

yes, or rather no!

There were no plays in town owing to the fluctuations of the stock market and the desire to put Cavalcade over and the general apathy and hundreds of other things . . . but that doesn't matter one bit. Not one bit. Cavalcade was a good picture: we forbear to waste on it the adjectives of those gentlemen who call themselves critics down below the hill in the vicinity of St. James street . . . but it was all right. It had all the interest of news pictures plus one or two or three or four tearful situations. But we are so tired — we of this younger generashun — having these lessons preached about dignity and peace and understanding . . .

The truth is that Mr. Coward of this younger generashun asks for dignity and peace . . . sure the kind of dignity which they had in the old days of Boer

wars and Titanic sinkings when they smiled very dignified-like at each other and were pretty villainous underneath. Now we've stopped being dignified; we don't smile anymore. Mr. Coward shouldn't have pleaded for that . . . oh no. Dignity won't help. If you will allow me to become tearful about matters Mr. Coward's plea for all that sort of stuff doesn't mean one thing to the jazz age; and not one half a thing to the unemployed. Try and talk dignity to the unemployed.

But lest we become sociological we wish to express our regrets at the much heralded Titanic episode: very bad taste on Coward's part. The Victoria funeral was high sentiment which would please Victorian E-e- and antediluvian P-w-l. But enough. Methinks Cavalcade hath been overtalked.

a maiden's dilemma

Once upon a time, a new little house stood demurely by the side of the road. It was such a pretty house that everybody said "Look, my dear, what a charming little house, it won't be vacant long." In front there were two wide open windows and a lovely door right in the center. Delicate ferns and sweet flowers grew in the small garden. It was so new and fresh it didn't need any paint at all to make it attractive. At first the little house was so happy by itself it never thought anybody would want to take it. It simply sang to itself in the sunshine and thought how nice it was to be alive in the spring.

Then as the spring was nearly over and nobody stopped for more than a minute, except to look, the little house began to be lonely and rather sad. "I must try and get somebody to take me," it said; so it put up a very small sign that you really had to come very close to read—**THIS DESIRABLE HOUSE FOR SALE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. ONLY RESPECTABLE TENANTS NEED APPLY. REFERENCES EXCHANGED.** The summer came, and the little house grew sadder and sadder and thought, "Oh, why will nobody take me, perhaps I had better make myself more attractive." So it carefully put some nice bright red paint around the door and blue over the windows and a lovely golden brown stain on the roof. Then it put up a big sign that you could read even from

the road — **HOUSE FOR SALE. MUST DISPOSE OF IMMEDIATELY.** Still nobody came, and the late rains of summer ran off the window ledges and streaked the red paint. Even the flowers in the garden began to droop a little, for the summer was nearly over.

The little house could see lots of other houses not half as nice as it was being taken all along the road, and they all told it how happy they were with the children running in and out all day long. It was true some did not hold their tenants very long, but even they put on insufferable airs of superiority.

Now the autumn was near, and the little house began to be desperate and said to itself "I really must do something before the winter comes." So it painted itself all over again, far too brightly and far too much, resingled and dyed the roof, put fresh curtains in the windows, and even unlatched the door. And it put up simply an enormous sign in front — **FOR RENT CHEAP.** And a man came along and took it, partly because it looked so sad behind all the paint, although he did not like the new roof very much and partly because it hadn't been used before and partly because he wanted a house anyway. So he went into the little house and lit the fire, and the little house simply quivered with joy. "Now at last," it said, "Some-one will see how nice I really am."

PNEUMO

Not enough was said about Sign of the Cross:

Music? Music? There were some concerts. As usual Douglas Clarked his way about His Majesty's with Brahms and Brahms-like . . . gave some misty performances. Suggestion: How would Sir Douglas look with a Brahmsian beard?

The London String Quartet, Enesco, Paul de Marly, (?) Ninon Vallin . . . and one or two artists we didn't hear because the Ladies Morning something or other are exclusive . . . you see the moment music is exclusive it becomes so utterly beootiful . . . it has to be kept from the unbeootiful . . . Oh well at least we have concerts here sometimes . . .

The MRT slumbering peacefully peacefully waiting for their next production . . . French Bible story play we believe . . . and that Red and White Revue trying to do a musical comedy . . . this dubious waste of effort on the collegians part . . . co-eds trying to be chorus girls. Puzzle: Why is one flippant about dear little chorines but why is it respectable for a debutante to try to be a hooper?

Off Key I Sing.

NEWS . . .

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