

DELIBERATIONS OF THE UNLITERARY SOCIETY

By Matthias Rex

Last night's meeting of the Unliterary Society was brief but busy.

J. A. Macbeth introduced his long pending motion for the suspension of members who had not paid their fees. The motion was seconded by G. B. Coutts in a very short address.

"Gentlemen, I think——."

There was a storm of disapproval.

"As I was saying, gentlemen, I think——."

The shouts were repeated.

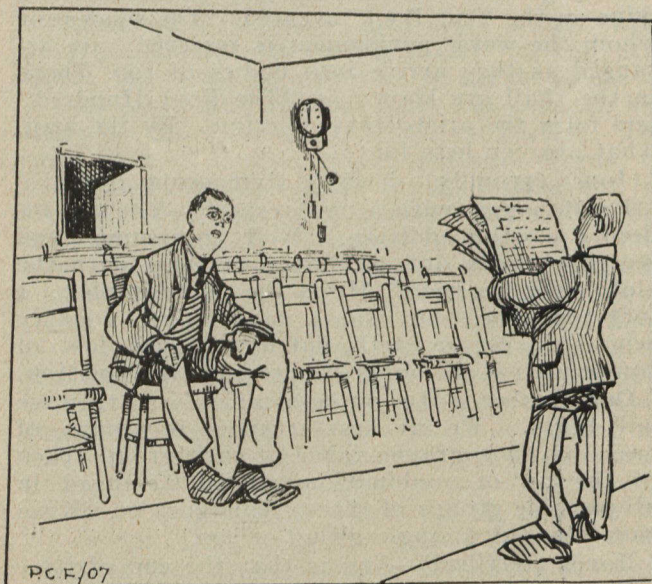
"Mr. Coutts," said the President sadly. "The meeting I fear cannot agree with you even thus far."

The motion was put and lost by a vote of 2 to 52.

A second motion to expel those who had paid their fees carried by an overwhelming majority. Messrs. Coutts and Macbeth were immediately thrust out.

"On our programme to-night," said the President, "is a paper by A. F. B. Clarke, our gifted fellow-student, on Andrew Lang, the litterateur. Mr. Clark ——."

The member thus designated wandered absently up to the front and unrolling a large sheaf of copy commenced:



P.C.F./07

"—— EXCEPT ONE MEMBER AND THE READER"

"There is one among the lustrous constellations shining in our literary world of whom I would speak to-night. He is a man who after years of work in his chosen field has finally attained to the highest honor and authority we can give a man. He is quoted as a master should be on all subjects which his facile pen has touched. I refer to John Lang. ——."

There was a moment of tense silence followed by an uproar.

"Gentlemen, I beg to hand in my resignation. I find I have not time to devote ——."

But his voice was lost in the tumult. The speaker seized the leg of the table in a firm grip and when the noise abated he said:

"I wrote it and I'm going to read it." He commenced again, but the room was fast emptying. The President had gone, the Secretary had deserted. All were gone—except one member and the reader.

VARSITY PRIMER

By Animem

Do you see the Lights in there, my dears? That is a De-part-men-tal Soc-i-et-y hold-ing a meet-ing. What is a De-part-men-tal Soc-i-et-y? A De-part-men-tal Soc-i-et-y is a Lit-tle Co-ter-ie of Stud-ents ban-d-ed to-get-her for the Im-prove-ment of their minds. But that is not all they have to do. Ev-er-y year they get a Pic-ture tak-en at Two Plunks each. Those Gent-le-men, in there are the Pres-i-dent and the Sec-ret-ar-y. Oh, no, they will not be Lone-some. They have the Speak-er of the Ev-en-ing for Com-pan-y.

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What is Var-si-ty Poi-it-ics? Var-si-ty Pol-it-ics is where two Par-ties take up the same Is-sue and fight Each Ot-her for the Ad-vance-ment of it. There are Two Par-ties in the Lit-er-ar-y Soc-i-et-y. They are the Un-ion-ist and the Old Lit. What is the Dif-fer-ence bet-ween them? Sure-ly it is ver-y Simp-le. The Un-ion-ists have by far the Best Men, while on the Ot-her Hand the Old Lit. Par-ty have by far the Best Men. Which one would I ad-vice you to join? Oh, the one with the Best Men by all means.

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Do you see that Man read-ing a Book? He is a Re-cent Grad-u-ate. How do I know he is Re-cent? Be-cause he puts B.A. after his Sig-nat-ure. He is read-ing the Lives of Fam-ous Men to see what Sal-ary they Start-ed on. Pres-ent-ly he will be trying to Re-con-cile Mun-if-i-cence and Eight Dol-lars Per. Will he be ab-le to do it? Ah, my child-ren, Nec-ess-i-ty is the Mot-her of a great man-y things be-side In-vent-ion.

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WHEN EVEN KARMA FAILS

Once in the dim vistas of the past, says the Theosophists, long before the Atlantean civilization passed, there lived a man and his name was Biggs. And there was a woman too and her name was Wiggs. In the course of time they fell in love, they became engaged and they married. No cloud marred their happiness and after many years of wedded love they passed over.

Centuries rolled on, and when the time was come Biggs re-entered this physical plane. So did Wiggs. They met, they loved, they were wed, they died in utter happiness.

More centuries rolled on. Biggs and Wiggs relinquished the spiritual plane and returned to earth. But this time Wiggs was the man and Biggs the woman. But that mattered little. The old passion drew them together and the old love made them one. Then they passed.

Once again after ages they are back on this earth. They live in the same community. But they are both women.

And they never speak.

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A man's opinion of himself is not of so much commercial value as other people's opinion of him.—Real Estate.

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We are all agreed that women are angels; what we have not settled on is the color.—Glasgow University Magazine.