

WILLIE WINS AGAIN

(With no apologies to Damon Runyan.)

Now I am not saying that this is true, but it is told to me by my cousin who is the barkeep down at Joe's place and he should know because he hears all the stories thereabouts.

It seems that Willie the Whip, who is called that because of his polite manners and fancy clothes, (although what that has to do with his being called the Whip I do not know,) is walking along the street one day and admiring the fine view and feeling in very good spirits altogether when he sees a very beautiful doll just across from him.

Now Willie, because he is polite, never whistles at beautiful dolls, especially such a very fine doll as this one, but it seems that this is the first time that he does whistle. Perhaps it is because there is something about this doll that Willie likes very much. It surely is not the little dog that she has on a leash, although it is not such a bad looking dog after all. And it surely is not the small red hat that is perched on the side of her head. Perhaps it is because this doll is smiling at him, and Willie just can't resist a doll who is smiling at him, especially if he thinks she is smiling because he has on a new fedora which he has just borrowed from Macy's Clothing Store for Men, and which is a very distinguished looking hat indeed.

But Willie suddenly changes his mind because this doll turns right around and whistles back at him. Now this Willie does not like, because if there is anything Willie can not stand, it is a doll who whistles.

That is why, (so my cousin says,) Willie is so sullen when he comes into Joe's place this fine morning, and that is why Willie has two beers instead of his usual whiskey, because if there is anything Willie detests, it is two beers, especially on a beautiful August morning.

Now Willie had no intentions of playing poker this day because he does not like playing poker, especially after drinking two beers. But since Willie is very good at the cards and since he does not have anything to do, he sits down with Charley the Horse and Joseph.

Joseph, who has a grudge with Willie, is smart, and because he is smart, he realizes that Willie is very much upset and has not got his mind on what he is doing. But this is where Joseph is wrong, for instead of dreaming while playing poker, Willie suddenly is up to his old art of stacking the cards. Some people who do not know any

better call this cheating, but Willie, who is a very honest person knows that it is one of the unwritten rules of poker.

Willie has such good luck that he has his customary whiskey and treats Joseph and Charlie the Horse to two beers because Joseph and Charlie the Horse have not enough money left between them to buy even a coke.

Because of his recent win, Willie is once again his usual cheery self, and he decides to go to the races in the afternoon. Willie likes going to the races because he thinks that horses are more intelligent than people, although he can't see for the life of him what kick the horses can find in running around in circles all the time. But Willie spends most of his afternoons at the races, and because of this he knows what horse is going to come in for the win.

The horse that Willie is betting on this sunny afternoon is Daredevil, and he tells this to Joseph and Charlie the Horse who are just finishing their beers. Joseph, who is a very mean person indeed, decides to visit the stables and give Daredevil a little something in his oats so that perhaps Willie will not win his bet. Now this is not a very nice thing to do because horses don't like little somethings in their oats, especially when such a mean person as Joseph puts it in. Naturally Joseph does not tell Willie about this because Willie might not like it.

Willie the Whip has no thoughts about dolls when he goes to the track in the afternoon but whom should he see leaning against the rail but the doll who he thinks is whistling at him in the morning. Willie, who is having no thoughts of speaking to her, finds himself walking by her and is at once taken in by the old trick of the opposite sex. When Willie picks up the glove, she smiles such a beguiling smile that the first race is well underway before he knows what is going on.

This doll, who calls herself Jane Monaghan, is a very talkative doll, and Willie soon finds out that it is not he whom she is whistling at in the morning, but it is her dog, who is lagging slightly behind. She admits, though, that Willie is altogether deserving of a whistle with his bright yellow tie and turned trousers. This pleases Willie very much even though she does not mention his new fedora.

Now Willie is not very often disturbed by the fair sex, but perhaps this one is different from the other dolls whom Willie sees around. Ordinarily the last thing in the world that Willie would think of is to bet on a horse that he

does not know, but this is no ordinary time for Willie. Perhaps it is because his thoughts are all on Jane Monaghan that he does not place his bets on Daredevil, but on a new horse, Dashing Jane.

Willie has such a wonderful time that the rest of the afternoon is gone before he knows it. And when he hears that Daredevil lost the race he is very much disappointed. But his heart brightens up when he sees that he is holding the tickets, not for Daredevil, but for Dashing Jane, who comes first because Daredevil gets something in his oats and is not able to run very fast.

Willie is a very happy man indeed when he is leaving the track, and who would not be if he were in Willie's shoes.

Willie walks out to the gate with a big smile on his face and Jane Monaghan on his arm and with five hundred dollars in his pocket because Dashing Jane pays ten to one this day because she is not considered a very likely win by the bookies.

Although five hundred dollars is not very much money to use to start up a business, Willie is determined to buy out a store next to Joe's place and settle down for the rest of his life.

But my cousin says that he gets the rest of the money from his wife, who by this time calls herself Jane Lynns-worth, because this is what Willie the Whip's real name is, J. William Lynnsworth.

—J. S. MacDONALD, '49.

IMMIGRATION AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Within the past two months I have read several editorials in which it was contended that Canada should at once begin an intensive immigration policy. This opinion was based on figures published by the Bureau of Vital Statistics, which indicated that Canada's population will have reached a maximum before the end of the century, and will thereafter gradually decline, unless the birth rate rises appreciably or large numbers of immigrants are attracted to the country.

Now such a policy designed to increase the country's population may be the best for the rest of Canada, but I contend that we should best serve the interests of Prince Edward Island, not by adding to the number of her people by immigration, but by keeping our own young men and women from emigrating to other provinces and countries.