



The College Cord



Vol. 7

Waterloo, Ontario

Saturday, November 26, 1932

No. 12

Second Last Game Lost By One Point

College Leads At End Of First Half.

A closely fought game resulted in a 23-22 win for the St. John's Anglican basketball team over Waterloo College on Saturday evening, November 19th at the K.W. Y.M.C.A.

This win gives St. John's an opportunity of playing in the semi-finals. They must, however, win their game next Saturday evening.

Half-time saw the score 12-11 for the College which showed that the College had been putting up a hard fight. Reble and Jones scored for the College in this period. "Vic" Pontin scored most of the points for the St. John's team.

In the last half Pontin continued to be the scoring threat and gave the St. John's team a lead for nearly the whole period. During the last five minutes of the game the Collegians came back strong with Ruch, Reble and Scherbarth each scoring several points.

Waterloo College has one more game to play in the Church league. This game will be against Zion on Saturday evening.

The teams: St. John's Anglican: R. Harlock, M. Pontin, J. Simpson, S. Schweitzer, V. Pontin, F. Coltingham, S. McLennan, F. Fitzner.

Waterloo College: O. Reble, H. Scherbarth, N. Berner, R. Ruch, W. Bean, F. R. Casseiman, E. Goman, W. Jones, L. Lawson.

Referees: S. Dinger, J. Bullock.

—W—

Theatre Party Enjoyed By Graduating Class

The senior class held its second social event of the season on the evening of Friday, November 18th, in the form of a theatre party.

The class had decided to hold its party in Guelph. The poor condition of the roads, however, due to the heavy snow-fall, necessitated the party to be held in Kitchener.

After visiting the Capitol Theatre the class had lunch at the Hooper's Grill.

Members of the faculty present were Professor R. J. Hirtle, honorary-president of the class and Professor H. M. Haug, dean of women.

Miss Cooper Hostess To Freshman Class

Bridge And Games Constitute Program Of Evening.

Miss Marjory Cooper was hostess to the Class '36 at her home on the evening of Wednesday, November 23rd. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The early part of the evening was spent in playing bridge. This was followed by lunch. After lunch games were played under the direction of "Joe" Andersen. A general sing-song concluded the evening's entertainment.

—W—

Reverend Kirchofer Makes Presentation To College

Graduated From Seminary 1924.

Waterloo College has received another gift, this time in the form of a magazine-rack, presented by the Reverend L. Kirchofer.

Reverend Kirchofer formerly attended Waterloo College and Seminary, graduating from the Seminary in 1924.

The rack has been hung in the College library and holds all the magazines and periodicals to which the College subscribes.

Business Discussed At Cercle Francais

Games And Songs Conclude Meeting.

The second meeting of Le Cercle Francais which was held Tuesday evening, November 22nd, was primarily a business meeting. Several amendments to the constitution were suggested and drawn up for faculty approval. It was also decided to purchase a French newspaper which is to come twice a month. The rest of the time was spent in playing games and singing songs.

—W—

Germania Hears Of Student Life

Student Life In German University Depicted.

Mr. Kasperit was the chief speaker at the meeting of the Germania, held on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 17th. He told of the student life in the German universities, referring to the different student organizations and also of his own experiences.

Mr. Knauff gave a reading for which he chose one of the numerous ballads of the German language.

Student songs were sung at the beginning of the meeting.

ART OF FORMER COLLEGE STUDENT ON EXHIBITION IN KITCHENER

Exhibition On From November 24th To December 7th; Open To Public.

Waterloo College students will probably be interested to know that a collection of art is being exhibited from November 24th to December 7th, inclusive. The rooms will be at the Kitchener Public Library open daily from 2.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. except each Tuesday afternoon and evening and Saturday afternoons.

This exhibition given by the Art Society of Kitchener, consists of original paintings in oil, water colour and otherwise, the work of members of the society.

The exhibit should be of special interest to the Waterloo College students in view of the fact that some of the pictures of W. Neufeld are being exhibited there. Mr. Neufeld, who for several years in the past attended Waterloo College, is a painter

of no mean distinction. An example of his talent is found in one of the halls of the College. Students will probably also recall the collection of his paintings which were exhibited in one of the show windows of a Waterloo store last winter.

Mr. Neufeld was also the designer for the collection of poetry "Fallen Petals" which was published by E. C. Shelley, former professor at the College. His work is distinctive and original, as well as artistic and elaborate. During his stay at the College, he was called upon by all societies and individuals to execute posters, invitation cards and advertisements.

Freshmen Present Play At Athenaeum

Amendments Proposed to Constitution.

A farce, "The American Drama", featured the evening's entertainment of the Athenaeum Society on Thursday, November 24th. The skit was presented with Marjory Cooper as director and with the Freshman Class presenting the play.

Wilfred Bean, as master of ceremonies, appropriately explained the play with various remarks extremely suitable to the calibre of the presentation. Bill Bean, in a variety of roles, was very convincing, first as a hard-boiled governor, next as a proprietor of a french cafe, then a derelict opium-den owner and finally as a lieutenant of the New York Police force. Ruth Turkheim and Norman Berner were extremely suitable as impassioned lovers while Genzmore Whittaker ably portrayed the renowned Chief of Police of a big city. Others in the cast included Ora Casselman, George Klugman and Ernest Goman, who all capably filled the roles allotted them.

