Lines

On the opening of the new buildings of the University, January thirtieth, 1905

The pageant of the idle summer days
Is vanished, and the unsubstantial domes
Crumble to dust; on far-diverging ways
The stranger-folk have sought their myriad homes.

Here, where the nations late in easeful glory
Gathered to count the profit of times past,
Begins today upon these hills a story
That scarce shall end while earthly time shall last.

For these enduring towers shall front the dawn
And see the sleeping city wake again
Ten thousand winter morns when all are gone
That now are stirring in that hive of men.

Hither shall troop the eager generations,
With youth and hope and wonder in their eyes;
And hence shall pass, for healing of the nations,
Men that have learned the love of truth, the hate of lies.

Here youth shall dream its dreams, and still grow wise
To shape those dreams into the stuff of life;
Here shall the future first in vision rise;
Here shall the sword be sharpened for the strife.

Here shall be loved all ancient loveliness,
While knowledge still shall grow from more to more;
Hence shall the thoughts that vivify and bless
Still into all life's thirsty channels pour.

So, midst the dusty pomps of yesteryear,
Open we now that well wherefrom shall flow
Waters of truth, from their high fountains here,
Age after age, to all the plain below.

—Arthur O. Lovejoy.
A Greeting to the New University

YOU TELL me that the University moved out to splendid quarters in February, and ask me "to write representing the Alumni a short article of greeting or congratulation to the University on its new life and prospects." Indeed, I am ready to express my delight over the handsome prosperity of that kindly old lady, my Alma Mater; but how, exactly, shall I write greeting or congratulations—I who have never seen these new buildings and whose memories all go back to that solemn pile of brick on Seventeenth Street? And I am a little flattered and chagrined at once by the request—flattered that I should be chosen to represent the Alumni; chagrined because this means that I am already counted among the old boys.

It is a good many years since I and the four others who made up my class heard that good and wise man, Chancellor Eliot, discourse of moral philosophy, while he sat comfortably with feet half drawn from his shoes. That was in the ancient chapel, the large room on the corner of Washington and Seventeenth Street. Above it was the "Library" (so called by courtesy, for I never saw student or instructor borrow a book from its shelves) where the different college classes sat and studied—or played cards—in their particular alcoves; the polytechnic fellows inhabited their own strange apartment in some mysterious upper story to which no college man was ever known to penetrate. I could fill your book with secret tales of what went on in that "Library"—of the humorous monkey we once enticed up the water pipe and into the window, while the gentleman below ceased grinding his organ and harangued us in fluent Italian; of the sudden silence that used to fall and the hurried disappearance into dark corners every morning when Professor Snow, in all his stately pomp, appeared at the door and asked us seductively whether we had not heard the chapel bell; of a thousand escapades which it is just as well not to mention now. Some of the Alumni whom I am supposed to represent might not relish this uncovering of the past. Has not one of these gentlemen become a distinguished engineer.
who publishes reports on the New York electric lighting works (of the future), and the subway, and all sorts of things? His office is down by Wall Street, quite near mine, and occasionally he invites me to take luncheon at his club. I should not like to offend him by relating how he used to walk into chapel—but enough! You see I am really one of the "old boys" and begin to grow garrulous.

I said no one ever borrowed the books from the "library." That is not quite true. There was a set of the Latin authors, in usum Delphini with a delightful, simple translation, or ordo, which made them extremely popular. I wonder whether they are still in demand. My class, I remember, used several of the volumes so assiduously in our eagerness to make the path of learning smooth that we wore out two or three bindings, and then they were put under lock and key. Thereby hangs a tale of woe. It was our genial custom to translate the lesson together—that is, one would translate while the others listened; it reduced the labor, you see, by four fifths. As the recognized idler of the class I used generally to sit with my book face-down and listen. It was fairly easy to piece together what I recollected of the translation with the Latin before me in the class room. Well, one day after the assistance of the ordo had been cruelly debarred, the villain of the party took a paragraph of Suetonius' Life of Nero and turned it into a piece of English perfectly startling for its naughtiness. And how was I to guess it was all wrong? I knew that Nero was very wicked, and a man who could murder his mother might do anything. Unluckily, Professor Jackson called on me to translate that very passage. I had not seen the Latin before and I began glibly on the version as I had heard it. Pretty soon I observed that the Latin and English words did not correspond, and then I observed a curious look of bewilderment on the good old professor's face. "Really" he said, "I don't just see how you get that translation; and it is a pity to paint Nero any blacker than he was." The men all laughed hilariously. They even pretended it was a joke on me, but I am convinced to this day that every one of them, including the original translator, would have made the same blunder. Eh bien, nous allons changer tout cela! There will be no cakes and ale in the grand new home, only groups of earnest students preparing diligently for the tasks of life. Of course, it is all for the best, but I dare say many an alumnus of the old University will hate to see the transformation, for it somehow leaves him without a home, and
we did manage after all to do some work in the gloomy building. I can recollect the time when only five men had gone East to study in the big graduate schools, and every one of them had a fellowship; there is a record for the youngsters to beat!

