

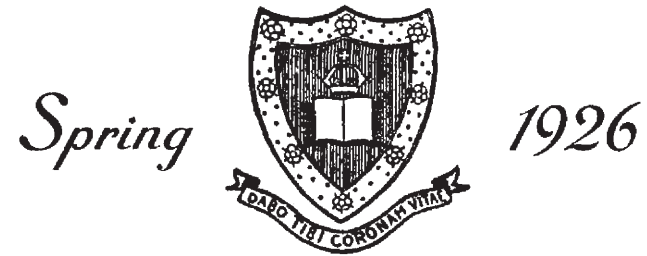
MESSENGER

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The
MESSENGER
 ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE



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POPPYCOCK

(A frightfully serious drama done in that indescribably grand manner common to various playwrights from Pinero to Michael Arlen, with either Ethel Barrymore or Katherine Cornell in the role of the heroine who throws her neck out of joint, toys with her pearls, speaks in husky tones produced by eating gelatinous cough drops, as she runs gorgeously riot in big scenes.)

The Author's Lament

*Oh, when my argosies set out
They viewed the world with scorn:
My argosies have now come back
With their illusions gone.
No one trades with my argosies,
They bear me no return;
And if I did not love them so,
I'd laugh and let them burn.*

—John M. Myers, '28.

THE SCENE IS LAID in the very stagey drawing room of Courtlandt Alden's bachelor apartment. There are chaste lines, and ornate furnishings. Scattered about the room are various small tables; one with a telephone, another with a tray of liqueur bottles, and a siphon. Of course a satiny divan is in the very center of the stage, behind which is a large table with magazines, flowers, and a cigarette box. It does not matter how many windows there may be in the room except for a picturesque French window in the rear wall, which gives a view of the livid green tree-tops in the park, across the way. Perhaps you have guessed that there is a door which leads into the hall.

When the curtain rises it is late evening. A blue light shines through the French window from the arc lamp in the street below. In a moment you hear a sound. It is the sound of a door being opened, and then shut. You may discern a young lady as she glides cautiously into the room and stands a moment, nervously, silhouetted against the blue window. She is in search of the switch to turn on the lights. She spies in the darkness a silk lamp shade on one of the numerous small tables. As she touches the lamp, the stage manager, watching from the wings, turns on the footlights which give a soft glow in Mr. Alden's drawing room. The young lady then hurries to the French window and draws across it the heavy over-hanging curtains. She listens a moment. Apparently she is excited. She steps to the center-table, takes a cigarette from the box, lights the weed, and glides across the room to the telephone.

YOUNG LADY: Operator? Give me a fashionable exchange—any wire that connects with a home on Upper Fifth Avenue. I want to speak with a young man named Gerald. He must be of English attraction with a white carnation on his lapel.

.....Hello, is this you Gerald? This is Ceciley, the heroine. Of course you've met me many times. I am the leading lady—and a lovely lady—and they say that I am startlingly beautiful—my make-up, and this gown help a lot to support the impression. You say I am naturally beautiful? Gerald, my dear boy, you are so easy to talk with over the wires. The telephone seems to destroy your inhibitions. Listen Gerald, I'm alone in a bachelor's apartment at this late hour. I'm waiting to surprise the bachelor when he comes home. Quite a situation, isn't it? I hope it is strong enough to keep us on Broadway for the season. I believe I'd die if I had to go to Philadelphia for any more "try-outs." Am I a great actress, did you say? Well, I certainly am. If I spoke Russian I would be doing the comedy roles in the Moscow Art Theatre.

However, I suppose you know why I called you. You don't? Oh dear, don't you ever go to the theatre? I only wanted to let you know that you're my husband. Yes—my husband! Isn't that a surprise? You see, I'd never marry any man whose name was not Gerald—heroines don't.

Then too, Gerald, you must realize that I simply had to use the telephone because it is the butler's night off—oh yes, I know they are not supposed to have nights off, but it was necessary for me to be in the apartment, alone—a perilous situation for me—compromising. Naturally since I am alone, I must use the telephone to explain things—"asides" are all right in Shakespeare, and Little Theatre experiments—however, we're taking no chances on the obsolete, in this production. The telephone gives good service. Well, I must ring off now Gerald. I think my bachelor is coming. (She puts down the receiver. She listens a moment and hurries to a hiding place behind the window draperies.)

The bachelor enters. He is dressed in evening clothes. He places his silk hat on the table. Before he steps to the telephone he quaffs a whisky and soda.