The proposed changes in the constitution were explained by Prof. C. Klinck. These changes, for the most part, were pertinent to the object of the Athenaeum. The proposed objects set forth were:

1. It shall be the society of no one department of the College, but shall be devoted to the best interests of all.
2. It shall call forth and give expression to the best efforts of its members in the various departments of the Humanities and Science.
3. It shall aim at the highest standard.

—W—

Smallest Book Presented

Another addition has been made to the College library in the form of a book on Lincoln. This book, the smallest in the local library, and perhaps the smallest in this vicinity, was presented by Professor Sandrock. It measures about three-quarters by one-half inches and has approximately two hundred pages. It can be easily read with the naked eye.

Professor Sandrock stated that he will try to get some kind of a glass container in which to exhibit the book.

THE COLLEGE CORD

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The Editor's Chair



Hours of Leisure. One of the characteristic traits of the youth of to-day, and probably also of the older people but with less effect, is a kind of a nervous excitement to be doing something all the time. From early morning till late in the evening they must be ever active; they know of no such thing as an hour of leisure. If left all alone with nothing but their own thoughts as companions, they feel utterly lost and neglected; if they ever stopped to reflect on their own nature, they would be rudely awakened to the fact that they were almost face to face with a stranger. They have spent so little time inquiring into their own nature that they practically know more about their companions than they do about themselves. In their pursuit of excitement and entertainment, and in their craving for company, or even in the execution of their daily tasks, they have had no time to reflect upon themselves.

Although it is a good thing for man to be busying himself with useful tasks, it is nevertheless essential that he have an occasional hour to spend quietly by himself, an hour of leisure in which he forgets for the time being the humdrum things of life and concentrates upon his inner nature, his relation to society, his potentialities and many similar problems. It is only through doing this that he can find himself; that he can become aware of the nature and seriousness of life; that he can guide his intellect to best advantage.

History is replete with instances which go to prove that the greatest advancements in any line of human endeavour are found in periods when people had time for reflection, concentration, observation and invention; a time of leisure. To make any advancement, we must often pause and consider. The man who rushes through life without reflection, is like the mill-wheel which constantly turns but makes no headway; he may accomplish something but never rises to a higher plane.

The best time in life to start this reflection is in one's College days. The English word "scholar" is derived from a Greek word which means "leisure". When we consider that a scholar requires leisure in order to develop himself, we can readily grasp the derivation of the English word. Scholar and leisure go hand in hand. One cannot successfully be the former if one does not partake of the latter. Of course, it must be understood that we do not use the term "leisure" in the sense of time spent in doing absolutely nothing; we speak of it as the time which we set aside from our daily routine for meditation and reflection.

ATTENTION!

During the past few weeks the circulation manager of the College Cord sent letters to the subscribers, notifying them that their subscription has run out and requesting them to send in their money for this year's subscription. We urge that all those who receive such a notice attend to it promptly.

Concords

Some of the executives of the various societies of the College are complaining that the turn-out at some of the meetings is not meeting their expectations. They are trying their best to present worthwhile programs but still the attendance is falling off. It is very embarrassing for them, especially when outside speakers have been invited.

We believe that the fault does not lie entirely with the students. Although there might be some who are indifferent to that phase of College activity, we believe that the majority are earnestly endeavoring to do their best.

The thing to be borne in mind, is that there are so many societies that it is impossible to attend all the meetings of all of them. There is a limit to everything and it is therefore necessary to choose between one society and the other. The best plan would probably be that the students attend the meetings of all the societies some of the time, since it is impossible to attend the meetings of all the societies all the time.

With essays due, regular school work to be done, we can readily see that the student's time is not all his own.

Probably the meetings that are neglected more than any others are those of the Cossman-Hayunga missionary society. Evidently some of the students cannot see the value of having a missionary society in a secular college.

Although this missionary society is primarily intended for the Seminarians, every Lutheran College student is also a member of it by virtue of his registration, and all other students may become members upon application.

Why should missionary endeavour be limited to theological institutions? Anyone who attended the convention of the Students' Volunteer Movement which was held in Buffalo last New Year's, will fully realize what an active part other colleges and universities are taking in missionary endeavours. If others, why not Waterloo, which professes to be a Christian institution?

Many benefits can be derived from

Five Years Ago

Graduating Class plans to present "Three Live Ghosts". Germania plans to give "Deutscher Abend."

Dean Potter delivered address at annual Prize Day exercises of the University of Western Ontario.

W. Schulte-Tigges gave illustrated lecture of the Rhine river and Heidelberg.

Seminary Bazaar held in Knights of Columbus Hall, Kitchener, was decided success.

—W—

a society of this kind. We therefore urge all students to include it on the list of the societies of which they will be active members.

We wish to express our thanks to Reverend Kirchofer for the much needed magazine rack which he has presented to the College. We are glad that people are realizing that many things are needed around the College, and are supplying some of them.

The cornu copiae again has shed its abundance on the boys of the College Boarding Club. Quite a number of truck-loads of produce have arrived during the last few weeks. From all appearances the boys are well provided for the winter months, thanks to their many friends who always remember them when harvesting comes.

Students have approached us, saying that there are quite a number of students in the College who are anxious to submit articles to the Cord for publication. We wish to state that we welcome any articles which may be of interest to the students and the community. The College Cord staff must of necessity, be limited to a certain number but that does not mean that nobody else may submit articles or news. We would greatly appreciate any articles submitted for publication.

—W—

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FRESHMEN PRESENT

(Continued from Page 1)
dard of literary, scholarly and cultural achievements.