But I ought to be delivering my message, and I really have something to say. My business is to sit in the office of a newspaper which gives more space to literature than most and to pass judgment on the stream of new books that flows through. Owing to the somewhat caustic reputation of the paper a cynical friend has dubbed my room the book-shambles. A few of the books I read myself; most of them go out for review to expert scholars. In one way or another it is my duty to keep in touch with what our authors are turning out, and I am every day impressed more deeply by one fact—the deplorable, the ruinous lack of training that most of these writers show. There is no dearth of talent in the country; enough ingenuity is expended in the yearly production of novels to create a literature; the work of some of the men writing today, particularly some of the western men, is reasonably clever; but almost without exception the books are marred by inability to write English with any richness of tradition, by faults of taste that spring from ignorance, by crude composition that is the result of insufficient reading. They lack, above all things, that background and staying power which come when a writer’s culture has deep roots in the past. A little education in taste would make most of the present historical novels impossible. Nor is this superficiality, however clever, often painfully clever, it may be, confined to our literature; it is the mark of society as well. A college degree does not always prevent it, for men too often leave college with all sorts of ignorances jumbled together and no kind of intellectual foundation. I once taught Sanskrit in an Eastern college, where one of my pupils, a sophomore, was taking Romance Philology (he had read practically no French), Teutonic Philology (he had read little German), Sanskrit (he knew almost nothing of Greek and Latin), and Geology. He went crazy for awhile. There will come no change to us intellectually until we discover again that the basis of our culture lies in Greek and Latin, and until these subjects are taught, not by isolated pedants, but by men who are trained in the literature and philosophy of Europe and are able to uphold Greek and Latin deliberately and adequately as the source of Western civilization. Then we may acquire
that solidity of judgment, that intellectual ripeness, that sureness of
taste which the parvenu in letters can never possess. The present
without the past is but the surface of things. I could wish, above all
things, that Washington University might be among the first to recognize
and champion this truth.

And this is my greeting on the auspicious day when "THE HATCHET"
goes out to students and faculty in their splendid new home. We, who
have wandered far away, are proud that Washington University has in
the past done small things well; we expect to see her do large things
even better. In this sentiment, at least. I may speak for all the Alumni,
however much some of them may disagree with me in regard to the
classics.

Tree-Planting Day.

Washington University, April 22nd, 1905.

(The first two stanzas are from Henry Abbey's poems.)

"What do we plant when we plant the tree?
When plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,—
The keel and keelson, the beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree."

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant our Love and our Loyalty;
We plant our Devotion, Our Memories dear,
That grow still more precious with each rolling year.
We plant our Glad Hopes that flourish so free;
We plant them all when we plant the tree.

For what do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant for the Students the future shall see;
We plant for the Crown that our Campus will wear;
We plant for her Robe of Foliage fair;
We plant for the Glory that is to be;
We Plant for all these when we plant the tree.

—Calvin Milton Woodward.
It was in a little square, box-like, yellow pine den in the corner room of the building on the corner of 27th and Locust streets when that was the home of the "Undergrads," and the Chancellor was mad. No, he was not mad, he was just sore, for he had attended a business meeting the night before and his head ached and his mouth was dry and his eyes were big and red and they burned. Then, too, it was a dark, smoky, damp, foggy morning, and the smoke got in his throat and in his eyes and the dampness and the fog got all through him. Decidedly, he was under the weather.

The particular crime for which Marney was called before him on this particularly unfavorable morning doesn't matter in the least, except that it wasn't very awful and Marney thought that he had been a victim of circumstances.

The Chancellor, as I said, was sore and his brows contracted so that his eyes hid back of them and looked like big, deep holes as he read Marney his lecture. Marney saw storm clouds gathering and he dreaded the outcome. Clearly, it was up to him.

"Chancellor," said Marney, and he cocked his head on one side in a way he had, for he was Irish, and, some thought, had had a "lick o' Blarney." "Chancellor, can you spare me a minute or two? I want to tell you my side of this."

Now, what the Chancellor wanted most, at this minute, was to be left alone, to be grumpy and enjoy his headache, but somehow or other he let Marney talk and this was the tale he heard:

"Last night I went to a fraternity meeting and I was sitting by the fire with the crowd smoking my pipe and listening. We were having a "yarn-feast." Now in case you don't know, a "yarn-feast" is a storytelling contest, in which every man puts a nickel in the hat and tells a story. The man telling the best story gets all the nickels for carfare and sandwiches. There had been fish stories, bear stories, school yarns and tales of all sorts — good, bad and indifferent — when the door opened and in walked Jack Martin with a pipe in his mouth and his coat collar turned up. When he saw what was up he turned to get out, but we
stopped him and made him stay to tell his story.

Now, Jack is a Purdue man and a jolly good fellow, so he took off his coat and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, stood with his back to the fire and began this way, spitting in the fire first to collect his thoughts:

"You have all heard me speak of my Uncle, the one I was named after. He was a Purdue man before me, and as good as they come, regular brick. Well, he lived in Indianapolis, and rode a wheel to reduce his flesh, not that it did, but he had faith, lots of it. Uncle Jack was quite a sport in his way and he owned a pair of the finest Jordan setters you ever laid eyes on. He thought more of those two dogs than many a man does of his children, and nothing was too good for them. Well, one evening Doctor—the other one's name was Nonie, named after an old sweetheart of his, I think—anyway, Doctor got sick. Now, Uncle Jack is something of a dog doctor himself, but this case was away beyond him. He felt the dog all over, looked at his tongue, talked to him awhile, but there was nothing doing, he was up a stump.

"Now, Uncle Jack had a lot of sporting blood among his acquaintances and one of them was a veterinary surgeon named Howe, who lived on the other side of the town. He knew if he could get Howe that 'Doc' would be fixed up as soon as horseshell could get Howe across the town, so he hopped on his wheel and started up the Avenue like a greased streak.

"Well, he hadn't gone far when he heard another wheel close behind him and, looking around, saw a bicycle 'cop' motioning him to stop. It was clear case of exceeding the speed limit and Uncle Jack had
to walk with the officer to the station. They stood him up before the high black desk with the shaded gas jet on each side, and the judge said to him, 'what have you to say fer yourself?'

"Well," said Uncle Jack, 'I was going for a doctor for my dog and I was in a hurry.' Then he told him about the dog and what a fine dog it was and how much he thought of it. But the judge wasn't that kind of a sport. The dogs, he knew, had heavy, square jaws and clipped ears and tails, and his brows began to wrinkle as my Uncle talked. Uncle Jack saw he was losing ground and then it was that he got at his idea, so he said:

"This reminds me, judge, of a story of my college days. When I was a boy at school there were five of us one evening sitting in a room with lights out and planning some devilment when, 'Cr-e-e-e-e-ek!' goes the door, and there stands the janitor. One of the boys was a big burly chap and he was sitting next to the door and, before we knew what was going on, he grabbed the janitor by the coat and threw him into the room, locking the door after him.

"Then for five minutes we argued as to what we would do with the janitor. He was a talkative fellow and so pretty soon he said, 'Look-a-here, youse fellers, it aint my fault I butted in. I was jes bringin' some clean towels and, the light bein' out, I come in widout knockin' It reminds me of a thing that happened to a couple of fellers, if yes have time to listen,

"'Sure! go ahead,' we all said at once. So the janitor began to spin this yarn:

"'It was when I was janitor at St. James College,' he pronounced it 'Snjames,' I lived in a room about as big as yer hat, in the back end of the dormitories, and all the rooms near me wuz full of medical stchu-dents. They wuz always cuttin' up dogs en cats en bleachin' bones on"
the window ledges, but I got so I could sleep nights an didn't mind 'em any more. Well, it got along towards the end of the spring term and a full moon wuz shinin' in the court outside the window, when, along towards midnight, I wuz woke up by the most piercin' yells as ever lit on me poor ears befor or since. I wuz out of me bed in a minit and, throwin' up me window, I seen a yeller cat a hangin' about six feet away doin' a kind of a Scotch Hornpipe and letting out the worst noises yez ever heard.

"'Up in the window above wuz two of thim medical stchudents wid a fishin' pole, and the cat wuz hangin' on the line.

"'Git back to bed, yes divils,' I yells. 'What do yez mean by teachin' cats to fly this time of the night, en keepin' honest men from sleepin'? Bill Doyle! en you, Monty Howard! I'll report yez in the mornin'."' Wid that they dropped the pole en shut the window, en the cat wiggin' loose went howlin' acrow the campus, wakin' up the whole school as she went. I wuz gittin' back into bed an listenin' to that cat a-yellin' en the windows openin' en shuttin' all over the buildin' when I heard a knockin' at me dure. There wuz them two stchudents, knockin' and askin' to be let in.

'Gwan to bed, yez'll need the sleep,' says I, 'I'll repoort yez in the mornin', and I went on climin' into bed.

"Gwan now, let us in till we talk to yez,' says they.

"Not now," says I, 'I wont talk out of business hours,' says I.

"But they kept knockin' till I let them in, and then wan of them begins like this: 'Look-a-here, John' (me name is John), 'we'll ketch the divil, if yez repoort us in the mornin' and we'll ketch the divil if yez don't so yez might as well kape still and save yerself the thruble. It's like this, we've got to git a cat to cut up In the mornin.' We tried all over town to git wan but nobody would give us wan nor sell us wan an we couldn't borry, beg or steal wan nowhere, so to-night we got an idear an Monty, here, gits a piece of meat an we go fishin' or cattin', if you like the wurd bether, fer wan. If yez hadn't butted in an scairt the wits out of us wid yer yellin' we'd of had wan in two minits be the clock in the tower. But now we got to go to the lecture widout it an we'll bote git canned.'"

"Now,' says I, 'look-a-here, why didn't yez come to me wid yer thrubles instid of torturin' a poor creatur, like that? Youse is like the poor cat. She wanted somethin' to eat an she sees that meat layin' there
so temptin' and she grabs it. She wuz doin', the best she knew, but as the professors would say, she wuz a victim of circumstances, and so wuz youse. Youse needed a cat and youse tought youse saw a way to git wan. It wuz only hard luck that I spoiled yer game. Now, I'll tell yez what I'll do, I got an old cat in the cellar. She's sick en old, and yez can have her if yez'll put her to sleep easy." They took the old beast an thanked me and went back to their rooms, an we wuz all bether friends after that. Now, that's me own case exactly. I come in here wid me towels tonight thinking I wuz doin' yez a favor an yez trow me on me neck an hold a council iv war over me. Boys' I'm a victim of circum-
stances an I hope youse'll let me go me rounds and give the other fel-
loows some towels before mornin'."

"By this time the five boys were all laughing and Larry, the big one who had thrown John in, got up and unlocked the door. 'It's all right, old boy,' said he, 'you were doing the best you knew just as the medical students and the cat were. You just dropped in at the wrong time. That's a pretty good tale anyway, but next time knock at the door. Good night.' And the janitor went on down the hall.

"'Now, Judge,' said my uncle, 'I think my case is a lot like that of the janitor, the medical students, and the cat. I was doing my best to get a doctor for my dog and I was in a hurry and forgot all about speed limits and police and everything else, and now if you will let me, I think I can still get that doctor in time to save the dog.'

"'By this time the judge was all smiles and he said, 'That was a pretty good tale anyway, so I guess we'll call it quits. If you go up the side streets you wont be so likely to meet bicycle police. I'm sorry I've kept you so long.'

"'Good day, sir, I thank you,' said my Uncle, and he hurried off after the doctor and they got home in time too, for when they got there the dog was up and as fine and chipper as ever.

"'Well, I'll be shot,' said my Uncle, and the doctor being a man of few words, said nothing but smiled.

"'Now, fellows, I think my case is about like my Uncle's and the janitor's and the students' and the cat's. Here I come as innocent as you you please to spend a quiet evening with you and you cry for a story. Now, to tell you the truth, I don't know a story to tell you and, consider-
ing the fact that I got into this unconsciously, I think you ought to let me off.'

"You get the pot," said one of the boys, and they handed it over to him without a question.

