

than that for such an odor. He looked to see what the old fellow was cooking and found that Ike had boiled a mouse in with his beans. Lem scolded him and threatened to tell the officer. This had the effect of making Ike more careful for he would rather die in the freezing winter of the north than live in the comfort of a city home. A home was just for old men.

The officer came again to Lem's cabin but the owner was not home. He followed the trail to Ike's cabin where he found the two old men smoking and chatting. In a kindly manner, so as not to hurt their feelings, he informed them that they both must go to the city for the winter, and that one of the R. C. M. P. Inspectors would call for them in two weeks time. He then left the cabin to continue his rounds, leaving behind him two very downhearted and dejected old men.

They sat there for some time. Then they began to make plans for avoiding the officer on the appointed date. They arrived at a conclusion as to a course of action and Lem went home to prepare to execute it. Two days before the Inspector was to call he again visited Ike taking on his sled enough provisions to last him for two weeks. He met Ike at the door of his cabin, prepared as he was. With light hearts the rejuvenated old men struck up the trail.

The Inspector called around on November fifth, as scheduled, in the thick of an intense blizzard. He expected to hole up for a day or so before moving south with the two men but such was not to be. He found only a deserted cabin and immediately began a search for them. After two days of frantic searching he found the two old trappers. No, they would not have to pass the winter in the home for old men. They were free to stay in the North they loved so much. They were free; dead, but very free.

— CLARENCE ROCHE '49

How to Lose Friends and Antagonize People

Ah! Losing friends and antagonizing people! How worthy a goal! How great the opportunity for success in attaining it. People of every race and creed can, and in many cases do, develop a fair degree of skill in exercising the qualities which make for perfection in L. F. and A. P. Your opportunity is as good as theirs. Just consider an

ordinary day in the life of the student and behold the countless chances you have of lessening the ardour of your fellow-student's friendship.

To begin, as is in order, with the beginning,—a new day breaks. You have been sleeping peacefully all night long, dreaming, ideally, about how much so-and-so has grown to hate you, and subconsciously plotting your campaign for the morrow. Suddenly you are awakened by a bell, rung by someone who is apparently as anxious to make enemies as you are. Just to be unpleasant you tell your room-mate you are going to sleep in, and will he please bring your breakfast up to you. Now you roll over and wait until morning prayers are over; then you decide that you had better get up and go down to breakfast. After all, your room-mate may not be able to get anything for you to eat, and even if he does, he can always take it back. At any rate it will be interesting to observe his reaction as some of his good nature fades, giving way to a homicidal urge. This procedure may have no effect on the Prefect of Discipline the first day, or even on the second day, but if you persevere in this practice daily he too is sure to grow to dislike you. Thus you can wound two birds with the one missile. If the prefect seems to be altogether too kind and understanding keep tormenting him for it is a great accomplishment to obtain his aversion for you.

While at breakfast do not miss an opportunity to make yourself despised. If you are seated at the head of the table, take the best and most of everything that comes your way. Don't say you can't eat very much, you don't have to. Just keep the other fellow from getting it and you will be one step nearer your goal. However, if your seat at the table renders the foregoing procedure impossible there are other tactics. Try plaguing your fellow diners with questions when their mouths are full. Of course an immediate reply is impossible. But many of them, in an attempt to reply, will choke and cough, while in an effort to "ease" their discomfort. You can also monopolize the foot space and kick everyone else's shins occasionally. Then, when the meal is over, don't lift your chair into place,—you should hardly be expected to lift so cumbersome an object,—just lean on it and slide it into place. The task is made lighter and the result is, to say the least, annoying.

If you find yourself in a group entering or leaving a classroom or the refectory, try to worm your way through those in front of you, or bully them aside by brute force. If

they refuse to yield, walk over the back of their heels and dig your fist into their spines. Oh, I know you may not be in a hurry to get in or out ahead of the other fellow but that is immaterial; the important thing is to rouse his abhorrence of you.

After breakfast and at other free intervals throughout the day it is customary with many to walk around the college grounds. Since it is at those times that a student's spirits are at their peak, your strategy will have to be good if you are to rouse their antipathy. Walk up to the first jolly looking group you see and take over. Monopolize the conversation. Do not let the others get a word in. If, despite your effort, they manage to say something, or ask a question, ignore them completely, unless you can irritate them to a greater extent by answering. For instance, if someone should ask you how you feel, tell him. Enumerate every ache and pain you may have had within a year. If you are feeling well, do not admit it. When you have bored this group look about for a new gathering to work on.

In the class-room you can really go to work. First, display your awkwardness by stepping on everybody's feet and by jamming knees against chairs as you dive for an empty seat in the middle of the room. Make manifest your ignorance by interrupting others in the course of a reply with some stupid remark. Never listen to what is being said in class. The professor might think he is interesting you. Pretend to know it all by replying in a proud, pedantic voice to any question that may be directed at your neighbor. Laugh at him if he makes a wrong answer. Lead the laughter when the professor cracks a joke.

Finally, after a successful day in which you have acquired many new enemies, the darkness of evening falls. As do other members of the student body, you go to your room to study before retiring. This is your last opportunity to add to your accomplishments in the field of L. F. and A. P. It is useless to spend too much time on your roommate, for you can work on him at odd times during the day. It would be much more to your advantage to add to your field of operation. Visit some of your more studious neighbors, who are trying to spend their time profitably, ostensibly to borrow a smoke. But stay awhile.

Just as it is impossible for some people to make friends with everyone and have no enemies, so, too, you cannot hope to be without friends. But don't let this discourage you from making new enemies. Display a zealous fighting spirit

and a keen determination, and you shall soon be able to boast, justly, "I have more enemies than have any of my enemies."

—AMBROSE FLYNN '49.

Autumn

The happy days of summer now are gone,
 Into the distant past on wings they fled.
 And now with autumn comes the time of year
 When Mother Nature puts her brood to bed.

The fading flowers, the gathering of the birds,
 To seek new homes in climes less hard than ours.
 The melancholy wailing of the winds
 Among the trees and in the leafless bowers.

The lowering sap, the falling of the leaves,
 The bare brown fields as if in loneliness
 For all their children of the summertime,
 Of beauty passing fair and rapturous dress.

These all proclaim the never-ending care
 That Nature for her children e'er must take;
 So that when Spring renews the world again
 Once more from every bud new life shall wake.

— JOSEPH CAIRNS '49

"That Is Best Which Lieth Nearest"

This is a line taken from one of Longfellow's famous poems, "Gaspar Becerra", which I read in my early school days. At that time it meant very little to me, but since then I have learned to realize its full significance. It could be applied to many of our daily activities but I am here going to apply it to only one phase, the search for pleasure.

When our forefathers arrived in this country many of them had wives and small children and no means of support other than a strong body backed by a fervent spirit of perseverance and determination. We may shudder at the thoughts of leading a life such as theirs, but their lives may have been much happier than ours. Their joys consisted in the winning of their daily bread, peace of body and soul, and the simple things of their rude home life.