Other changes, regarding the change of name, membership dues, meetings, officers, duties of officers, executive council, committees and amendments were suggested. The changes of the constitution will be acted upon at the next meeting of the society.

That Fourth Floor

(With apologies to the two W. W.'s.)

Yes Sir! Here it is! The dope on this latest epidemic of femalia (or femania or what you will) that has swept this section of the building like a storm. And have these fellows got it bad! They can't eat, they can't sleep, they can't work, they can't do anything but dream, and mope, and go around all day long with that "I-wonder-what's-become-of-Sally?" look on their faces. As a matter of fact the situation has become so acute that something has had to be done about it; and the only thing your correspondent could think of in his extremity was to enlist the services of "good old Walter (O.K.) Winchell". So here he is, ladies and gentlemen, Magic Carpet and everything, waiting to take us on a tour of inspection; telling us in his own way just what he sees; and suggesting, let us hope, some means of wiping out this deadly menace—is everybody ready?—Alright then! O Kay Walter Winchell!

"O Kay, Waterloo College! Well folks they tell me the boys around here have all caught something and judging by the stories told, it's not a fish either. Say! Wait a minute, there's an idea, maybe they're the fish. It seems to me as if they've all swallowed something, hook, line, etc., and somebody is sure playing them for all their worth with a pretty loose line. However, we'll see, ladies and gentlemen, we'll see. In the meantime lets' all go for a trip on this oriental rug of mine (I borrowed it from the Thief of Bagdad) and maybe we can find out just what's trump, huh? Let's take this room down the hall here, we might just as well start at the beginning and work along. All set! Let's go then!—

"Say there's a break, the door's open—Wait! I'll see if he's home—Nope, nobody here; we might just as well go right in; there's always a possibility that we might run across something interesting—Sh! Don't make any noise; we don't want to disturb the class below.—Well this is not a bad sort of room, plenty of light, a remarkably good view—but say! Do you smell something funny, just as if there was a perfume factory around here somewhere. Hold everything and I'll see if I can't find out where this stench is coming from.

"Yes Sir—here it is right on the dresser—Ashes of Roses. Now what in the mischief would he want that for? It may be that he intends it as a gift, but then people don't usually make present of half-full bottles of perfume. I wonder if—what's that you say?—Someone coming down the hall? Sure enough, here he comes; and unless we move quickly he'd catch us all in the act. Here jump on the carpet and then he won't be able to see us.—What is he doing? Singing?—No, he's talking

to himself. Suppose we listen, this should be good."

"She loves me! She loves me not!—Oh the torture of it all. If I could only be sure one way or the other then I wouldn't worry so much.—Where did I put the rest of this rugby uniform. Gosh! A fellow can't find anything around here. How do they expect me to play rugby without a uniform? But wait, I'll show them and her too. If I get a hold of that ball in the game to-morrow I'll show all of them what kind of a player I am. And if I can make a long run and a touch down, then she can't help but like me.—Oh yes, I almost forgot the perfume, her perfume, how would I ever be able to play without that.—Oh yes here it is—a drop behind each ear—a little on the upper lip and then away to practice. Oh, she loves me—she loves me not."

"Phew! Let's get out of here—I feel kind of sick. If there are many more like him on the team, I can understand that article in the last issue of the Cord, which said there were only ten players out to practice. Maybe they couldn't find their perfume. Boy, can he take it!

"Are we all set for the next room?—O Kay, here she goes then.—Say, here's one that's locked. I wonder what this means—I have a premonition that something strange has occurred here—a locked door—but how to get in. Ah! I have it—the key-hole. Hang on folks, were going to get through this key-hole somehow or other. Watch your hat there mister; don't let it get caught in the lock.—Well, well, a perfect three-point landing, no bones broken—no hair pins lost, no mishaps whatever.—But say, will you look at this mess here. Ladies and gentlemen! Here we have mystery and unless I am mistaken you can see before you, within the confines of these four walls, a scene depicting utter desolation. Look at those chairs; that upturned table; that unmade bed; those milk bottles scattered around the floor. Are these not all the result of some grim struggle that has occurred here? (Of course it may be that this chap is just too lazy to clean his room, but let's put the classical construction on the scene).

"Picture to yourself the setting, dead night, absolute calm everywhere no wind blowing—and right here in this room sits Studiousness in communion with his Muse. Suddenly upon the scene bursts Despair and then follows a battle such as is seldom seen, a battle which presents itself to my mind as an awful chimera. Who knows what the outcome might have been; there doesn't seem to be any clue around here which will offer any assistance in the solution of this mystery.—But wait a minute. The light is still burning over here in the corner—and yes here is a crumpled piece of paper beside the light.—There is a

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poem on it.—Here, I'll read it to you.
Days end—or so I have heard
Somewhere—but not mine.
Mine go on into the long night.
There is no end to a day
That is all one thought of you;
Or to a thought that is a day long,
When days are endless.

Nights are for sleep—they tell me,
But not mine—mine are for a bitter waiting.
Waiting for goodness knows what—waiting
For a white face to fade into darkness—
For glowing eyes to slowly dim their radiance—
For dreams to come, when there can be
no dreams—
Waiting for peace where there is no
peace.

Gaunt Loneliness stalks—ever defeating
Wan Memory. For Memory grows old,
dies—
Loneliness is a little death, and so immortal.

