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## "UTTERED NOT, YET COMPREHENDED."

There sobs an unwritten poem  
Along the chords of my heart ;  
It wails for worthy utterance,  
As a being known only in part.

And ever my locked lips strive,  
And dream-words alight and quiver ;  
But the poem written there,  
Must there remain for ever.

Or if vanished, the music of it  
Will have so attuned my soul,  
As hereafter to slowly mould  
My life to a strong, sweet whole.

XOUTHE.

## CAUGHT NAPPING.

The tranquility of an August night that hung over the lakeshore road leading out of Summerside, one of the pretty villages skirting the shore of Lake Huron, was broken by the "merriment and jests" of a crowd of a dozen young men. They were slowly making their way along up the hill that rose from the placid village river. Summerside was a summer resort, popularized by the beauty of a little river and of the scenery along its sloping banks as it wound slowly through the village, reluctant to finish its course and give up the accumulations of miles to the grasping lake. Here came people from far and near to spend the summer. Those who did not board at the hotels set up camps. Some were cottages and some tents, but all were placed on the verge of a bank that rose abruptly some fifty feet high about one hundred yards back from the beach. They were easy of access from the lake shore road that ran along parallel to the row of settlements.

A party of four, including myself—and, bear in mind, my name is Will Baker—had decided that we needed to rusticate, had picked upon Summerside, and, for various important reasons, had placed our "rusting" habitation, consisting of two tents, at an isolated, sequestered spot so as to form an outpost of the camp-town, a suburb of the village proper. Here we considered ourselves free from molestation and at liberty to make all the noise we pleased without frightening any of the other inhabitants, with whom we wished to be on good terms so as to get invitations to their taffy pulls, card and sailing parties. Yes, a man, even at camp, must, in some measure, affect good behavior.

Now let us back to that dozen young men who were left making noise on the road. I shall connect them with the preceding by saying they were on the way to our camp. It was half-past twelve and most respectable people were in bed. These lads, of the age when they were old enough to be free from their mothers' apron strings, and young enough to feel life's responsibilities lightly, did not think or even dream of going to bed for some time yet. As I said before they were merry. But "merry" is too mild a word for use here. You would expect any crowd of boys walking home

at midnight from a dance, after acting as escorts to the ladies, to be merry. These fellows were jolly and almost hilarious. Their slow movements and lively thoughts can be attributed to the same cause, which would not have been difficult to discern had the night not been too dark to discover details of the scene. In the midst of the straggling party was a bicycle held and pushed by two of the boys. The efforts they made to keep it from falling over showed that they were teaching a novice the mysteries of the art of bicycle riding. Was it a lady afraid to learn in broad daylight? Although the boys seemed to be vigorously inspired by the occupant of the saddle, it was not a lady—it was a keg of beer. It was heavy and the speedily devised means of transport proved to be slow.

I don't wish to boast of my temperance propensities when I say I was not a member of the party. I had been to the dance, but not knowing till after the affair was over about the revelry planned by my fellow-citizens and visitors, I had unfortunately, or fortunately, made a date with a young lady to go out for a row the next morning at seven o'clock, just, as I had said, as an appetizer. Small likelihood was there of my keeping that engagement should I go home that night. So I decided not to go, but rather to ask myself out and secure a bunk at Klondyke, a cottage occupied by another crowd of fellows. Success attended my efforts, and as all the Klondyke boys, except one camera fiend, Archie Allen, had yielded to their pangs of thirst, and were now helping to guide that bicycle rider up the road, I exchanged bunks with one of them, who foreboded, probably, that he would not be able to come home anyway.

Anticipating the pleasure of the row of the next morning, and wondering whether the lake would be calm enough to allow a timid oarsmen like myself to venture upon the open sea, I dropped off to sleep at peace with the world and myself. The boys up at our camp were taking no thoughts of the morrow, but I was. That's why I was in Klondyke.

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My peaceful slumbers were broken. About three o'clock I was awakened by an approaching noise. In my process of awakening the first interpretation I gave to the noise was that a storm was brewing on the lake. My row on the lake was to be spoiled! That idea was slowly dispelled, as the character of the storm changed. The rumbling I soon concluded to be the shouting and mimic singing of a dozen of made-jolly-by-beer campers. As they came nearer, and although it was "not safe for heavy loads," thundered safely across the bridge, I became more awake. When they reached the house and began battering the board walls and locked door, I was nearly alive to the situation.

Of course they demanded an entrance. But Archie Allan was still developing and stubbornly refused to admit a lantern or a gang of ruffians, each of which would have been equally injurious to his plates. But the besiegers extracted from him a promise that the gates would be opened to them as soon as the process of development, (he was at his last plate) had been finished. A guard was left at the door, and the rest of the party went out to a little open space about twenty yards from the end