

Editor's Waste Basket

"If Boys were Girls and the Girls were Boys."

Now, wouldn't it be funny if, for just one day, the senior boys were the girls and the girls were the boys? What a hubbub would take place in the boys' cloak room. Imagine Oscar Peterson prancing around with a powder puff in one hand and a thin mirror in the other. See Johnnie Gronner figuring before the looking glass and asking, in an agonized voice, "Oh, Charles, is my hair all right in back?"

In the corner of another room, William Johnson is passing around a huge box of fudge and telling a few of his most intimate friends a very mysterious tale which they promise "never to tell a soul." And here comes Emil Nelson in a most wonderful "hobble," mincing along as fast as the skirt will permit. And there is Louis Emerson weeping piteously and telling Mr. Hinrichs that he must go home, for his head is "simply splitting." Near the English room door, Lloyd Ness is telling his admirers how many, many parties he has been to lately, and that the boys are just about "wild over him."

And then, turning the tables, imagine Minnie Torpet coming up to Naime Nansen, and after a resounding whack on the back, saying: "Hello, Nansen! How's the kid this morning?" Then, too, we might see Inga Folvick stalking down the hall, whistling cheerily; and there goes Esther Sandem tearing upstairs, five steps at a time, stopping long enough on the landing to pummel her good-natured friend, Neva Gibbons, who is making her descent by way of the banister. In the upper hall, Hannah Martinson, having bumped ruthlessly into poor little Henry Nabben, assists him politely to his feet and continues her way. There goes Una Briden down the hall, jingling the keys and spare change in her pocket with great importance. As for Thelma Torkelson, the sporty cut to her suit, as well as her remarkable pompadour, excites the admiration of every one, little Lloyd Bolstad in particular, to whom this dashing hero is quite an idol—but after all aren't we glad that the boys are boys, and the girls are girls.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?—

If both Helens became less noisy during study
If Jennie had to buy bus tickets.
If Kasberg came to Robertson Hall.
If Clarissa should grow taller.
If Marie Olson stopped giggling.
If Iva lost her gloves.
If Esther's hair forgot to curl.
If Stub didn't come on Sunday night.
If Nabben suddenly stopped growing.
If Clayton Stageberg didn't recite in class.
If Walter should cease coming to Robertson Hall.
If Jennie didn't get a letter.
If Minnie and Ila got an A in English.

Confusion of Tongues.

"There's a train at 4.04," said Miss Jennie.
"Four tickets I'll take. Have you any?"
Said the man at the door,
"Not four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many."