

CO-EDUCATION

The student looketh to his purse and sayeth, "I will upon me get a most extraordinary hump, and bone and grind, and will take unto myself a prize or two; for lo, my purse is very low." And so he doth; he grindeth, and he boneth, and he humpeth himself most mightily. Yea, verily, he buyeth himself a horse and troteth; and behold, he useth that horse very hardily.

And lo, when he bringeth forth his purse to take a prize or two, behold, there cometh a young woman who doth take them all, and his name has become a mockery and a byword.

"IN THE LAND OF FUSSDOM"

Having His Way

She: But what good would one little kiss do you?

He: Oh, it would establish a precedent.

The Sunday nights when the fire burned low—and the lamp too—hold a hallowed place in the memories of every normal life.

The low fire and the low light have cast a softened glow that reaches all the way to the grave.

They who are grown old and heart hardened may sneer at it now and think that young hearts should be calloused as old ones are; but time was with all of us when we looked forward through the six days of the week to Sunday night as the golden time of the week.

The man whose youth was never mellowed by a Sunday night kiss, stolen from not too unwilling lips, has missed half his life.

And our fathers did it, and our grandfathers, and our greatgrand fathers. It is an ancient custom that did not originate, with our own youth or fare with it: the children do it in spite of frowns, and our grand children will, and our great grand children. Generations come and go but Sunday night sparking remains.

*At the Colonial Club*

She: But we can't dance upon this carpet.

He: But this is a rag carpet.



Prof. Campbell's (Architect)
Smoker Interpretation.