BACHELOR: (at the telephone) Operator? Connect me with the other lady—she lives in a little apartment on the drive—hello, Mabel? This is Courtlandt—your Courtlandt—I'm keeping you, dear, you know. Darling, don't be silly. You are my lady under the rose. Stop screaming. You know perfectly well you would scream if it were otherwise. To put it baldly "mon adorable," you are my mistress, and I lavish furs, silks, and silver upon you—oh, my God Mabel, don't make a scene—one of my favorite lines—yes, you are a worldly woman—something of a gold-digger—just this minute you are reclining on a day-bed—you are dressed in a pink peignoir, and in your hand you have a long, jade, cigarette-holder—perhaps Belasco has pinned a rose in your hair.

Probably you know why I have rung you up. Oh, you angel, you catch on so quickly. You see, Mabel, I'm presumably alone in what is called my "diggings," yet I know better—however, I must pretend differently. Yes, yes, Mabel, I am the leading man—certainly, you minx!—I belong to all the best clubs, own a stable of Arabian thoroughbreds, play the horses, gamble at Deauville, and do what I can to get a good part which will keep me far away from one-night stands.

Good-bye, darling. Thanks awfully. (He hangs up. Ceciley steps from her hiding place.)

CECILEY: Courtlandt!

COURTLANDT: Oh, I say, Ceciley! May I ask what you are doing here, alone?

CECILEY: You aren't glad to see me, are you? You haven't asked me to sit down.

COURTLANDT: Of course, little one, I want you to sit down. You should know that after four weeks' rehearsal.

CECILEY: (sits on divan. Speaks in tragic tones.) With whom were you speaking, over the phone?

COURTLANDT: No one at all.

CECILEY: Oh, Courtlandt, please—don't. I heard you.

COURTLANDT: Ceciley! This is quite enough! I was not speaking to anyone. Mabel, whom you heard me mention, is a product of pure imagination. You know that—whiskey and soda?

CECILEY: Thank you, yes. (Mournfully) Oh, I'm not at all sure. You have a wicked reputation—and I never realized until now. I always thought you and I were everything to each other.

COURTLANDT—Of course you did, my dear. You are an experienced actress. You know your plots.

CECILEY: You have deceived me. You have—

COURTLANDT: Ceciley, not so fast. My business is to pass you this whiskey before you start that—the syphon won't work—so, go slowly please, or you will make me forget my lines.

CECILEY: I'm sorry. I would never, intentionally, make you forget your lines. I remember what a devil of a time you had learning them.

COURTLANDT: Cat! Go on. (Hands her the glass.)

CECILEY: You deceived me, I repeat. I was merely a guileless child when you met me. You came—you who were so wise, so courtly. (In low voice) You told me you loved me. I couldn't believe it. It all seemed too wonderful. And then—

COURTLANDT: But my dear child, I do love you.

CECILEY: You are mocking me.

COURTLANDT: I was never more serious in my life.

CECILEY: Courtlandt! (They embrace. Gerald, the husband, enters unannounced.)

GERALD: (Ironically) Ah, I see—perhaps I am "de trop."

CECILEY: Gerald! Oh, God!

GERALD: I am sorry to have interrupted what was evidently an interesting scene. Quite frankly, I dropped in simply to have a whiskey with Courtlandt.

CECILEY: (deprecatingly) Gerald!

COURTLANDT: (in his best manner) Liar!

GERALD: (his wrath slowly rising) What do you mean by that, sir?

COURTLANDT: (hoarsely, with deep emotion) Precisely that! You didn't come here for whiskey. This is not a bar.

CECILEY: (despairingly) Oh, Gerald!

COURTLANDT: You came here for only one reason, and you know what it is. You were "written" into this scene. We were expecting you. You are a villain.

GERALD: Oh, so I'm a villain? Also I am this young lady's husband. It seems to me that you two lovers are in a humiliating position.

CECILEY: Stop, both of you. It's time.

COURTLANDT: Time for what?

CECILEY: (commences wringing her hands, moans, stands before them with one knee bent outward) I am going to have—a scene! (Goes to Gerald) Can you ever forgive me? I am so sorry—so very sorry. I am the eternal Magdalene. I have sinned Gerald. Deep of the red wine of Life, I have drunk—you never seemed to care. Then came Courtlandt.

COURTLANDT: Oh, I say!

