

THREE SPORTS IN FOUR ACTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

I do.
S. A.: Stand up straight and keep your feet together. You look about as graceful as a calf on a tight rope.

S. Y. T.: Can I help it if I'm still bowlegged from this morning's ride?

S. A.: Move, baby, and let me show you how this jack knife business is done. (Executes admirable dive and climbs out smiling triumphantly).

S. Y. T.: (brightly) Well of all things. I've always wondered how you could cut the water like a knife. Do a jack knife, of course. Oh, George, don't you dare throw me—blub—

ANOTHER CURTAIN OF WATER Act IV.

Scene: Breakfast room of summer cottage of S. Y. T.

Time: Morning after athletic day.

Personae: Sweet young thing.

Scene one and only.
(Sweet young thing hobbles in painfully and seats herself in cushioned chair. The phone rings and she rises torturingly to answer it).

S. Y. T.: (Unenthusiastically). Oh, hello. It's you again. Go down to the lake this morning? Er—not to—

DINING ROOM DESCRIPTION

The conversation was decidedly strained, and consequently the entire meal was a burden. Smiling at everyone in general and nobody in particular, the hostess was asking a few conventional questions to the girl on her left, but all the time she was noticeably thinking up something polite and gracious to say to the one at the opposite end of the table.

That particular one at the end was waiting expectantly for her question, sipping tea, holding her little finger stiff and her eyebrows in just the proper arch, and undoubtedly keeping her mouth empty of food so that she could answer promptly when it came. But the foe on the hostess' left was a hard one to get by. She was a quietly pretty girl with a tearful voice, who never said anything but yes or no and almost added ma'am to these. She was a

day—mother promised to teach me to crochet this morning. I think it's going to be one of my favorite sports this summer.

CURTAIN OF ASBESTOS

Freshman and kept her eyes on her plate during the dinner of which she did not eat more than three scant forkfuls. Across from her were two girls who had known each other since childhood, who had both been to college the year before, and who could not name correctly one-third of the student-body. They were talking confidentially to each other and would presently hurry back to their room to help each other prepare lessons for the next day.

There was a large blonde, whose hair was thick and healthy looking, and whose plate was emptied before the others were half done. A left-handed, fidgety Sophomore next to her was complaining in loud, quick words that the food was the rottenest she had ever tasted.

One little girl with bright brown eyes and ink stained fingers was thoroughly aware of the situation and was looking around the table with a quizzical expression, as though taking small humorous notes in her mind about every one present.

This has no point in moral. It's mere description. Try it sometime yourself.

"Listen, my friend. No man can give himself heart and soul to one thing while in the back of his mind he cherishes a desire, or secret hope, for something very different. You, as a student, must know that even in worldly affairs, nothing worth while is accomplished except by that last sacrifice, the giving of oneself altogether and finally. Since I made that final sacrifice, I have been twice the man I was before."

Father Hector in "Shadows on the Rock."
—Willa Cather.

The most appropriate saying we've heard this season:
"Summer romances, Summer not."
Read it and weep.

We pay for dreams
In waking out of them, and we forget
As much as needs forgetting.
"Tristram" Edward Arlington Robinson.

There are times when we cannot see one step ahead of us, but five years later we are eating and sleeping somewhere. Chrepi — "The Women of Audros." about 300 B. C.

GABBY GERTIE



"Girls who 'no' a lot are those who know the most."

All who joy would win, must share it. Happiness was born a twin.



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