

Both Sides of the Picture

by M.E. Muchall



They make themselves
such general pests,
To those at home and all our guests.
The truth alas must be confessed -
Our brothers.



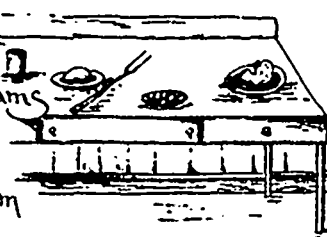
They have their clothes
all lying round
Hats caps and coats upon
the ground
Their school bags never
can be found -
Our brothers.



They make themselves
such awful bores
About the carpets mats
and floors,
We almost hate to come indoors -
Our sisters

They stuff our balls and bats away,
Where are they? Oh they cannot say,
To hunt them up takes half a day -
Our sisters.

They cut into
our fresh boiled hams
They steal our jellies, pies and jams
And when accused tell bare-faced crams
Our brothers



They give us boys the sky-blue shrim
But keep the cream for Mr. Simm,
Were sure they almost worship him -
Our sisters.



They have as much and more to say
Than our Prime Minister John A.
Were sure they'll rule the world some day -
Our noisy brothers.



We really wish their lazy beaux
Would come round quickly and propose.
We'd have some peace then we suppose
Without our sisters



Illustrated
by G.C.L.