(Continued on Page 4)

A Summer's Experience

By Lynden Lawson
(Concluded from Last Issue)

At Steep Creek the services were held in a community hall which luckily boasted an organ. The first Sunday I was there, only seven people showed up for service, as the news of my arrival had not yet reached the various families, but the last Sunday there were seventy-five in attendance. On this Sunday several of the farmers in the Colleston district drove the choir down to Steep Creek and the music they rendered would do many city choirs credit. At this appointment there were a great number of young people, so in the middle of the summer I organized a Sunday School. On Tuesday nights at seven o'clock, old and young would gather and until dark one and all would engage in a spirited softball contest. Then we would convene in the community hall and sing hymns. There was just one class and people ranging in age from five to seventy-five were taught the same lesson. The evenings were very profitable. There were fourteen families at Steep Creek and our average attendance at service ran around forty-five.

The third appointment, Fanford, was a Dutch community. There were only nine Protestant families who attended services but our average attendance was about thirty. The people here were hearty singers and to hear that congregation of primitive, illiterate folk sing "Nearer my God to Thee," would make any man resolve to live a better life. The women were accustomed to sit on one side of the room. This was due to the fact that Dutch women seem prone to become corpulent in middle age and the large seats were all on one side of the little school-room which served as our church.

Each Sunday I travelled over seventy-five miles, preached three times and attended one Sunday School. This journey keeps the student on the jumps from nine-thirty Sunday morning until after ten that night. The various farmers in the Colleston community took turns in driving me around on Sunday. In order to visit the various families during the week, the field supplied an old ford car which caused me much grief as well as a great deal of joy. I was able to find out what made a ford car go but I ran up against several predicaments in which I was unable to find out what was stopping it from going.

In order to raise finances necessary to pay expenses on the student's car and his salary, a monster picnic was held during July. The women of the district baked all kinds of victuals for three days before the event. Though times were bad, we cleared over one hundred and sixty dollars that day, in spite of the fact that Old Man Weather didn't treat

BLAMELESS

Brambles are lovely things,
So I have heard;
Yet I have seen within their peace
A nesting-bird.

Safe from gleaming wings that dart
Down from the sky,
And hid from creeping paws, the
owl's
Night-glowing eye.

And in the Springtime I have seen
The brambles wear
A crown of blossoms, perfume-
drenched,
Superbly fair.

The branches of the years may have
Quick thorns of pain;
I know they leave on soul and heart
A crimson stain.

Yet I have seen the brambles bear
At Springtime's close
A healing bloom for every hurt—
Love's perfect rose!
—Arthur Wallace Peach.

as any too well.

Conditions throughout the west are anything but good. It costs a farmer in the Prince Alber area approximately sixty cents to grow a bushel of wheat. That same bushel of wheat, when he comes to sell it, only pays him about twenty-seven cents—a loss of thirty-three cents on every bushel a farmer raises. Eggs at one time sold as low as five cents a dozen. A year ago a farmer was lucky to get more than ten cents a pound for his butter. Of nine student missionaries serving on United Church fields in Northern Saskatchewan this past summer, five were unable to take up even collections at church services due to the poverty of the people. I heard of one man drawing a load of wheat twenty miles to the nearest elevator. The journey took two days to complete. When that farmer returned home he brought in return for his wagon load of wheat, a cheap pair of working shoes and a dollar and forty-three cents in change.

Mine was the task of being a sky pilot in a beautiful western community among a splendid people. Though there were hours of perplexity and disappointment there were also hours in which hopes were realized. Through hardship and success we student missionaries labor in the knowledge that we are doing the greatest work that man is privileged to do, that of serving a great church in the winning of men and women for Jesus Christ.

—W—

METHOD

Method means primarily a way of transit. From this we are to understand that the first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course. If in the right course, it will be the true method; if in the wrong, we cannot hope to progress.—S. T. Coleridge.

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For information, please write the College Dean or College Registrar, Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario.

THAT FOURTH FLOOR

(Continued from Page 3)

Not till the pale dawn light the room
To banish all shadows; not till
A cock crows, faintly, afar off,
Do I know that another night is gone—
Nothing then but another day, another
night.
Of waiting—for who knows what.

"Hm, another one of those peoples, eh? Still I think I know what's wrong; and were it not for the fact that I must hurry home I should enjoy visiting a few more rooms with you. But Duty calls and I must be back on the job again. Still before I go, I should like one more word—You all know just what the difficulty here seems to be and are anxious to find a remedy. Well this is it. The only way to rectify this matter is to have someone promote one of these 'get-back-to-that-good-old-misogynist-basis movements'. How, you ask? Well, there are plenty of tubs and lots of cold water, so let 'em 'ave it boys, let 'em 'ave it.

LIKE YOU BANANA?

A Japanese boy, who was learning English was told to write a short thesis on the banana. This is the result:

"The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana.

"The banana are held aloft while consuming; sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine, while banana are Pristine Product, of honorable mother nature. In case of sausage, both conclusions are attacked to other sausage; Banana on other hands are attached on one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose. Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

—W—

Patronize College Cord Advertisers.

SPORTS

Senator Grads Defeat College Basketeers

Locals Lose Chance Of Being In
Play-offs.

Losing the basketball game against the Senator Grads by a score of 29-19 Saturday evening, November 12th, decided that Waterloo College would not have a position in the play-offs of the Kitchener-Waterloo church league.

The game, which was a decided victory for the Grads from the beginning was an exhibition of fast basketball. Both teams played well, both on the defensive and offensive. The Grad team is, however, a more offensive team; all its players are quite accurate shots, which overbalanced that of the College team.

