

"MISS MARTHA JONES LOSES  
-HER HEART TO A NICE YOUNG-  
MAN-MR. MARTIN TOLLES."

a cute  
story  
poem

OR

The Associate Matron's Blunder

Bessie Trumbull

I met him on the street one day,  
The rain was pouring down,  
I had on my new Easter suit  
From boots to bonnet crown.  
He placed above my grateful head  
His silk umbrella wide;  
He raised his hat and gravely said,  
I'll stand here by your side.  
He took me to the car, and then  
Went his way, and I went mine;  
But took with me a pleasant glimpse  
Of eyes and manners fine.  
I did not know his name, nor cared-  
Indeed, I would not ask,  
Although I saw him many times  
As I went to my task  
Of teaching young ideas to shoot.  
I felt that strong and good face  
Did but express a manly soul,  
With naught that could disgrace.

One evening in the chapter room  
I sat within my place,  
Hoping I should perform my part  
With more than usual grace.  
But when the candidate approached  
I saw to my surprise  
My unknown hero- caught again  
One glimpse of laughing eyes.  
Then the conductress spoke his name  
( My own is Martha Jones )  
" Mr. Martin Tolles," She said,  
In quite even tones.  
I lost my head; I don't know why,  
The conductress was nervous too.  
Although she says she hid it.  
But this is what I really did,  
" Sister Martha Tolles." I said,  
I heard a smothered laugh go around  
And wished that I were dead.  
I don't know what else was done.  
For all seemed like a dream:  
But when the eve's refreshments came  
Of angel food and cream  
He brought his plate to sit by me,  
Within that dreadful West:  
By courteous word and manner tried  
To set my mind at rest.  
And I was glad when he took home  
Our Esther, Susie Blake:  
It took the notice off of me,  
And yet it left an ache  
For many nights I  
watched him

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As o'er Esther's chair he bent,  
And listened for that voice which to  
Our songs new beauty lent.  
One night our Matron's baby boy  
Was ill- I took her part,  
For aught else and to the work  
Gave my whole heart.  
And then I caught from those dear eyes  
One glance of love and pride  
Of interest deep in all I did  
And sympathy besides.  
At close of chapter I remained  
To put the robes away,  
And Susie whispered. Martin says  
He'll help if he may stay.  
Martin' So it had gone that far,  
Of course I gave consent  
But at her gate she slipped inside,  
Then laughingly she bent-  
" My cousin Martin thinks, she said  
That Sister Martha Tolles  
Sounds nicely as indeed it does  
When from his lips it rolls"  
Of course he heard her, my eyes filled  
With angry shameface tears  
Then what he said I've never told,  
But 'tis five happy years  
Since I made that absurd mistake,  
It mortifies me yet.  
I can assure you chapter folks  
Do not let us forget.  
My husband is Grand Patron now  
Both of us love the maze  
Which tyrifies Life's Labvrinth road  
Lit by our Star's bright rays.  
Sometime he pulls a piteous face,  
And mummurs betwixt moans  
"And she is Sister Martha Tolles  
Who once was Martha Jones".