

fear these carrion crows have carried her off.
Neque eam usquam invenio. Oh where can Palaestra be?

Palaestra (coming forward and standing close to Ampeliscia, but not looking at her.)

"Nec loci gnara sum nec diis hic fui! I don't know this place, I never saw it before! Ampeliscia excidit. Shall I ever see her again? Oh Venus! whatever have you done with Ampeliscia! Oh B.A., M.A., LL.D., sumus in facultate arts! was I ever soaked so badly as this? It is even worse than sessional exams! Oh wee willie winnie, grela grila grola, Ampeliscia!!

Ampeliscia (starting) "Quis me nominat?"

Palaestra.—"Surely, 'tis a girl's voice that has reached my ear! Ampeliscia!!

Ampeliscia.—"Hem, quis est?"

Palaestra.—"Ego Palaestra, Dic ubi's!"

Ampeliscia.—"Well, I'm in a sea of trouble."

Palaestra.—"Aye, marry, so am I. Sed videre expecto te!

Ampeliscia.—"Cedo manum. Ecce me!" (They embrace.)

Palaestra.—"Oh how glad I am to see you. Is my hair all out of curl?"

Ampeliscia.—"Dearest!! Just straighten my toga a bit will you?"

Palaestra.—"It's a wet day cum relieti sumus Isn't it? Ampeliscia, you're the only girl I ever loved!"

Ampeliscia.—"Oh Palaestra, see how I blush! This is sea salt, not Roman sales. Sed hoc est templum, Eamus intra!

Palaestra.—"Perhaps we can borrow dry clothes from the priestess. Hop along sister Mary! and —procul, procul este profani!"

(Exeunt.)

Chorus. The Latin Play.

I.

"We went to the Latin Play,
We just couldn't keep away,
For all our best students
Took part in the Rudens
In a most highly classical way.

II.

We knew when to weep and to roar,
For we read the translation before,
And the hymn to Apollo
We could nearly all follow
Though we couldn't the musical score.

III.

The Cyrenean scenery was serene,
Not a trace of the terrible storm was seen,
The back ground was truly an
Expanse cerulean
Flanked by a marvellous green!

IV.

Scerparnio made a perfect clown,
His acts quite brought the whole house down,
And once in a while
He loosened a tile
Or shovelled the earth of his native town.

V.

Ampeliscia and Palaestra looked dapper,
Their costumes were built by Armstrong & Capper,
The embroidery Pattern
Descended from Saturn,
Who used it to trim his second best wrapper.

VI.

Ptolemocratia's jaw-breaking nomen
Could never have been composed by a Roman,
And just between us
The priestess of Venus
Had a voice a trifle too large for a woman.

VII.

The Gemini played the lyre,
While the actors changed attire,
And the nummi flew down
From the cavea summa,
As the gods their tin-wheels did fire!

VIII.

The caricatures were immense,
The Science Dean on the fence,
Of Medicine, Arts and Law,
Pictures in turn we saw;
Labelled for those who were dense.

Scene II. The Flirtation.

Enter Scerparnio with Noah's Ark, Pail and Shovel.—"Pro di immortales! Methought I saw two goodly damsels hereabouts. So I came out of the master's house with my shovel to take my pick. But I don't see any. You know I dote on girls!

Eheu, Eheu, how long am I to be a slave here while the future generations are lassoing gold and sealskins up under the star of Arcturus. Why, even Aeneas enavit ad Arctos! But I see a lady coming. Oh it's only the priestess Polly-want-a-