CECILEY: (impatiently) Stop that "Oh, I say." An Englishman wrote this play, so you may tell me to "shut up." Gerald, these men from Hoboken are terribly English when they go on the stage, aren't they dear? There is nothing quite so horrid as this Oxford movement of young American actors, I think.

GERALD: Nothing worse, Ceciley.

SOME PERVERSITIES OF CANOEING

THE RIVER was the Susquehanna, the canoe a sixteen-foot "Morris" of 1908 vintage, and its occupants were Walter and I, out for a holiday. We had more sport than at a picnic, and it was all because Walter refused to lose his temper. Even when Desperate Ambrose, our captive but not tame chipmunk, bit a chunk from his finger, Walter simply grinned and indicated that it was below his dignity to complain. Otherwise, our canoe trip, like most summer cruises, managed to get from one place to another with due and maddening regularity.

We began our cruise in clear water just below the dam of the town of Susquehanna and ended it by going aground on a mud flat 150 miles downstream. The river between these two points is mostly composed of bends, rifts, bad spots with steep inclines, old eel racks with murderous intentions, and a few hidden but well-jagged rocks. All these made interesting navigation of what might have otherwise resembled a cruise in a bath tub.

The Susquehanna river is built on the general principles of a corkscrew, so that it really covers a great distance before it gets anywhere. One hour we paddled north, then changed around and headed south. This novel arrangement also applied to the wind, and the perversity of this element led us to our first peculiar reflections.

Regardless of how often the river changed its direction, the breeze invariably changed with it. All of which we could have tolerated, had the results been more to our favor, but never once, by any chance, did we cruise along with the breeze astern. This head-on opposition was somewhat of a game at first, but when it lengthened into a persecution, only the cheerful Walter could contemplate it with serenity.

The second tricky circumstance we noted was in reference to suitable camping sites. During the ten days in which we pitched our evening tent on scraggly and lumpy ground, we did not fail to observe this curious fact. Each morning, we realized that had we plugged on an extra mile or so the night before, we should have come upon the finest camping ground in the United States. This same was true during the lunch hour. Had we paddled a few yards further, we should have discovered an extra shady spot in which to eat. In other words, no matter what time we started our daily adventure, we were usually an hour or so behind schedule.

While referring to food, it is perhaps in season to remark upon the absurd menus on which we survived while canoeing. We cooked mostly with a small Sterno outfit, and whether intended for the back-bone of each meal or designed merely for a side dish, the principal item of nourishment was not broiled steak, nor was it fried ham, nor yet the doleful bean, but hot bread—known in its own haunts as toast. We averaged about a loaf of bread and ten ounces of butter every meal! Of course, we fished a little, fried what we caught and generally were just about to eat thereof, when some well-meaning person would happen along and remark that the one kind of fish we had was the only kind in the river not

fit to eat. On these occasions we fell back on eggs—not literally, understand, but merely in a culinary sense. In one of these relapses, Walter discovered that an already doubtful egg is much better boiled than taken raw, but even this did not disturb his avowed equanimity.

In some sections of the Susquehanna river the rifts are very exciting. Rifts are shallow spots over which the water dashes at many knots per hour, sometimes as high as nine or ten, and that's some speed for a current. The deepest and swiftest water is usually found in the center of the rift, and there is a feeling of great exhilaration as you go shooting along between the river banks. Once in 1922, on a similar trip, I had carried the craft beyond a particularly heavy rift near Hallstead. This time, however, Walter and I decided to run it, with the result that green, green water climbed over the bow and kerplunked into Water's lap. I laughed, of course, but even this did not disturb,etc, etc.

It seemed that my permanent topic of conversation around here was "Now, when I was down this river in 1922, the channel was about here" or there, or wherever it might have been. This superior knowledge annoyed Walter, especially when it proved to be persistently accurate. I remembered, however, once too often and not so well, with the dire result that I had no sooner pointed out the position of the deepest water than the canoe grounded on a shoal. It was peaceably agreed that I should disembark and work our vessel to safer depths, which I did. All of which was not merely humble pie, but a damp species of hard work.

At a place called Rummerfield, Walter invested a paper dollar in a cotton shirt of khaki persuasion. He was rather proud of his new outfit, and lorded it over me because he considered himself more appropriately garbed to cross the line at the finish.

The next day we arrived at the ferry landing of Monomonock Island, where I wanted to disembark and call the thing all over. Walter, however, insisted that we go on to Wilkesbarre, a little further down the river. To me, this seemed unnecessary sentiment, but Walter was emphatic, and so we continued. Before leaving the ferry, however, we changed over to our "shore" clothes. This we did because we were to board a train at Wilkesbarre shortly after our arrival. Walter, of course, was still wearing his new khaki shirt.

