  
left all  
sorrows



And his  
death  
she most  
sadly  
did  
wee.

They brought to the damsel his  
weapons all bright  
While she pined in her bower  
so fair,

She drooped her head over the sword  
of her knight,  
Such sorrow no angel could  
bear.

She  
lifted her  
face, and  
the dagger  
did  
spy,



Its  
point to  
her  
bosom  
she  
pressed

When, raising its hilt to the  
heavens on high,  
It glanced,  
And was sheathed in her  
breast!



The Marlboro Sirens.



The Marlboro Sirens sit all day  
Upon the roof and watch for  
prey.

Their long hair flies -



Each gold comb plies.  
Will never victim come this  
way?







