

In this modern age, we are attracted by more elaborate things as means of obtaining pleasure,—the automobile, the airplane, the movies and the theatre, ostentatious social gatherings,—in short, any entertainment that can be procured with money. The Moderns are turning away from the things cherished by our ancestors; could this be why there is more discontentment in the world in our age? Very often many things which we plan in advance end in disappointment. Frequently, indeed, our time could have been spent more enjoyably by sitting at home, or by going for a stroll and enjoying the beauties of nature which are present the whole year round. What could be more beautiful than the warm spring days, the choruses of the birds as they return from the south, and the fresh, green meadows of the countryside? What could be more enjoyable in summer than passing our leisure hours along the beach in the summer sun? What is more beautiful than the autumn leaves, or the snow-draped trees of winter? If we exclude these things from our lives, we are shutting out all the real beauty of life, thus depriving ourselves of much pleasure and happiness.

— PETER SULLIVAN '49.

Why, I Remember 'Way Back When . . .

The music was soft and soothing, and I was tired. The floor was filling with dancers as I slumped into a seat in an unoccupied corner, and drowsily watched the gay couples swing and sway their way around the hall. An empty corner is somewhat of an oddity at a dance hall to-day. It has taken the place of Ye Olde Parlor Sofa now that Mom and Dad must entertain all night. Much to my amazement I saw two old people, replicas of my long-dead grandparents, take a seat next to me. Strange,—no one took any notice of them, although they certainly looked out of place. Naturally my curiosity was aroused. If it hadn't been, I would have been all the less human. They began a scarcely audible conversation; my nose twitched, and my ears strained, and the anger of a frustrated gossipier surged through me. I edged closer so I could pick up the conversation. Since curiosity is a common trait, I will let you in on the conversation too.

"You know, Annie, I don't know as if I'd like to be young again. D'ye mind when we was courtin'? We seemed to have so much more time then. I used to go callin' fer you in the ole horse and buggy an' we jest took

our time gettin' where we was goin'. An' if we was goin' to a dance we went to the dance, else yer ole man would of walloped the both of us. Nowadays if young 'uns say they're goin' to a dance, I'd as leave look fer them in a sail boat some where. An' if they do go to a dance hall, they still don't get to a dance. Look at them young fellers out there,—a-hoppin' an' a-jumpin' around. Ye gads, look there. He near throwed her over his shoulder. In our day he'd be up fer assault. Now they calls it dancin'. I think that the feller that introduced the half-nelson to the dance-floor is a much a public enemy as the feller that invented them juke boxes they have now."

"Yes, you're right, Jerry. Of course the kids can't do better with the noise that's being blowed at them through them trumpets and clarasaxes and whatnots in the band. Chickery Chick Chalorum and Dead as a Stone on the Market, and the like of them, are downright heathen pieces. That bumpin' through crowds and shovin' other couples around isn't dancin'. Mostly it's jest plain ignorance. Everybody should have as much right to the dance floor as their neighbor. But with those jittlebuggers a body'd need to be dressed like a hockey player to venture on the floor."

"Now there's music," Annie. "Let the Rest of the World Go By", that's real music. But look at them kids! It's next to sinful. I don't think I was brash enough to do that with you even when we was alone, but these kids do it in public. Whoops, there goes a beer bottle. That 'pears to be quite a joke to them.

"Ah yes, gettin' drunk at dances is in style now. That's how to be good fun. They smash up the ole man's car goin' home an' the rest of the kids say they're wild and reckless, but the way they say it you'd think bein' wild and reckless was reason fer veneration. Mind the time I got tipsy and the horse ran away? Why, half the girls lowered their veils when they saw me comin' after that."

"Ah, 'tis well I do. Wasn't that how I got a chance to land you? Now, look at them girls standin' halfway acrost the dance floor. That was brazen in my day. We didn't shove ourselves in front of the men, we stood or sat along the wall between dances. Most of the boys can't get at the girl they want fer about half a dozen girls standin' in front of her. Ah, but they don't mind that any more. Girls who make it a point to have their dresses above their knees and their clothes skin tight no longer care how they act in front of men. I guess it's a case of everybody wrong,—nobody wrong."

Perhaps I would have heard more had I not been interrupted. I certainly would have liked to for I still thought that the old fashioned ideas, although they may not seem to us to be as much fun, were certainly more decent and polite than ours. But my entertainers left—much as they had come, through a door in my imagination. No, no one else had seen them, no one else had heard them. Little matter, for they are mine, my own little old man and woman, and I doubt if anyone else would understand them.

Someone once said that there never will be such a thing as a time machine, no machine will ever bring back the years that have gone.

To him I say, God gave us all one, if we but know how to use it.

— Contributed.

Medicine In War

The War which has just ended was a war of new weapons, far more accurate and deadly than any that have ever been used before. In hundreds of books and magazines, on the radio and in the motion pictures, the power of these weapons have been broadcast.

But there is another kind of weapon that played just as important a part in the winning of this war; a type of weapon that is little discussed and less well known than any of new planes or tanks. I speak of the new medical weapons that save lives.

To a substantial degree, medicine and surgery have already gone far to counter-balance the destructive power of our modern war weapons.

It was the new drugs, the new devices and techniques, which maintained the fighting strength of our troops at a higher level than ever before. These weapons were vital to the maintenance of morale and the will to fight in the face of mechanized destruction.

Military medicine has kept pace with the development of war itself. During the first World War, despite all the advances of medicine in the hundred years before, the men responsible for maintaining the health of armies were helpless against a score of scourges which today we can, and do, control and defeat.

Usually it is not the trick of some single operation —