Suddenly it began to rain. There was nothing much to do about it, and so we did it instantly, pressing on our course with the true heroism of the boy in Longfellow's "Excelsior." Due to the activity of the coal mines in this region, the water was so dirty that we could not see that we were running into shallows until the canoe grounded on the mud bank previously mentioned in the first paragraph. Walter, using gentle language, asked me to get out into the miry deep and do the necessary lifting. I retorted by a counter question, couched in language just as gentle as that contained in his endeavor, but firmer. The import of my inquiry was would he please explain who he was to so order my best cruising trousers, already soaking wet, to become filthy by contact with a mixture of bituminous coal and water.

Thereupon, for the first time during the trip, Walter growled. I pointed out to him, however, that although he was responsible for neither the rain nor the mud bank, it was really his suggestion that had brought all this upon us. He recognized the logic of my reasoning, manfully climbed into the mire, and lifted us off. As he did so, he regained his good humor and actually began to laugh, but just about that time his

cheap cotton shirt tightened up around his neck, and he had to tear away the front of it to keep himself from being choked to death. Before that garment stopped shrinking, it resembled a new kind of vest.

Then Walter began to express his feelings, and for the remainder of the drift down to Wilkesbarre and for a major portion of the journey back home, I was treated to a somewhat lurid, albeit convincing, condemnation of the perversities which cross the path of those who would go down to the sea in hollow trees.

—A. Gordon Shirt, '28.



Spring Fever

(A Familiar Perennial)

"I just don't feel like getting up,
Nor moving when I do,
I scarcely can get down to meals,
I've lost the pep to chew.
My lessons don't excite me, much;
My profs still less, I fear—
For you see I've got spring fever
And I just can't persevere.

"I try to write term papers
But my pen will scarcely crawl;
Why, I haven't felt so languid
Since the leaves began to fall.
All winter all was cheerless,
There was nothin' 'round but snow,
And now it's this spring fever—
It's incurable, you know.

"In summer it's the temperature—
The heat's so fierce in town—
Yet I 'spose I'll go to summer school
And have to wear a gown.
It seems to me the whole darn year
Just grinds a fellow down,
But in spite of all the seasons
I've just got to win renown.

"I wish I was a crack athlete,
Or a wayward honey bee,
But then, I guess they got to work,
Which don't appeal to me.
So I'll just toddle on my way
And find a shady tree—
For long as this spring fever lasts
It's all the same to me."

—E. V.

HOW TO LAY AN EGG

DON'T LET the farmer hurry you. In many communities you will find men of a low calibre who, having no interest in the art of their vocation, will unscrupulously demand haste. This is the most obnoxious element which enters into this calling. Take your time. Refuse to be ruffled. Excitement never produces good results. You know what is best for you; do not let a commercial dealer dictate to you, your hours of work. Nothing great is achieved without inspiration. You must be in the mood. Surround yourself with beautiful objects; Raphael's madonna, an "interior" of Rheims cathedral, a decorative placard bearing the great "If" of Kipling, a picture of the Parthenon, and a pot for Vantine's violet incense. Now begin.

First ask yourself, as a true artist, what you wish to create. If you are as fine as I think you are you will admit that your chief aim is the egg. Very well then, do not allow anything in this harsh world of ours—which is very industrial, material and crass—to swerve you from your main object. You have an art. Don't prostitute it. Beware of those glass imitations which are designed purely for deceptive purposes. It is a common belief that one glass egg, in some curious fashion, encourages the real thing. This is false psychology. Start laying glass eggs and your career is ruined. You **must** be honest with yourself. If you are not your dishonesty will show in your face.

When you reach your decision you should lose as little time as possible. This world of ours is too busy a place for the idler, the waster, the man who shirks his duties. Pitch in with vim, and never lose sight of your goal. Keep your mind on your work and look alive. It does not matter whether you are, or not. Appearances are everything. Remember what Orison Swett Marden said: "Let me see your finger nails, and I'll tell you what you are." There is a treasure in that line for the man who will persist until he digs it out.