The first period of the game, although being quite close from the scoring point, showed the superiority of the Grads. Marsland scored the greater number of their points. The period ended with a 10-7 score in favour of the Grads.

The final period was still more in favour of the Grads. They led the scoring by seven points in this half. The combination of Brown, Marsland and Shultz resulted in frequent scoring. Lawson and Casselman were quite effective as guards for the College.

The teams:

Senator Grads: Brown, Marsland, Shultz, Weber, Gordon.

Waterloo College: Bean, Scherbarth, Jones, Berner, Ruch, Casselman, Lawson.

WANTED

Several copies of each of the following issues of the College Cord: Volume I, number 1; and volume II, number 8. The College Cord would greatly appreciate if someone, who still has the above mentioned cords and does not mind parting with them, would send them to the editor.

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Next to Lyric Theatre.

Sport Comment

Guelph Y.M.C.A. Basketball team has invited the College team to a game on Saturday evening December 3rd. The College was grouped with this team in the intermediate O.A.B.A. league four years ago. This should be a very interesting game. There will probably be a return game some time in the near future.

We extend our congratulations to Ernie Goman who has been chosen as one of the O.H.A. Junior Hockey players for the Twin City.

A badminton tournament is now well under way at the College. The boys P. T. classes have been playing for two periods. The preliminary games have all been played. The finals will all be played on Monday. We hope this tournament will rouse some interest in this game.

An inter-class basketball league has been contemplated. A great interest is being shown in this especially by the seniors and the freshmen. The freshmen had the nerve to challenge any other class team and the seniors, although it was much below their dignity, accepted. The game will be played in the near future.

A special gymnastics class will be organized in the near future. Any student aspiring to become an acrobat is eligible to turn out for these classes. A definite time for the class has not been set. It will probably be either Monday from five to six or on Friday from four to five.

Ten Marks of an Educated Man

1. He keeps his mind open on every question until all the evidence is in.
2. He always listens to the man who knows.
3. He never laughs at new ideas.
4. He cross-examines his day dreams.
5. He knows his strong point and plays it.
6. He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.
7. He knows when not to think, and when to call in an expert to think for him.
8. You can't sell him magic.
9. He lives the forward-looking, outward-looking life.
10. He cultivates a love for the beautiful.

—A. E. Wiggam.

That Game Called

Basketball, soccer, rugby or wrestling? What was it? What was the struggle called, that the Seminarists and the Collegians underwent on last Wednesday night? The official score keeper reported a 22-13 score, but according to everyone else, the score should have been reckoned by "downs" or "falls."

The game opened with "Matt" Lepisto tackling Jonsie, then having a change of heart and helping him to his feet. He then proceeded to divest Jonsie of the ball, and play hop-scotch down the floor. Lindy made a quick rush for the ball, and five of the Seminarists, three of the Collegians and two spectators piled on him. Bill Bean, having the longest reach, recovered the ball, but Reb wanted to play too, so a judiciary aid was called upon. When a substitution was called, the entire Seminarist team dropped to the gym floor to recover. Mueller made several long shots, mostly intercepted by the ceiling.

Between halves, Pat, tired out by playing such a strenuous game, too tired to walk longer on his feet, began to pace nervously down the floor on his hands.

It could easily be seen that Rye wasn't feeling well by the noises that emitted from him during the entire game.

Ernie Schroeder, referee, evidently was playing choo-choo, judging by the number of toots of the whistle.

Rye, yielding his place on the team to Lindy, apparently did not approve of the referee's judgment, as he yelled, "Are you referee, or are you standing there for your health?"

The game ended by Lindy scoring and Lepisto madly congratulating him as the whistle blew.

SECRET THOUGHTS

The outward character and conduct—the whole moral life with all its inward experiences and outward manifestations—its inward spirit and its outward influence, is but the outflowing or development of the silent thoughts, the secret feelings, and the hidden principles the heart has cherished and quickened from the germ into maturity, and blossoming and fruitage. A person's characteristics, and their consequence to himself and to society, all have their beginning in the sentiments, thoughts, feelings, as the flowing stream and rolling river issue from the highland spring. Hence the extreme necessity of a careful, constant vigilance over the secret workings of the heart and the silent musings of the soul.

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Seminary Notes

"Give thanks unto the Lord:

For He is good and His Mercy endureth forever."

For He sent His only begotten Son to die that all who believe might be saved.

For He feeds His children daily from His bountiful goodness.

For He fills our every want in due season.

For His love reaches down to the lowliest sinner and lifts him up to a new life.

For He hears and answers prayers.

For He leads His people, as a shepherd leads his flock, to green pastures.

For He is our God and we are His children.

For He is a loving, merciful, wise, omniscient, and forgiving Father, who has through His Son, given us the right to call Him Father, and to be called His children.

"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the Highest." Matt. 21:9.

Calmly the Son of Man rode along the highway leading to the great city of Jerusalem. He was alone with his disciples when he left the Mount of Olives, to traverse that familiar road for the last time. It was clear to Him why He had to go to Jerusalem for the time had come that the Son of God should be glorified.

Stragglers along the way, through curiosity, began to join the peculiar procession. Gradually the crowd increased from a dozen to fifty, a hundred, five hundred, to a thousand, until like a tidal wave it swept everyone along the way into this jubilant mass of humanity. Suddenly the multitude began to cry at the top of their voices, "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." Mighty was the cry that was heard, as the King of the Jews made His triumphal entry into the Holy City. This multitude, which a few days later was ready to cry out, "Crucify Him," was now giving their humble King a truly royal reception.

