

"Listen here, Marty," Jack said with set jaws, "you would have saved my kid brother's life. I call that white for any man to do when he can hardly stand on his own feet. Hereafter, you and me are working together, and you'll get a square deal from this here gang. If anybody calls you a squarehead again, I'll knock his darn block off. And also," he continued, "about Jeanette, I'll lay off after this—get me? You can have her."

The Swede was now more recovered, and smiling. "Lay off, me eye!" he said, "I don't want the woman." Jack gazed at him in astonishment, and suddenly realized that he had not fought for Jeanette—he was not the type that would fight for any woman. It was his pride that had been hurt. Gradually, he saw the joke of it all, and began laughing. Finally, he slapped the Swede on the back, and said grinning, "You're right, Buddy—who the hell wants the skirt anyway!"

PAUL GELINAS '32

THIS GEOID!

We have all, I imagine, followed with interest the newspaper accounts of the great feat of the Graf Zeppelin in circling the world in August. But what shape is the earth, anyhow? I have heard that scientists now are afraid to call it a sphere, or even a spheroid, so they call it a geoid. But what is a geoid? An earth-shaped body. And what shape would an earth-shaped body be? It would be a geoid, of course. It reminds one of the story of the snake at the Zoo that began to eat his own tail, and couldn't let go. One of the latest opinions expressed was that the earth was lop-sided, flat at the poles, wobbling on an undermined axis, and "her middle bulging most ungracefully like an eccentric tomato." It makes one inclined to wonder the more that the Graf did not hit the bulge.

One of the most ancient ideas of the shape of this world of ours was that it was a flat island floating on an infinite ocean, and supporting the heavens on its mountain-tops. Another