After you have realized that you must not treat time profligately, you should consider the especial attributes which you desire to put in your product. Now we have arrived at an important stage in this process. Shall you make the object round, elliptical, or square? If you are a good, honest man who takes a worth-while position in his community you will favor the elliptical. Show me the person who creates a truly elliptical egg and you will be showing me one who shoulders responsibilities as they come. People who make square eggs are queer. They are freaks. They lack a sense of the good, true and beautiful. They should be treated with tolerance, for after all, it takes all sorts to make a world. None the less, square eggs are not the thing, and you must realize that, deep down in your heart of hearts. Therefore, the sanest advice I can give any one is, in the words of little Johnnie, "ease offa those guys that go in for square eggs." There is always a market for the elliptical. The sensible adult will remember this and profit by it.

Very well then, you have decided upon the elliptical egg. "What next?" you inquire, impatiently. "Not so fast," I reply, "Just why should you make eggs at all?" "Because," you answer, and "because" is right. The next important question you should ask yourself is "Am I a college man?" Again I say, "Be honest with yourself." Prevarication never helped a soul. If you are not a college man, confess frankly that such is the case. If you are a college man, so much the better. College-laid eggs are more desired. A college graduate's mind has been trained in such a manner that he is more efficient in his work, though he has not previously engaged in it, than his less fortunate brother. A college man has read his Latin, knows the thoughts of the greatest philosophers, understands what a terrible smell chlorine gas can produce when it so desires, and has attended chapel with some degree of regularity, all of which helps immeasurably in "the gentle art of laying an egg"—Ruskin. To paraphrase the words of Horace Greeley, "Go college, young man, go college."

Assuming that you are a college man straining at your tether, mad with anguish to commence your life work, we approach with reverence the next feature of your vocation. Another question—for the world is indeed an eternal question mark—presents itself to you, which is, "Isn't it time for me to settle down?" And there you have it. No one has made good in this egg business unless he has settled down first. Now you must look the world in the eye, you have things to face, problems are waiting for you to solve—you, the young man of tomorrow—now is the time for you to make a decided stand. Settle down so you too may tell with a clear eye, "How To Lay An Egg."

—Lewis Hammond, '27.



IMPECUNIOSITY

A PLAY

at the beginning of which a clock strikes a VERY late hour.

April

April! It's lovely in a poem—
And in England, so they say,
The hawthorn blooms in April,
And all the fields are gay
With primroses and daffodils
And garlands for the May.

But up here on the Hudson
When April zephyrs blow
They blow down from the Catskills
And sprinkle us with snow—
So you must wait till May—or June
To see spring poems grow.

So it's Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
Or somewhere East of Suez
With young witches, foul or fair,
Or down in new Miami
With seaweed in your hair.

—Edward Voorhees



NORRIS: (from his bed, despairingly) My gawd! Eleven o'clock and not here yet!

(The door of his combination study, bedroom and gym locker opens cautiously, and an angular and ancient female pokes in her head. She sweeps the disordered room over the tops of impossible spectacles, and when she at length comprehends that Sophomore Reggie Norris is still in bed, she quickly withdraws and closes the door. Then she knocks.)

NORRIS: (Hopefully) Come in.

(Enter Miss V. Benchley, House-inspector of Bartlett College.)

MISS BENCHLEY: I'm inspecting.

NORRIS: Don't go too far. I warn you.

MISS BENCHLEY: (in a hard voice) Your room should be arranged and your bed made by ten o'clock each morning.

NORRIS: And what time is it now?

MISS BENCHLEY: Eleven.

(Norris goans.)

MISS BENCHLEY: Have you no morning classes?

NORRIS: Yes. Three—at eight, nine and ten. And I've got a date at eleven-thirty; one I can't miss.

MISS BENCHLEY: Then don't be so lazy. Get up!

NORRIS: (groaning long and loud) I can't get up.

MISS BENCHLEY (paling) Perhaps he is ill. Are you ill?

NORRIS: Yes. My stomach. Oh!!

MISS BENCHLEY: Umph! His stomach! Not a very original malady. Well, we'll see. (She goes out.)

NORRIS: What a woman. (He settles down again into bed. After a moment of silence, the door swings open and William P. Pines enters the room. He seems quite ready to be convinced—of anything. His middle name is Percival, and in this case, it connotes everything. He is a Freshman.)

PINES: (as eagerly as possible) Benchey didn't catch you in bed, did she? Gee!

NORRIS: (dryly) Yeah, she did.

PINES: Gosh! What did she say? Did she say anything?

NORRIS: Benchey thinks I'm sick.

PINES: That's great!

NORRIS: What's great.

PINES: Being sick.

NORRIS: Oh?

