

mutilated into *ware*, and—ye gods, help me in the telling of it—that exquisite term which is to be found on the labels of our tooth powder and patent medicines, *preparation* tortured into *preperation*. (Voices—We'll have revenge; we'll teach them how to spell).

O fellow-martyrs; my blood boils and my ears tingle when I think of our cruel wrongs; but I fear I endanger the lives of these honorable men by my vehemence (derisive laughter.) My friends, you who have a world-wide reputation for patience, generosity and long-suffering, wreak not vengeance upon the heads of those innocent editors, but rather treat them with that chivalric courtesy, (a voice; hear, hear. Another voice. We'll treat them! Ironic laughter amid which the conclusion of the sentence was lost.) Appeal first, I beseech you to their reason and if after due deliberation they refuse to grant an apology, then challenge them to mortal combat. I have done. (Intense excitement, tremendous applause. All rush off to the handball alley to draw up resolutions.)

The following resolutions were drawn up on the wooden floor of the ball alley.

"Whereas the Junior Editor and the members of the Junior Department have taken offense at the exclusion of all mention of their affairs in the last number of the REVIEW, and

"Whereas the said Editor and members consider it an unpardonable oversight that the proof sheets of the last number were not handed over to them for correction, as was always never done before.

"Be it resolved that a formal apology be demanded of the board of editors with the alternative of a challenge to mortal combat.

Junior Editor and Members
of the Junior Department.

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During the course of a hotly contested game, Mel Schim received such a blow from the opponent's hockey that the heel of his shoe came off. He thereupon sent his shoe to the cobbler to be repaired. They say that the unfortunate cobbler is looking for Mel Schim and the heel of that shoe.

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Leo G. Nard lately suffered the loss of his fast *trotter*. He now realizes that these steeds are often unmanageable when guided by *inexperienced hands*.

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Girardou and Tan Slo have joined the senior ranks. They used to rule wisely. Mullgani has reluctantly accepted the royal sceptre.

How long shall time deprive me,
In my present state of woe
Of ranking in the senior ranks
Saith Mullgani to Tan Slo.