
Restitution.

A silk scarf is missing. It was "borrowed" from a borrower, who wants to return it to the owner. Look through your pockets. Make restitution through the Prefect of Religion if you can't remember who it was you got it from.

Kilmer on Certain Poets.

The clean soul of Joyce Kilmer was distressed by the licentiousness of certain rhymer's of his time, a decade ago, and he wrote the subjoined verses in biting rebuke. They are reprinted here because they cover not only poets but other degraders of literature.

Now is the rhymer's honest trade
A thing for scornful laughter made.

The merchant's sneer, the clerk's disdain,
These are the burden of our pain.

Because of you did this befall,
You brought this shame upon us all.

You little mincing poets there
With women's hearts and women's hair!

How sick Dan Chaucer's ghost must be
To hear you lisp of "Poesie"!

A heavy-handed blow, I think,
Would make your veins drip scented ink.

You strut and smirk your little while
So mildly, delicately vile!

Your tiny voices mock God's wrath,
You snails that crawl along His path!

Why, what has God or man to do
With wet, amorphous things like you?

This thing alone you have achieved:
Because of you it is believed

That all who earn their bread by rhyme
Are like yourselves, exuding slime.

Oh, cease to write, for very shame,
Ere all men spit upon our name!

Take up your needles, drop your pen,
And leave the poet's craft to men!

The Lepers Profit.

Five dollars from a freshman who "wants no glory in the giving," two more dollars (three in all) from a junior who can't get up in the morning, three dollars saved out from the Prom, and five dollars in thanksgiving for favors received have lately come in for the lepers of Makogai. Our Lord loved lepers, and He must have a great Messin, for their benefactors.