Calmly the Lord rode, practically oblivious of the crowd, for he knew how fickle man is. He knew that this same crowd would crucify Him in a few days. Thus Christ entered the great city of Jerusalem, to suffer and die that all who believe might live. If He had not died, there would not have been any Salvation.

These are some of the thoughts that should course through the minds of all Christians at this Advent season. We should think of the first advent of Christ, but still more we

Microscopic Evidence

Like the eagle, "mighty monarch of the air," perched upon some lofty mountain crag, awaiting its next victim, the omnipotent, all-seeing microscope hovers over the senior class, patiently waiting for some fit subject. This issue of the Cord finds the microscope focussed on A. Welburn Jones.

Twenty-two years ago in the hamlet of Preston, was born a nice plump baby with dark brown eyes (the kind the co-eds adore). This youngster was christened Arthur Welburn Jones, but ever since then he has been known as Jones, just plain Jones. In fact exclusive of the birth notice in 1910, it is the claim that this is the first official publication of this gentleman's full name.

After attending the Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate (not that Jones was so brilliant that he did not have to attend public schools, but he changed his location so often that it is impossible to record them), Jones enrolled at Waterloo College, "and what a day that was"! Always an admirer of Caesar, Jones adopted as his motto upon entering college, the famous words of the first of the Julian lineage, "Veni, Vidi, Vici." Jones has come and seen, now all he has to do is to conquer. He has hopes of achieving this in the spring.

Such a Latin scholar is Jones that recently he invented a new tense of "facio", namely, "the Highly Imperfect Active—Passive Subjunctive," conjugated only in the third person plural "fecissentur". Great was the fame of this individual when he made this astounding discovery.

Now, Jones is a poet and "he is the only one that knows it". What a man! He is a romantic poet—too. Romantic in fact. Scarcely any of his poetry has been published but what of that? Genius is scarcely recognized until centuries after the death of a great man and sometimes never. Jones is almost as bashful regarding his poetic ability as was

should prepare for the second advent of Christ, when He shall come in His glory as the great Judge to give each one his reward. Woe unto the unfaithful, for they shall receive their due, but the faithful shall be eternally blessed.

The "Question Box" was the chief number on the program at the semi-monthly meeting of the Seminarians held November 14, in the Middler room. A number of interesting questions were discussed. Chief among these was the question of Christians and Lodges. The thought brought out was that the god of the Lodge was not the God of Revelation, therefore to be true to the God of Revelation one could not belong to a lodge.

—W—

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Rossetti who buried his manuscripts in his wife's coffin. So Jones has some claims to immortality.

But Jones is not only a poet, but a song-bird. Appointed song leader of the "Cercle Francais", Jones failed to appear when scheduled. He is as sensitive as a prima donna and never appears before less than a thousand people. (That's why he is at home in a crowded street-car).

In basketball and rugby Jones is outstanding. In 1931 he was captain of the College twelve. Recently in a game he had some ribs cracked. Did that deter him? Not Jones. He played right on—cracked ribs and all. In addition to cracking his ribs, Jones was afflicted with a parasitic growth beneath his nose; but a liberal supply of Mennen's and sharp Gillette served as a cure.

Jones is one of the "natura naturata" (order of the fellow-sufferers of Philosophy). He has a standing date on Monday evenings (says he goes to church—oh! oh!). His favorite pastimes are hunting birds (with fine feathers); going on week-end trips; answering questions on the Australian constitution—and last but not least EATING. (He never misses a banquet).

His chief ambitions in life (listed in order of importance) are to become a benedict, to crack the bird's ribs who cracked his, to get a B.A., to revolutionize the literary tendencies of the day, and lastly to learn enough Latin to read his diploma.

Mr. Jones, the vice-president of the senior class is a good student and athlete, of an even temperament. He is popular both with the students and his associates. He is always ready to lend a helping-hand to his pals. What more could be expected of any man?

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The honeymooners were driving through the country when they met a farmer leading a mule. Just as they were about to pass, the animal turned towards the car and brayed vociferously.

The bridegroom in a teasing way turned to his wife and remarked: "Relative of yours?"

"Yes, she said sweetly, "by marriage."

Literary News

EL DORADO

Let us go to my dear El Dorado, O perfect one.
Your lips are red and curved, they are warm and firm to mine.
Slim your waist, supple in walk like a slender sapling
When the wind blows.
Sweet is the perfume of your hair
As the evening breeze from a springing wood.
Your eyes dream fancies up to me,
Dream endlessly.
Let us away, O perfect one, perfecting me.

When the aspen clashings brighten to green and silver
Underneath them there are yellow bellworts,
On the beech-grove floor are flushed
Myrtles, bloodroots and hepaticas; we will walk there.
The wind is warm in the white aycamores by the river;
We will walk there with close-pressed hands—
Is it a strain I hear from the stirring houses?
A soft nocturne, a sweet dream dying in heart's content.

Bright gleam the birches among the cedars
In the glades that run to the hills from the cliffs.
The river is strong.
But steady will be my canoe, and swift in the swift waters.
Then below we will glide through the lake
And drink the beneficent sun's glad rays.
Your brown arms, gently steadily swinging,
Will beat out a song in my soul of rapture.

