



R.V.C. '11 have been so busy lately preparing for history R.V.C. '11, "quizzes" that they haven't had time to do anything but elect their debaters for the Senior-Junior debate. There were elected unanimously: Miss Edith L. Paterson and Miss Hazel Murchison.

This must, alas, be a "svarabhakti" report—evolved out of R. V. C. '12, nothing, like the evolved vowel in Anglo-Saxon. But when our learned and formidable editor towers over us and announces, with an imperious note of finality, "You must write a class report this week," what can we do? True, in the retirement of our room we beshrew the editor for her slave-driving and the class for its sloth, but we nevertheless proceed to record the events of an uneventful week. (The word "beshrew" from a lady's lips is quite permissible—at least in the Elizabethan age. Authority, Dr. M-cm-ll-n.)

One night last week our learned and formidable editor had a nightmare. Through the dark and silent halls there suddenly rang a blood-curdling cry, and immediately swiftly gliding, white-robed figures filled the passages and entered the room of rejected manuscripts and overflowing waste-paper basket. Sitting upright in bed, with wide-staring eyes, and with menacing finger pointed at the invaders, the maker of the commotion shrieked "Halt! Advance! Shoulder arms! Conscription is advisable throughout the British Empire!"

Then one brave maiden stepped forward and shook her, saying, "Wake up, wake up! You're dreaming about your old debate!" Rubbing her eyes and looking around, the editor explained sheepishly, "I thought I saw the ghost of Hamlet's father, but I suppose I only had a Midsummer Night's Dream."

After this little Comedy of Errors the company retired, grumbling that there had been "Much Ado About Nothing," while the editor slept peacefully