A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

Dramatis Personae

Prof. Zip, a chemist.

Duckie, a young student very fond of showing his knowledge of chemistry.

ACT 1

A room in Dalton Hall. Transom covered with blanket Professor, left rear, bending over a spirit lamp on which is a small boiling pot. Enter Duckie, right front.

Duckie-"Well Prof. what is it this time?"

Prof.—"Guess."

Duckie-"Micrococci?"

Prof.-"No."

Duckie-"Sonococci?"

Prof.-"No."

Duckie-"I give it up."

Prof.—"Sausages."

Enter two ambulance men.

CURTAIN DEAD MARCH IN SAUL



THE JUNGLE



FAREWELL

Farewell now boys we are about to part, From college rule we'll soon be free, And if ever you talk of brains or sport Make references to the class of '23.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST FATE.

The story that wil be told to you,

Is of our red head boy,

Who came among us a few years ago, And with the ladies is very shy.

He was a hero in football,

As might you well all know In baseball too, to the Babe Ruths He is their greatest foe. His rep. for sport was always good, Of roughness he did not know,

Although, through an accident at the game

The fams accused him so.

The first time up, he got to first, Made second on a steal.

The batter up hit a straight ball Which landed in deep centre field.

When OBie saw the long drive,

He was mad to make a score, With a terrific rush he left the sack

For his objective home, he bore. Rounding third with increasing speed,

But his speed was much too great,

For to beat the throw from centre field,

He feared he would be late.

The crowd gave way to the onrushing man, Unfortunately one, whether too slow or fat,

Well, we should not judge,

But O'Brien will tell you that. Too true it was, yes, too true, An awful cry the air it filled,

For the excited crowd were wildly shouting

A man, a woman, or somebody killed. Why should such a tumult arise?

It was only O'Brien you know, That had run over a maid from town

Who had come to the game, a fan to show.

Perhaps it was the scared look

That he wore as he crossed the plate,. Or it might have been a terrible thought

That the girl had met her fate.

Let us turn to the place of the tragedy

And let us consider the scene: We see the clash, the second best,

And say we "A fateful tragedy might have been."

All through the tragedy, and after it ended,

O'Brien was heard to say. "I wish to hell I had not played,

Or I wish that girl had stayed away.

"I wished I had runned easy, And had not mind the run,

I could have played a better game, And could have had some fun. "But as it is, and will always be

Whenever I go to town

The girls will say between themselves

There goes the man who runs people down.

"Oh! Unfortunate man that I am, And unfortunate Victoria Park

You put me in wrong with Charlottetown

That's why I go there in the dark.

"Now boys, learn of me

For I hate the game I love so dear And when you try to make a run,

Make sure you see that the coast is clear."

THE MISTAKEN INMATE

When Chaff at noon so ate his fill With food to make two horses ill, To give his wearied stomach show For a long walk he thought to go. So when eight chaps from S. D. U. Well dressed and decked with straw hats new, Were set to spend their holiday, Where the maniacs lived not far away, When nearly at the railway track, Lo! and behold! on looking back, They saw old Chaff all tattered and torn With his khaki pants so badly worn. His cowhide boots with inch-thick soles, Well matched his sweater all rags and holes. "Where bound are you?" he then did ask. "To the base ball game, you foolish ass." But Chaff prepared with stomach crammed, "I'll follow you my clothes be damned!" So on he trudged behind the rest, Ashamed to walk with those well dressed. At last the ayslum hove in sight, But still old Chaff did not take flight. For he knew not what was in store, When once he passed that fatal door. Having entered in the portal side. A man came forth to be their guide. When round the halls he showed them through, The Maniac's gaze was centered on Hugh. From flight to flight they gazed and talked

But Chaff remained behind and gawked. A foolish girl upon the floor, Drew Chaff's attention more and more. But when he broke from her embrace The college boys had left the place. Then to the window he quickly went And weird was the howl that forth he sent. Two ladies from town were passing by And doctors wonder they did not die. With stupified look they gazed around To see where came that awful sound. "Hev! Hev! You there! Look up! Go tell the boys that I'm locked up." "Poor lad!" says one, "Just hear him rave. 'Twere best for him were he in his grave." "Oh! ladies, please, do something, do! For I'm a student from S. D. U. "Poor lad! From S. D. U. he thinks he is, But such a lot was never his." "Hey there! Holla! Please be so kind; Go tell those boys I'm left behind." "Let's go," said one, "He's pretty bad. I think his case is very sad." When the boys returned to S. D. U. It was only then they first missed Hugh. But then too late to search for Chaff They broke the news to the college staff. The prefect claimed he was no loss But still he phoned and told the boss If a boy was there by the name of Hugh To start him at once for S. D. U. At ten o'clock when Chaff returned. The prefect's light still brightly burned. To his room came Chaff, being such a rack The prefect thought wise to send him back. Now Hughie swears that n'er again Will he go to see the crazy men.

