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Each deserves reproduction in our pages but lack of space prevents us from fulfilling such a pleasant duty.

The really munificient treat of the afternoon was Dennis' own discourse. I trembled and the turkeys flapped their wings when he announced the subject, for it sorely concerned me. It ran thus-"The Rights of Budding Editors to Express Their Views." Before rising, the speaker was kept on the alert dodging a boisterous display of the turkey dinner refuse. "Fellar Juniors," he said "personal grievances embitter me against all editors. I have a libel suit against one already. ("Lynch him," cried a wee voice from some part of the hall.) "And if I find my name in print again, I'll bring the whole police court, judges, attendants and the whole cop force of the small yard to arrest every suspicious character." (Hear, hear!) Dennis then asked for a drink and a swarm of buzzing knickerbockers ran to him with pails of iced water. was a masterpiece; for fully an hour, he pleaded in behalf of the suffering tribe of the small yard. So powerful were his words of "thundering sound" that he struck each guest with a violent The peroration was magnificient. attack of somniloquism. auote it in full. "O ye short pants, I hate ye. How long shall I be circumscribed by your limited extensions? Short legs begone and let me reach my longed-for greatness. Insult, rage, misforture, calamity and cold ice, come and crush me!" Dennis consolidated. The next morning our young hero was in the infirmary and was eating oatmeal mixed with Mellin's food, and cake.

Owing to the small corner that is allowed me in the Review, I am able to publish only one of the many letters that I received during the Xmas holidays. This letter contained a piece of gum, some old stamps and, on one of its pages, was painted or penned, the dramatic picture of David slaying Goliath. What this picture signifies, the reader may judge for himself. The sentiments of the letter, however, are written in a milder tone. The letter runneth thus: