

A SATIRE

entitled

"Tripe-ings"

By that inimitable old rascal and hard-drinking quiet observer—Ned Phomas

WE, of the cognoscenti, note with interest the appearance of a new book, entitled *The Bible*, a story of the life of Christ, written by four men, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The book has already been described by some of our contemporaries and these descriptions vary according to the object of the critic in reading the book.

To the would-be highbrow, who seldom reads a book, the story is charming and something he can describe to his friends as wonderful with perhaps an appropriate quotation from the third chapter. To the Mid-Victorian prude it revels in all the immorality before which such an upright character is naturally delighted, and to the pseudo-intelligensia it is a typical study of the times—typical—nothing more.

To ourselves, however, the book has the simple charm and gracefulness so rare in our modern school; it has the deep plaintive pathos of an all-pitying heart echoing the harshness of mankind upon the recording meter of history.

The book reminds of a symphony by Manuel Dalonciveldore we had the good fortune to hear a week ago—a symphony that was a great throb of sound, rising, swelling and conquering all until for sheer beauty its magic notes blended and diffused themselves in the sunshine, leaving us with silence and a faint yearning ache.

Today it is spring. Our rebellious pen refuses to write much other than that. We are aware of a pair of soft, insinuating eyes that beckon us away from the paths of labor and we feel that somewhere there are white arms and soft lips that can satisfy our quiet demands.

Went down town last night and encountered a friend whom we had not seen for some years. He invited us to his apartment, and when his heart had grown warm with the cheer of good comradeship, he told a tale.

The story concerned a woman whom he had loved, but who had been separated from him by her parents. Years passed and the girl married as girls do. A month ago our friend rescued a small child from the flying wheels of an automobile. He carried the frightened infant in to its mother only to discover in her the girl whom fate and iron-willed parents had put out of his life years ago.

After many bottles of an old vintage had passed between us, we lifted our friend from the floor and resumed our tramp of the down town streets.

Unconsciously our wanderings led us to the home of the woman our friend had described. Her husband was out. We rapped on the window....

The next morning we dwelt pensively on the little haunting memories that underlie the smooth surface of life's mirror, and we were melancholy all the day until at evening a lonely and eager female voice on the telephone summoned us to a resumption of our quiet ways.

SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT OF ONE OF OUR POPULAR UNIVERSITY SONGS

Cheer Cincinnati, Cincy will win
If time goes on and the world don't cave in.
You do your best boys—pray for the rest boys—
God send us victory.