

From a Campus Bachelor to his Father on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1921, his Father's 60th birthday.

A TOAST.

No more around ye flowynge bowle
Can Dad and I drink wine,
And toaste ye dames with lovyng
names,
Their smyles and eyes so fyne.
Ye longhaired lawe hath gummed ye
game
Ye towne is dry as snuffe,
And Merrie souls, beyond a doubt,
Do find it hard to do withoute,
Excepting ye and me, Olde Scoute,
Who never touched ye Stuffe.

* * *

A reply from Dad, written November 11th:

Your toaste doth touch me heart, dear boy.

Your wishes taste full goode;
Avant the mug, no need employ
The brew termed "Liquid Food.

For sixty years I've shunned ye booze
For buttermilk and tea,
'Tis heads I win, 'tis tails they lose
On days and nights of spree.

For now they drink with bated breath,
From God and man recoil;
Their vapid toasts, they reek of Death,
With crime and fusel oil.

Here's Hoch to Nature's finest brew,
'Tis aqua pure and sweet;
All hail the lads whose cups brim true,
With health and wealth replete.

Clear eyes, clear heads, clean lives,
clean love,

Wherever they may be!
All hail the lads, may God above
Grant all such, Liberty!

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

The editor pro tempore has asked me to "do" Robert W. Service, the popular poet for the Faculty Battalion. (If W. T. Strange had written that sentence, he would have omitted the quotes). I find that Service estimated his work better than I can when he said that some of his rhymes were bad and the others were worse.

There is much confusion today as to the distinction between rhyme, verse and poetry.

"We may live without poetry, music and art;

We may live without conscience, and live without heart;

We may live without friends, we may live without books;

But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

This is good verse—and good sense. "I sometimes think that never blows so red

The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;

That every hyacinth the garden wears Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."

This is genuine poetry. "Now," I say, "You Teutonic blighter!

Have you any children?" He answers "Nein."

Nine. Well, I cannot kill such a father.

So I tie his hands and leave him there. (Service.)

This is atrocious—and it isn't.

Service, I suspect, is in the class with Harold Bell Wright—read by everybody except professors of English. Let us grant for the occasion that vox populi is vox dei. What is there in Service's rhymes that gain him many readers? The clue is bio-

graphical. Service was born in a small town in Scotland and started life as a bank clerk, but the call of the wild got him and he took up his abode in the Canadian Northwest. The popularity of Service, like many other things today, can be explained on the principle of frustration. All urbanites have the instinct for adventure badly suppressed. Now Service satisfies this instinct vicariously. If one cannot lead an adventuresome life oneself, the best next thing is to read after someone that has lead such a life. This is about all there is to Service. As a literary artist, he couldn't qualify. However, there is one literary device that he is very clever at. I refer to what the high-brows call invention. The "Ballad of Soulful Sammy" is a good thing of this kind. Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale said the other day that he had,

out of a sense of duty, recently read every word of one of Harold Bell Wright's books in order to answer the charge that he had condemned him without first having read him. I thought that I would go Professor Phelps one better and read two of Service's volumes, but one was my limit.

IS RELIGION NECESSARY.

(We take great pleasure in publishing this little article by one who signs herself, "one who takes care of the faculty." A hasty mental glance over the faculty ranks reveals no group showing more conclusive evidence of good care than the more or less unsavoury coterie inhabiting "Ike's Place." This gives rise to a suspic-

ion, as to the unknown author, which we thus communicate to our readers.)

"Religion should be practiced for the reason that it lays the foundation for the growing youth to live a straight, clean, conscientious life, which is the only road to happiness.

"Any undetermining of the theory that we call Religion will cause upheaval and insecurity to human civilization. If Christian leaders were removed from our midst, civilization would be on the down grade in a very short time and humanity would finally sink back into barbarism. A human creature without Religion, "which is a higher police," is the most dangerous of beings. Therefore support Religion, if for no other reason than to save mankind from destruction."

'24 '23
'25 '26

Which will next year's captain wear?

IT DOESN'T need much wisdom to predict that next year's nine will be captained by a '23 man or maybe a '24 man.

This is no affront to underclassmen. Years of steady plugging must go before you can handle the man-sized responsibility of running a team.

That this is just, seniors will be the first to assert. They have seen how well it works for team and college. Then let the seniors keep this point of view, for soon they will find how closely the principle applies to themselves in the business world.

Captains of industry are not made overnight. Don't expect to step into a managership right away. Before you can lead, you've got to serve in the ranks awhile.

This is best for your organization and best for you. The time and energy you put in working up from the bottom, taking the bitter with the sweet, getting the upperhand over your job, will stand you in good stead when you have won through to executive position.

When you have learned how to handle detail work, you can begin intelligently to direct other men to do it, and thus free yourself for creative planning.

You who intend to be captains, have patience. Your year will come and so will your chance.

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