"And now, Chancellor, don't you think that, like Jack, and his Uncle, and the janitor, the two students and the cat, I have been a victim of circumstances?" and the Chancellor, whose headache had long since left and who had been smiling for five minutes, joined in the laugh and told Marney that anybody who could cure headaches like that, was wasting time in going to college instead of selling electric belts and corn salve and getting rich.
The Story of Percy Wigley

STRAW HAIR adorned Percy's forehead. In addition he had pink nostrils, robin's egg blue eyes and a chest like a jay bird. His folks believed in the exclusive system, and Percy's younger days were spent in his own back yard, playing jacks, "ring around the rosy" and "house" with three spindley little girls, who had been invited over to spend the day by Percy's mother. Refinement was the idea. He should not play with the rough town boys, who spent most of their time killing sparrows and hopping cars, but he should play with nice little girls, who would polish off the roughness in his manly nature and make him gentle. The plan was successful. In fact, Percy was becoming so gentle that he would stand without hitching. He was always found where his mother placed him last. He could embroider and do the herring bone stitch in a manner that made the three polishers sick with jealousy. The only interruptions in his quiet life were when a dozen grimy heads would appear above the back fence, yelling "mama's baby boy," "sissy," "I don't want to play in your yard," and in similar vulgar phrases express their disapproval, bringing up the chorus with a shower of rotten tomatoes and hen fruit out of season. It was very disagreeable—that is, the baths which necessarily followed these excursions into the paleface country, and Percy's mother thanked the Lord that Percy was not as one of these.
As he became older it became necessary that he should be polished further. His parents entered him in a private Academy, which was known as a polishing school. Now, it takes money to get polished. This particular plant evolved a four years' process, or four polishes at $500.00 per polish. Percy's father was a business man, who was so busy making money, that he didn't have time to think of rearing children, and the only time he thought of it was when the general manager of the polishing plant came in with a serpentine glide, a bill for $500.00, and a stiff jolly about the remarkable brilliancy of Percy. And Percy was no "also ran" when it came to brilliancy. At the end of four years, brilliancy scintillated off his eyebrows with a radio activity of forty scints per instant, and he wore glasses and the real Boston visage. That was all right—there, because there were other polishees who thought he had the world set down about right, but one sad day, he came down to Washington to get the last hand rub that would show up all the colors and make him a gem indeed. He got the hand rubbing all right, but the principal color that showed up was a discouraging yellow.

There was a real rough man in mathematics who didn't know the first thing about polishing, and the man who taught German ate freshmen alive. The man in mathematics was a foreigner of some kind, the boys said a Russian, but Percy knew that he came from the plains of Absynnia. He struck a rich yellow the first day out. Percy said he
wasn't used to being talked to in such a gruff manner and then the non-
polisher remarked that he had better go back to the preparatory school
and learn something and further remarked that he was from Missouri
and that Percy would have to show him. Percy wrote down in his
diary that he had discovered a new race of men, who were different from
other men in that they wished everybody bad luck, persecuted them and
had ice water for blood. They never asked you if you felt strong
enough to take up another course this term as they did in the polishing
factory, but they laid down a course that took some skull dragging to get
it to the top of the hill before the end of the term, and then, said Percy,
they stepped on your face as you were coming over the ridge, just to try
your endurance.

Percy found, to his horror, that the dreadful tribe, who were wont
to invade the sanctity of his back yard, had grown up and were on hand
to enjoy to the uttermost the renovating remarks of the professors.
This tribe was distressingly numerous. In the first week they turned
Percy over the buck in the gym no less than nine times, and made him
acquainted with the soft side of a barrel stave. Three times was he
struck by a water bag from the third story window of the dormitory, as
he was going out to call on a young lady friend. The paddling continued
at regular intervals and, at times, when Percy thought that he was un-
conscious, he would receive another welt with a stuffed club, which
would make him realize that he was very much alive.

Percy began to wonder if there was any use in living and would sit
in his room by the hour thinking of the river not very far off and telling
himself how sorry they all would be when they would read in big, black
headlines "Drowned to Death. How a brave young man preferred
death to humiliation."

This was the beginning of the reform and was what the bunch had
been looking for. It took exactly three months and six days to
straighten Percy out, but they did such a good job that they bent him
the other way. He told the crowd at a banquet that, thanks to them, he
didn't, at the present time, have any more polish than a head of cabbage
(which they all agreed was a very appropriate comparison) and that he
had cut the apron strings, and from now on he would show them that
he was one of the boys. He did, and some of his stunts are talked about
yet. He got so he liked to hear the bang of the carriage door. Midnight
suppers and dollar cigars were as common as knocking at a pink tea. He would have a few friends up to his room for a quiet little game, with some refreshments, of course, which generally ended with Percy a few hundred out and a fierce desire to play all night, but they contented themselves with an excursion to the back quad, where they chased the night watchman up a telegraph pole, sang songs about “Break the News to Mother,” threw rocks at the statuary on the library building, and played quoits with the silverware which Percy had borrowed from the University kitchen. He was hauled up three times by the Chancellor, but managed to slip around it some way. His favorite occupation was sitting on the car tracks at Clayton at 2:00 A.M, singing “Boys will be Boys,” with a load on that three men should be carrying.