When evening comes we will touch by the boulders
To rest, to sup.
Warm is the rock at our backs, and warm the glow
That trembles over the waters from the west.
From the warm river flats beyond under the starlight
Rises a wild voice—
It is the vagabond upland plover.
Then vagabond we drift through the night
Where the river runs deep and slow. And we drowse,
Your heart to mine.

There by the shore are cities, and strong haunting secrets,
Dreams that float on the ancient air,
Songs, strange songs, springing from hearts that feel but know not,
Premonitioning songs from beyond the night. Then
Slumbering, we will wait for the waking.

—J. S. Neff.

SUNSET

It is the time that Nature does her
best
To show herself before admiring
eyes.
Then does a Reverential calm arise,
A Sacred Silence of great peace and
rest.
Ah! How does Nature paint it? Is
she blest
With better artists' touch and better
dyes
As she, subduing us to awesome
sighs,
With brush and palette robes her
glowing West?
I wonder if she paints with Artists'
hand
A wondrous sight, to her alone re-
vealed,
Which she in turn attempts to truly
draw;
A vision of some Perfect, Holy land,
A little insight of a world ideal'd;
Where Peace, and Love and Chastity
are law.

—W. A. Jones.

From The Balcony

By
Clara Bernhardt

There is a cosy warmth about a
seat in the balcony of a theatre that
escapes the occupant of an orchestra
seat. Whether it is the height, the
graded tiers, or the plain fact that
it costs less, I don't know. But the
feeling is there. In our lofty and
isolated domain, we balcony fre-
quenters feel like members of a huge
and happy family. And it was one
night when a devastating widow
was playing havoc with masculine
Parisian hearts, that I was surprised
to find what a happy family we were.
Glancing around, the smiling ex-
pectant faces impressed me not a
little. It was as though each indi-
vidual had laid aside his particular
cares and worries for a few hours
and adopted a real holiday spirit.
That ordinarily they weren't care-
free was evident from an occasional
glimpse of faces in relaxation, when
tired lines appeared and foreheads

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frowned ever so slightly. In these
times it is impossible to go down-
town without noticing the harassed
expression of the average face. It
has come to be an accepted part of
life and we sometimes lose track of
a lighter side to our personalities.
Thus it came as a distinctly pleasant
surprise when I realized that we
haven't lost the power of enjoying
ourselves. Probably we have a deeper
enjoyment, due to the rarity of a
night at the theatre. Instead of be-
ing a matter of weekly course, it is
an infrequent event, enjoyed in anti-
cipation and retrospect, as well as in
actuality.

After ensconcing ourselves in the
cheerily upholstered seats which
must cause long-legged folk to won-
der how they'll ever get their knees
crossed, there was time for a hasty
survey around before the curtain
rose. On our left sat a quiet looking
girl with pretty fair hair and an
escort with a Hollywood profile. She
seemed to have something worri-
some at the back of her mind, but it
couldn't have been the baby's cough

for there wasn't a wedding ring.
More likely it was mother or dad's
failing health or the kid brother's
lack of work. She seemed a nice
sort of girl, and when her companion
deserted her between acts, I did want
to utter a few words. But what to
say? Personally, I think being intro-
duced before speaking is an outworn

(Continued on Page 8)

Die Rugbyschpieler Rassa Uf'm Rassa Rum

Der Rugby Season isch jetzt vorlwwer, oder ball emol aenigaweg. Mir hen do letscht in Preston schpiela solla un mir sin noch Preston gfohra, awer no hat unser manager da Preston manager for a chaw Duwak gfrogt und da letscht von da zwee hat 'm erscha kens gewwa. No sagt da erscht manager zum letschta manager, "Dann schpiela mir au ken Rugby." Un uf emol isch die ganz Hipschaft ufgepackt un isch widder Hem ganga.

Die ganz outfit consists von drei parts—da coach, da manager, un die team. Da coach sagt, wie die team schpiela soll—awer sie don's jo net—da manager grikket sie rous for practice; die team browiert for schpiela.

A del mena, a paar von da Schpieler sin yellow. Vielleicht sin sie, awer die, was net yellow sin, sin schwarz un blo. As macht awer net viel aus, was for a Forb sie henn. Wenn sie uf 'ma dreckiges Feld schpiela, kan mir doch net sehna, was for a Farb sie hen.

Rugby isch a roughes game. Wenn a Kerl da Balla hat, don die Players von da anner Seit ihm tackela. Die, was uf da Seit sin vom Schpieler, was da Balla hat, browiera for die von da anner team aus'm Weg schaffa un no kann der mit'm Balla gehn's Goal schpringa.

A delmols dut die team, was da Balla hat, die anner team gar sakker-ablisch foola. Sie gewa die Signals wie immer awer es isch a Fake. Sag emol es isch a Fake end Run. Die team, was da Balla hat, macht wie wenn da Balla rechts oder links geh daet. Die anner Team denkt, es isch wohnr und sie schpringa all een Weg. No kommt da Kerl mit'm Balla schtrack dorig, wo gar kenn Players sin. Es isch ennigaweg supposed for so schaffa, awer es dut net immer.

Die Players waera allsemol weh gedu, wer sell schad nix. Sie wera glei widder ufgfixt. Ich hab do letscht emol eener gfrogt, wer im a certain Game gebota hat. Er hat gsagt, "Ich wess net; die Doktors hen noch net decide."