PINES: (hastily) I mean Benchey thinking so.

NORRIS: What's great about that.
 PINES: Oh, excuse me.
 NORRIS: (deliberately) I AM sick.
 PINES: But what 've you got?
 NORRIS: (solemnly) I've got impecunious.
 PINES: What?
 NORRIS: Impecuniosity.
 PINES: Who said so?
 NORRIS: Benchey.
 PINES: Gee, that's terrible. Is it contagious?
 NORRIS: (bitterly) I'll say it is.
 PINES: (backing away) You look pale.
 NORRIS: (decidedly) I am pale. And maybe this doesn't make a guy hungry!
 PINES: Hungry?
 NORRIS: Ravenous. I could eat snakes and toads and newts and salamanders, and even.....
 PINES: (credulously) Porcupines?
 NORRIS: (impressively) Skunks. And what is more, I think I'm mad.
 PINES: (jumping clear) Ooooh!
 NORRIS: Yes. Mad, I say. Mad! (he bounds out of bed and leaps at Pines. Norris has on shirt, collar and tie, underwear and stockings.) I'm so hungry I could eat YOU! (He shakes Pines, then releases his hold and sobs) Oh, Pines, I could kill that man. I could kill him. Here it is eleven o'clock, and three classes that I didn't go to and a date with Helen at eleven-thirty. Oh, I wouldn't mind cutting the damn classes, but I was all prepared. Oh, Pines, Pines!
 PINES: (backing to the door) Don't touch me!
 NORRIS: (entreatingly) Percy, do this for a dying man. Run to Main Street and seek out number nine. Enter the place and inquire for a certain Isaac. Mention my name, and ask him.....make him come here.
 PINES: Isaac Kerflitz?
 NORRIS: Him. If he shows any signs of delay, lure him here, drag him here, and when he comes here I want you to help me kill him! Will you do that? (Jumping up suddenly from the chair into which he had fallen, and changing his tactics) No, never mind. Come here. William Percival Pines, if you care about remaining long in the land which thy father and thy mother gave thee, don't try to get away! Listen. Take.....off.....your.....clothes.
 PINES: Let me go! Let me go!
 NORRIS: Look here, Pines. You're a freshman around here and you've got to do as I say. I won't hurt you, you silly ass! Take off your clothes.
 (Pines, whimpering, takes off his coat)
 NORRIS: (savagely) Your pants.
 (Pines drops down his pants)
 NORRIS: Great scott, pipe the underwear!
 (It is of flannel and red.)
 NORRIS: Now, hop into bed, while I proceed to make an important date. What's that?

(A knock at the door)
 NORRIS: Wait a minute, please. Quick Pines, in the closet! Don't move! Don't speak! If you do either, I'll kill you. (He gets in bed) Come in.
 (Enter again Miss Benchley, followed by a portly gentleman with a small handbag and a large beard.)
 MISS BENCHLEY: This is the room, Doctor.
 DOCTOR: What's the case?
 MISS BENCHLEY: It's a case of a room not being arranged before ten o'clock.
 DOCTOR: Nonsense!
 NORRIS: (from the bed) I'm sick, I tell you. I'm very sick. Don't tell me I'd lose my breakfast if there wasn't something the matter with me. I'm sick.
 MISS BENCHLEY: His bed should have been made an hour ago.
 NORRIS: What a woman!
 DOCTOR: Your pulse is high.
 NORRIS: I've had it before, Doctor.
 DOCTOR: Had what before?
 NORRIS: This.
 DOCTOR: But what's this?
 NORRIS: Anything you say.
 DOCTOR: Ummm, of course.
 MISS BENCHLEY: (busy arranging the room) He'll need a trained nurse, and we'll have to send him food, and everybody will have to keep away; that is, if it is..... (in an awful voice) Doctor, is it catching?
 DOCTOR: If it is, Ma'am, you will be obliged to stay here. You will be quarantined.
 NORRIS: My gawd! It never used to be contagious, Doctor, I'll swear it didn't. It's just prevalent. A lot of people have it at the same time, but they don't give it to each other. She won't have to stay, Doctor. Tell her she won't have to stay.
 MISS BENCHLEY: (reminiscently) I used to be a night nurse at the orphan's asylum.
 NORRIS: (suddenly) Get away from that closet! Get away from there, I tell you.
 DOCTOR: Here, young man, lie still. Be quiet.
 MISS BENCHLEY: (bristling) Of all things!
 NORRIS: A fellow's got to have some place in his room that's private!
 MISS BENCHLEY: (defiantly) Nothing must be kept from me. (She places her hand on the doorknob).
 NORRIS: (shouting) Help! Help! Help!
 DOCTOR: (holding him down) Be quiet. Come away from there, Ma'am. He's getting feverish.
 MISS BENCHLEY: Lan's sake!
 NORRIS: (relieved) Ooooh! (to the doctor) It's a symptom, Doctor. When I take on this way, I can't bear women around. At home, even my mother had to keep out of the room.
 MISS BENCHLEY: (going to the door) Very well, Mr. Norris, if that is the case. (She goes out.)
 NORRIS: Is she gone?
 DOCTOR: Gone.

