

The Feminine Fictionists.

Corelli Mary, quite contrary,
How does *your* novel grow?
With splashes of gore, and spooks galore,
And platitudes all in a row.

Ouida, Ouida, now indeed-a,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a Princess shady, a lord and a lady,
And Guardsmen all in a row.

Miss Edna Lyall, now no denial,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a rake reformed, a cold atheist warmed,
And goody girls all in a row.

Mistress Ward, with critical sword,
How does *your* novel grow?
With soul forlorn, and phrases outworn,
And clergymen all in a row.

O all ye writers of penny-soul-smitters,
How do *your* novels grow?
With endless chatter of amorous matter,
And wedding-rings all in a row.