

QUARANTINE NOTES

Prof. Soulen has recently returned from a 600 mile trip to the Salmon City, where he gave a series of lectures to the Lemhi County Teachers' Association.

Kappa Kappa Gamma.

On Thursday evening the pledges of the Kappa Kappa Gamma house gave a Hallowe'en party. Various Hallowe'en stunts and fortune-telling were the main features of the occasion. After a short program dance dainty refreshments were served.

One of the most delightful affairs of the week was the "Little Girls' Party," given on Saturday evening by the upper classment of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. The evening was spent in "Babyland." Little Jack Horner sat in the corner; poor pussy wanted a home, and even Mary with her little lamb were there. After enjoying the nursery rhymes and games, goodies, consisting of cones, jaw-breakers, peanuts, stick candy and gum were served. The evening ended with a "Story Book Ball."

Common Camouflage.

Old Mill cigarettes.
Signing the pay roll.
Our 30 \$ per month.
Practical themes from the practical theme tablets.
A freshman's idea of a good time.
Ye barracks room reporter. (Apologies to Kipling.)
The kaiser.
A loosely knit sweater.

(Prologue.)

"You mustn't go play with the girl
o'er the way,
And you can't go to school today;
For you might breathe a germ that
would wiggle and squirm.
Slide into her throat and stay."
So we sit by the fire while the logs
blaze higher,
And dream all the dreams of which
none of us tire.

(Episode I.)

"I'll bet there's no school tomorrow,"
says one,
"I wager there is," say I;
And that is the way the bet party
began,
And wasn't it fun, oh my!
There's a golden-haired frosh girl of
light-tripping toe,
Who'd call forth the envy of graceful
Pavlov';
She whirls and twirls 'neath ahalo
of curls,
And tripping and skipping, with
hearts full of glee
A chorus of fairies road after the
queen.
All lightly they dance, and all lightly
they flee.
Then in a circle we gather around
And proverbs and riddles and puzzles
expound
On one who commands our devotion
sincere,
Reads sweetly and softly the poems
we'd hear.

(This happened the Monday the ver-
dict was rendered,
When the weighty decision of the
deans was tendered.)

(Episode II.)

There'll be movies here tonight, the
paper says,
A smile's the price you pay.
The "other side" has kept its secret
well,
Not a soul knew it 'till today.
The movie fans obey the call,
The hour brings them one and all;
The actors do a five reel stunt,
The pictures flash upon the screen.
The vaudevill artists next appear up-
on the stage,
That African troupe, whose director
is all the rage.
They play upon their instruments,
The audience nearly chokes
When some one in the listening group
It hit by one of the jokes.
(The details we can't give to you;
We're under oath, but you're the clue.)

(Epilogue.)

So we'll not go play with the girl
o'er the way,
We'll be good, and instructions obey.
And the naughty old "flu" can just
flee, fly, flew;
While we sit by the fire and pile the
logs higher
And dream all the drames of which
none of us tire.

Ridenbaugh Hall Notes.

The girls of Ridenbaugh Hall are even more busy than they were last week.

For two whole days they made "flu" masks to help ward off the disease. Then the library opened for the circulation of books and all of a sudden the fireside was deserted, for the girls had "oceans of history" and "piles of psychology" to study. On

Saturday morning a history quiz was given in the living room.

But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The girls decided to break the monotony of all lessons by giving a "kid" party on Thursday evening. Little boys and girls frolicked to their heart's content in games which all children enjoy, such as musical chairs and "grunt." The big living room was beautiful with its decorations of jardiniers of barberry and autumn leaves, while corn shocks and the weird faces of Jack o'lanterns added the real Hallowe'en touch. Corn was popped in the glowing fireplace and apples and punch were served while a hideous witch in a dark corner told the futures of the children. A group of boys serenaded the girls and left a beautiful Japanese lantern on the porch as a present.

Anna Sund and Judith Olsen have gone to Sandpoint to spend the rest of quarantine at home.

Gamma Phi Beta Notes.

The social calender of the Gamma Phi Beta house has, of necessity, been quite full these last two weeks, due to the lack of outside entertainment. The following are some of the attractions which have been presented:

On Thursday evening, October 24, the freshmen presented a six-act vaudeville program. The acts were quite varied in nature and subject, ranging from Adam and Eve to Macbeth.

The freshmen entertained the sophomores and upperclassmen at an autumn-leaf ball Saturday evening.

Tuesday afternoon, October 29, a "Collie" party was held. Refreshments were the most prominent feature of the occasion.

On Thursday evening, October 21, the chief social event of the last two weeks was held—a Hallowe'en party given by the upperclassmen girls. The guests and hostesses were dressed as ghosts and wore wierd masks. The clever Hallowe'en decorations and games added much to the enjoyment of all. Refreshments and dancing completed the evening's entertainment.

The Spanish "flu" is indirectly responsible for this bit of unique expression. Touching, isn't it?

I.

When every one is quarantined,
Then chaos reigns supreme.
Upset from down the cellar
To "Snore Out Loud" we all seem.
We've learned to hate our sisters
And our teachers—oh, so well!
Being shut in quarantine
E'en Sherman would call Hell!

II.

Early in the morning
When we all want to sleep
Some crazy Jane, who's sleeping next,
Sits up and starts to weep:
"Oh! girls, I have a headache,
My eyes are hurting, too;
My goodness! Only think of it!
Suppose I have the "Flu!"

III.

We're not allowed to talk to boys.
They spread "flu" germs in masses;
But we are forced to sit by them
In every teacher's classes.
"Dates," too, they say will spread the
germs.
At least we cannot have them
The reason for this silly rule
I really cannot fathom.

IV.

We're fed on salt and aspirin.
Our eyes we bathe each day.
Won't someone hide the aspirin
And throw the salt away?
We swab our throats 'til they are raw;
It's really awfully sad.
Won't someone banish medicine
That tastes so beastly bad?

V.

And now we've told you everything:
You understand full well
Why we all think that "quarantine's"
A synonym for "Hell;"
But all of us will "buck right up"—
First silly girls would cry:
We won't! For we're the best there is.
Our name is Delta Phi.

Zeta Chi Barracks.

C. Oylear has spent several sleepless nights since the order came out that put his candy store out of business.

Corporal Cozier is acting as usual, only with a little more snap; and a rumor has passed around that his room passed inspection Friday for the time.

Rex Barnes does not like the idea of getting up 10 minutes earlier for bugle