NORRIS: Did you ever see a woman like her? I was getting over it when she came in, and she caused a relapse. I'll be all right, now. Examine my tongue. Looks good, doesn't it?

DOCTOR: Quite all right.

NORRIS: Feel my forehead. It's not hot, is it?

DOCTOR: No. Quite cool, in fact.

NORRIS: Then what's the matter with me?

DOCTOR: (with professional reluctance) Why, merely a slight attack of somethinger, constitutional.

NORRIS: Nothing serious?

DOCTOR: Of course not.

NORRIS: Then I'll get up and dress.

DOCTOR: If you feel that way, by all means do so. But if there is a recurrence

NORRIS: I will, Doctor, you bet.

DOCTOR: Then good morning.

NORRIS: Good morning, sir. (The Doctor goes out) Thank heaven! Gee, look at the time! Two seconds to make that date with Helen. Snap out of it, Norris, old boy. (He jumps out of bed, grabs up Pines' pants, and puts in one leg. There is a knock at the door) Good night!

VOICE OUTSIDE: Rex. Rex. Are you in?

NORRIS: (in an awed whisper) Helen. (He jumps back into bed.) Come in.

(Helen opens the door and stands on the threshold, quite concerned. She is a peach!)

HELEN: Oh, Rex!

NORRIS: (toneless) Lo, Helen.

HELEN: I was waiting at the north corner of the quadrangle, when Benchey told me that you were sick.

NORRIS: She's quite right. I am sick.

HELEN: And I met the doctor coming out. Did he say anything?

NORRIS: He agreed with Benchey.

HELEN: What did he call it?

NORRIS: Call what?

HELEN: The disease, simple.

NORRIS: He wouldn't say.

HELEN: What do YOU think it is?

NORRIS: I think it's impecuniosity. (checking her) That's what I said.

HELEN: (laughing) Don't be stupid. That means a scarcity of something.

NORRIS: Yeah. That's what I got.

HELEN: Are you warm? Have you a fever?

NORRIS: No. On the contrary the doctor said I was cold.

HELEN: Reggie Norris! Cold, and with only those few covers on! Where's some extra bedding?

NORRIS: I haven't got any.

HELEN: Of course you have, even if it is only old clothing. Why, in the closet, of course.

NORRIS: (entreatingly) Helen!

HELEN: Don't be stubborn. You must be made warm. (She opens the closet door; then cries aloud in surprise. Norris utters the word

"Helen" again, and then groans. William P. Pines, enveloped by a heavy overcoat, walks into the center of the room. The ends of his red underwear can be seen below the overcoat. He acts dazed. He looks at the startled and astonished Helen as though he saw through her. Then he points an accusing finger at Norris.)

PINES: (in a hollow voice) Miss, he's crazy, and he's wild. He bit me and it's contagious. Don't go near him! He's got a horrible disease and he'll eat you alive if you don't watch out! (He goes out).

HELEN: My!

NORRIS: He's a liar! He's crazy himself! If it wasn't for bothering with him, I would have met you at eleven-thirty, as I promised I would. The yap! He tried to stealmy trousers. And confidentially, Helen, I'm not sick otherwise. If you'll go downstairs and wait I'll be with you in half a second.

HELEN: Why Rex!

NORRIS: You're astonished. I'd be too if a fellow I knew was being robbed right in broad daylight. But be a good girl, Helen.

HELEN: (with renewed confidence) I'll wait downstairs. Perhaps we'll have a nice luncheon after all.

NORRIS: We will, don't worry. (Helen goes out. Up bounds Norris out of bed for the third time. He puts on the William P. Pines' trousers, and then stands surveying the spectacle sadly. The pants are five inches too short.)

