The MESSENGER
ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

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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.

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 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 espies 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 Cecily, 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.
THE MESSENGER

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—"aside" are all right in Shakespeare, and Little Theatre experiments—however, we're taking no chances on the obnoxious, 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 puts down her hand 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 know I belong to all the best clubs, own the horses, gamble at Deauville, and do what I like. 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 know I belong to all the best clubs, own the horses, gamble at Deauville, and do what I like.

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: 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 whisky 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 whisky. 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 the window. Awaits the call.)

COURTLANDT: Nothing worse, Ceciley.
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, refused to lose his temper. Even when Desperate Ambrose, our captive, indicated that it was below his dignity to complain. Otherwise, our novel arrangement also applied to the wind, and the perversity of this stream. 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 bathtub. We cruise along with the breeze astern. This head-on opposition was 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 scraggily 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 delectable 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 kerploked into Walter’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 remember, 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 dump 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 Monomnock Island, where I wanted to disembark and call the thing all over. Walter, however, insisted that we go to Wilkesbarre, a little further down the river, to me, this seemed unnecessary sentiment, but Walter was emphatic, and so we proceeded. 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 me out of the canoe and 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 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 prodigal, 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.
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

IMPECUNIOSITY

A PLAY

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

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 peeks in her head. She
waits the disordered room over the tops of不可能 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 groans.)

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 mid-
dle name is Percival, and in this case, it connotes everything. He is a
Freshman.)

PINES: (as eagerly as possible) Benche 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: Benche thinks I'm sick.

PINES: That's great!

NORRIS: What's great.

PINES: Being sick.

NORRIS: Oh?

PINES: (hastily) I mean Benche 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 stock­
ings.) 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
away; that is, if it is...... (in an awful voice) Doctor, is it catching?
NORRIS: (from the bed) I'm sick, I tell you. I'm very sick. Don't
tell me I'll 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.
MISS BENCHLEY: My gawd! It never used to be contagious, Doctor, I'll
swear it didn't. (She<br>it's just prevalent. A lot of people have
had what before, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Anything you say.
MISS BENCHLEY: (defiantly) Nothing must be kept from me. (She
places her hand on the door knob).
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 something...or, 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... Don't be stubborn. You must be made warm. (She opens the closet door; then cries aloud in surprise. Norris utters the word "messegger.

THE MESSENGER

"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 steal...my 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: Why Rex!

HELEN: (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: (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 puts in one leg. (He jumps out of bed, grabs up a pair of trousers, and puts in one leg. There is a knock at the door) Good night!

VOICE OUTSIDE: Rex. Rex. Are you in?

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

Come in.

(She 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.


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

—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 revolved 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 hydrias 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.
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