

"When you compare one of our modern novels with one of Thackeray's, do you not feel that our literature lacks something which puts it on a lower artistic level than the previous literature?"

The author pondered for a few moments before answering my question. Then, "On the contrary, I believe our writers of today are creating a style, a literature which is entirely new. And upon closer analysis, we find this literature as deep in thoughts, as true to life, as wonderful in its imagination, and as poetic in its ideas as any literature which has been before."

The newspaperman rose from his seat, and dismissed me with his eyes. Going out, it suddenly dawned upon me that mathematics was not such a bad subject after all.

PAUL J. GELINAS '32

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### AFTER FORTY YEARS

"Who is this from, Mother?" inquired Wray, examining closely the scrawl on the back of the envelope as she handed it to her mother.

The only indication of its origin was the phrase on the back—"From friend Zek." Mrs. Wamboldt read it. An amused expression crossed her face as she tore open the envelope with an air of eager anticipation.

Wray's curiosity could be restrained no longer. "Who is 'friend Zek,' Mamma? You seem to be a bit set up. Not a secret romance, is it?" Mrs. Wamboldt passed her daughter the letter. A unique postscript caught Wray's attention—"Will it be 'friend Zek' or 'Mr. Mader'?"

Ezekiel Mader had been a promising young banker in Mrs. Wamboldt's town before she had married. Everybody in Plympton spoke of Betty Barteau as "the prettiest girl in town," and Zek was as much aware of her attractions as anybody—perhaps more so. More than once he had felt the