—W—

Poetic Rambles

When one's Wilde, Gay Years are over, one longs for a Gray Lodge in a Greene Hamlet like Middleton, where the Peele of the bells is Hurd and not the Blair of the horn of the Austen or the Noyes of the rattling Hood of a Ford. Here one can spend Years, watching the Swift Donne coming up from the east, while one's Hardy Butler is Browning a Chillingworth of Bacon or a Plato Lamb on the fire. Shelley Crabbe if it Burns? He Kant.

One feels like a Newman, especially when one Hazlitt one's pipe, filled with Stubbs of Browne Edgeworth tobacco. One has never felt so Young Prior to this, as one goes

to Hunt the Peacock and Foxe, or to Rowe on the Brooke which flows through the Moore or Lee.

Tired of this, one can recline on the Chesterfield or Morris chair and Reade, or Steele out to visit the Taylor or the Sterne Goldsmith, who, if he knows Watts new that Day, will tell you Ovid. For who the Dickens is Whittier than he? Are not his Wordsworth more than others; both on Landor sea? To him all men Raleigh, and when they can hear no More, they pass through the Gates, which lead into his Masfield.

—W—

What's The Use

I can't see how some students live, for all their time to books they give. While they pore o'er their books till late; I sleep and I procrastinate. I put things off for another day while they in sunshine make their hay. They study Plato, Socrates, while I am perfectly at ease; I cannot see what all this means, except to fill their hollow beans. X-squared, Y-squared, paradigms are worse than ancient poets' rhymes. To me it all seems apple-sauce, for I can't study well, because I never did apply myself to those there books upon the shelf. Perhaps I am a useless pest, but I prefer repose and rest to any joy we get from toil, which often makes my blood to boil. The joy of academic life is not this awful gruesome strife; repose and ease and fun and play are for our fees sufficient pay. What does it help if we become as educated as are some? In eighty years from now and two no one will know nor me nor you.

—W—

Philosophic definitions:

Jones: The efficient cause is the cause which causes the cause of the motion of elements because they are caused by action—or something.

Saddler: A materialist is a fellow who deals with materials.

Doering: An agnostic is a fellow who admits he knows nothing, but if you tell him that he knows nothing, he gets sore.

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FROM THE BALCONY

(Continued from Page 7)

custom, and if you adhere to it, you miss many delightful contacts. But shyness, alas, overwhelms even the boldest of us, and I sat wondering about an opening topic. The weather . . . the operetta . . . ? At the same moment we began touching up commencing-to-shine noses, we finished the operation together, and stowed away the beautifiers in our bags.

That did the trick. There is an intimacy about powdering noses that makes all women kin, and we had a chummy discussion over which was worse—making repairs in public, or allowing it to shine. But when there is a generous expanse of nose, the latter won't do . . . and I guess it wouldn't do, anyway! Coats have an annoying way of slipping down off the back of seats, and that is what must have happened, for once, when my head went back, it touched something it shouldn't have. I thought it was a bony pair of knees behind me, and straightened in great alarm. However, it must have been the coat, for suddenly a thoughtful voiced lady leaned forward to enquire if I would like her to tuck it up? Things like that leave a warm glow, not quickly erased. I still remember gratefully, how, at a concert a year ago, a little old lady was very concerned about me taking cold, and placed a hand doubtfully on a chiffon clad arm, when I assured her I was quite warm enough!

Directly in front of us was a square rigged girl of about twelve whom we christened Mammoth. She was noticeably restless at the end of the first act, and after a few whisperings in father's ear, there was an exchange of silver, Mammoth disappeared, and returned presently with a box. Thenceforth she gave herself up to periodical re-stoking with chocolates. Further down the row we discovered a dashing brunet of a well preserved thirty five, with snappy brown eyes which looked as though they had seen a lot. Behind a provocative black veil, those eyes

Discords

"He is the flower of the family."
"Possibly. He seems to be a blooming idiot."

Rye had been eating a banana and threw the skin on the station platform.

"Hi!" shouted the porter, "The company won't have this, you know!"

"Well," said Rye, "divide it amongst the porters."

Goman: "Did you tell Dietsche last night that I was an old fool?"

Mac: "Well, the more I look at you, the more likely it seems that I did."

Doering: "My intellect is my fortune."

Jones: "Oh, well—poverty isn't a crime."

Doctor: "Why, Pat, what's the matter with you?"

Pat: "Well, doctor, I swallowed a potatoe bug, and although I took some paris green right after to kill the beast, he's still kicking up an awful fuss inside of me."

Art Little took his first aeroplane ride.

Art: "How high are we now?"

Pilot: "About four thousand feet."

Art: "I don't know if I mentioned it before we started, but I'm not at all ambitious."

Lyndy: "Do you happen to remember who made the first cottage gin?"

Dick: "Of all things! Are they now making it from that, too?"

—W—

STANDING ALONE

I honor any man, anywhere, who, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone. The world, with ignorant and intolerant judgment, may condemn, the countenances of companions may be averted, the hearts of friends may grow cold, but the consciousness of duty done, shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, than the countenance of companion or the heart of friend.
—Charles Sumner.

roved shrewdly round the theatre, then back to her somewhat oily escort. Just across the aisle sat a girl in sky blue, quite unconcerned about having her hand held by a gentleman considerably her senior.

A study in contrasts in more ways than one. A black lace evening gown in the same row as a crimson sweater . . . a sleekly coiffed head two seats from a wooly tam . . . a voluminous fur coat beside a thin fall garment . . . Contrasting clothes, personalities and faces, but all united by the common bond of balcony seats at an entertaining show.

—W—

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