NORRIS: (disgustedly) For Pete's sake! (mockingly) Perhaps we'll have a nice luncheon, after all. (savagely) I'll kill that guy. Just wait. Just you wait

(A loud knock at the door interrupts him. Norris again seeks the refuge of the bed, trousers and all. The door opens, and Isaac Kerflitz steps into the room. He is a small and rather oily Jew. Doubled over his left arm is a perfectly pressed pair of trousers. Julius smiles expectantly.)

NORRIS: (enraged) Ah! Give me those pants! Bring them here, I say.

ISAAC: (smiling and scraping) Oi, Oi, Mister Norris, not so quick. Seventy-five cents, please.

NORRIS: (jumping out of bed) What! What! (He takes the pants forcibly away from Isaac, and with a single shove of his right hand, pushes the Jew backward out of the still open door.) Pay you! Pay you! (He slams the door) I should say not! (wiping his forehead with the palm of his hand) Whew! Believe me, I AM sick!

—A. Gordon Shirt, '28.



New Slants on Biology

I

Subject—Heredity and Environment

Oh the queerest cuss I ever see
Was John George Albert Iroment.
He was chuck full of heredity
And he revelled in environment.

II

Subject—Sex Determination

Oh when I was a child so young
That I was not yet quite,
I made a vow that I would be
A Saxon, male and white.

And all the world my witness is,
(At least the part that's met me)
That I have done so 'spite of the
Obstacles which beset me.

For when the stork came winging down
My parents whooped with joy.
"The Gods have favored us," they cried,
"Behold, it is a boy!"

"And what is more," they chortled on,
"The fates have done us right.
The kid is just the kind we want,
For, look folks, it is white."

And as in my strength and stature I
Grew, and commenced to walk,
I showed what race I came from
By my Anglo-Saxon talk.

III

Subject—The Hydra.

The hydras of this day would be
A disappointment to their pop
They lack originality
In choosing what should go on top.

For whether you like him or you feel
It's just as well he is no more,
You'll have to admit he was versatile
In the number and kinds of heads he wore.

For in the days that now are sped,
When old Pa Hydra was a lad,
He'd have been ashamed to have one head
Like any other bean he had.

But good stocks will degenerate
And smirch their progenitor's name;
Dear old pa's sons are so effete
The heads of each are all the same.

IV

Subject—The Dancing Mice of Japan.

The dancing Nipponese white mouse
Has gone once more upon a tear.
He's staggering around the house,
This dancing Nipponese white mouse,
And each poor parasitic louse,
I fear, is catching mal de mer.
Our dancing Nipponese white mouse
Will come to no good end, I swear.

—John M. Myers, '28.



THE MESSENGER

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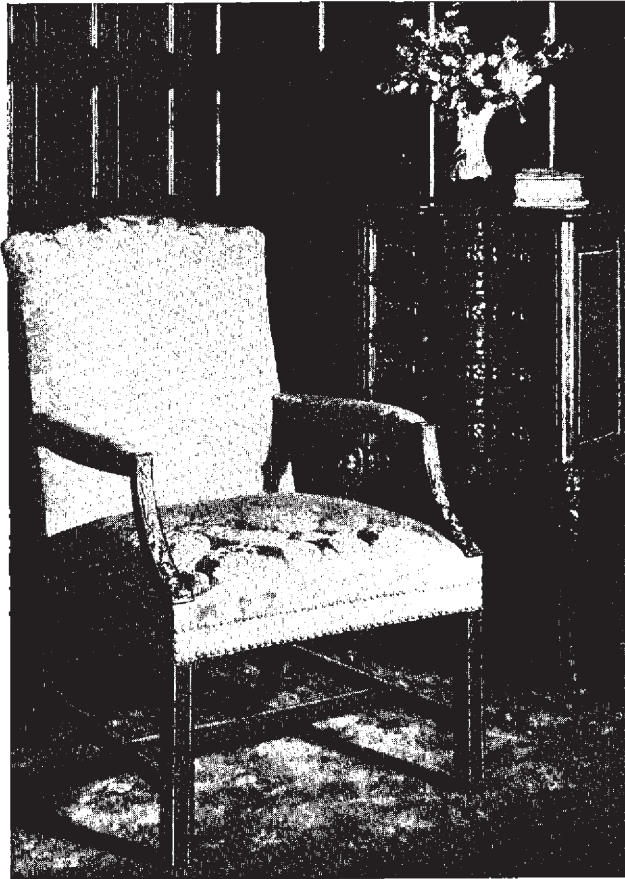
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