

studied, but speaking as an amateur, I'd rather see a play as a part of life, more intense than life, beyond my control. The analysis, if there must be one, is academic and remote. It cuts open a dead body. It may be that the technical examination and the emotional appreciation can coexist, and that the one may strengthen the other. Not yet, however, have I felt that this is true. When I read Mr. Nicoll's dictum that "tragedy has for its aim not the arousing of pity, but the conjuring up of a feeling of

awe allied to lofty grandeur,"<sup>3</sup> and that for the pain and tragedy there must be some high-minded relief, I ask myself why we cannot stop all this putting of tears under the microscope and measuring laughter with a foot-rule. Speaking again as an amateur, I feel that the pleasure of tragedy or any drama is simply detachment from self in a concentrated absorption in life, that, but for the grace of God, might have been ours.

ARGUS TRESIDDER

<sup>3</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 122.

## THE TEACHERS' JOE MILLER

### ANOTHER GAME

Customer: "Good morning! Have you Dickens' *Cricket on the Hearth*?"

Shopman: "No, madam; but I can show you a very good ping-pong set."—*Whitley Seaside Chronicle*.

—  
"The nerve of that woman offering me only \$8 a week," raved Tillie the maid. "What does she think I am, a college graduate?"

—  
SH—SH—SH!

Ball: "What is silence?"

Hall: "The college yell of the school of experience."

—  
Small Boy: "Father, what's a committee?"

Father: "A committee is a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours!"

### HOLDING

"What is a holding compan-ee?"

Said little Robert Reed.

"The answer isn't hard to see,"

Said teacher, "No, indeed!

As we with care proceed, my son,

Investigations show,

A holding company is one

That never will let go."

—*Washington Star*.

### ANOTHER RADISH

A Topeka woman was having lunch in a restaurant and just as the waitress was removing the plate, the Topeka woman spied what she took to be another radish and made a hurried grab for it. To her amazement she found herself clutching the bright red thumb of the waitress.—*Kansas City Journal-Post*.

### HIS DIFFICULTY

A teacher was telling the class about the conquests of Alexander the Great.

"When Alexander had conquered India," she said, "what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate his triumph? No, he sat down and wept."

The pupils seemed disappointed at this childish display on the part of the hero, so the teacher hastened to explain. "Now why do you think Alexander wept?" she asked.

Up shot a hand.

"Please, miss," said Freddie, "perhaps he didn't know the way back."—*Answers*.

### PROGRESS

"A telegram from George, dear."

"Well, did he pass the examination this time?"

"No, but he is almost at the top of the list of those who failed."