

QUAINT SAYINGS

True Experiences

By Dorothy L. Warne

In the early days following the evolution of my pig-tail to a Grecian knot in the neck, and all-in-one frocks to more daintily tailored garments and fussinesses, I passed the daylight hours in pointing out to the young idea the ideal way to sprout. Lots of girls know the stunt very well. Ordinary English subjects (*vide* the advertising columns), music, conversational French, and a few other oddments, for three ha'pence a week, and possibly an employer who is not aware of the fact that you are human, but painfully sure that you will forget that her children are.

After the governess-student period I took upon myself the moral, spiritual, physical and mental welfare of a dear, old-fashioned wee maiden of ten years. Brought up by doting grand-parents, she seemed to instil an atmosphere of lavender and old lace, and there wasn't half as much mischief in her as there ought to have been. During the three years we spent together I collected several funny little sayings, all her own, and now pass them on for you to smile over. Rosebud is nearing the top class at school now, and if she ever saw this would probably be as ready as anyone to laugh at herself.

For homework spelling Rosebud often made sentences, bringing in certain words to prove that she understood their meaning and right usage. "Anonymous" came in the list one day, and in answer to her inquiry Grandfather had told her it meant "nameless," leaving it at that. This is the sentence that she evolved:—"Before babies are christened they are anonymous."

We started music lessons, and an aunt presented an album of simple classics. Coming across the rugged features of Beethoven on the frontispiece, I asked, "Now, who was he, Rosebud?" She puzzled for a few minutes then exclaimed—"Why, of course, he was one of the twelve apostles."

The Grandpa was by way of being a bit of an antiquarian, and had several books on ancient Egyptian lore. One day I explained the picture of an Egyptian mummy. "But where's his daddy?" she queried.

For composition I once gave her as a subject, "What I should like to do when I grow up." I give it just as it stood:—

"When I am quite a gron up ladie, I should like to have a little house and a prince and some lovly froks like Cindrela. And we would have ice kreems every day and paddle and the house would have roses over it like Granpa does them and we would never go to bed til 9 and always sit up for supper and I would have a cat and a dog and a parrot to make him tork."