This lasted three months, but at the beginning of April, Percy straightened out and became one of our best men, and has maintained ever since, that a University is the best place in the world for a young man to find himself.
Rivals

We were rivals keen in everything,
    We studied out our eyes,
And on the track we cut the wind,
    To land the highest prize.
On the gridiron too we tackled hard,
    But the very deuce was played,
When we fell in love one summer's day,
    With the same sweet maid.

But now the case is changed somewhat,
    We wander arm in arm,
I lie awake at night sometimes,
    To keep dear Tom from harm.
He lets me pass him at the tape,
    I waive the highest grade,
We were both turned down one winter night,
    By the same sweet maid.
The Junior Prom

Y little Nell was a dazzling belle,
When dressed for the Junior Prom.
The rose in her hair looked awfully swell,
I was sorely tempted to steal a—well
I fell
PELL
MELL
In love with Nell,
With Nell at the Junior Prom.

Her eyes with me just played the deuce,
The deuce with the Junior Prom!
And there were a hundred cupids loose,
A hundred cupids to one goose,
When I fell
PELL
MELL
In love with Nell,
With Nell at the Junior Prom.

Twas nineteen five A. D. I fell,
That night at the Junior Prom.
But I hope that no one ever will tell
That A. D. means "after dark" (with Nell)
Since I fell
PELL
MELL
In love with Nell,
With Nell at the Junior Prom.
THE CHANCELLOR carefully pulled his tippet over his ears and shut down his roller top desk with a bang. He looked longingly at his box of Havanas, but stolidly passed them by. "Wagner is right," he murmured softly, "the Simple Life is the thing. Pittsburg stogies for me henceforth." Stepping out into the hall, he ran into Jake, busily engaged in boosting half a ton of ice into the cooler. "Why, your excellency," cried Jake, "where on earth are you going at this time of day? It is barely six o'clock. The sun isn't up yet?"

"Well, the sun hasn't got my job," replied the Chancellor. "I'm just going out for a short stroll. I will return at eight o'clock in plenty of time to read the paper, look over the mail, lead the chapel choir and hear a class in Hebrew. I wish to see if the Deans have caught the spirit of "The Simple Life." And, by the way, perhaps you had better have some shredded wheat ready by my return."

So saying, he went forth into the wild, chilly breeze of the January morning. Having carefully unlocked the gates, he came back and entered the office of Dean Snow. The Dean looked up with annoyance at the interruption.

"I'm so sorry you came," he said, "I've got so much work to do I have n't got a minute to spare."

A dim candle sputtering on the window sill was all the light there was in the room. The Chancellor observed by it, however, that Prof. Snow was seated on the floor in his overcoat and pajamas, surrounded by lobsters and crabs of every description, in glass jars and spread out carefully on the floor.

"That is good, Marshall," he said, "but where is the gas, and why this wretched candle lamp?"

"I have had the gas meter removed to save the University twenty-five dollars a month. Please don't disturb me." And with this he seized another crab by the pinchers and got out his microscope.
"But what are you doing with all these bugs," insisted Dr. Chaplin.

"Well," replied the Dean, "you see, the Zoology Department has just received a new consignment and I consider it is my duty to see that it is perfectly correct. Already I have discovered a number of most gross and outrageous frauds. For instance, that lobster on the chair has only one pincher, and his sixth right foot is totally gone. Three of the crabs have no feelers whatever, and they have deliberately stolen the tail of this little crayfish. This cannot be endured, for the college must have the best equipment and not such paltry second-class specimens." As Prof. Snow turned again to his work, the Chancellor swelled with pride over his spirited and able co-worker.

"Do you know where Dean Woodward is?" he asked in leaving. "I came down on the car with him at half past four and he said he would be out in the yard," came the response from among the cans.

Out in the blizzard in the yard, Dean Woodward was observed clad only in a light running suit and poising a large pole in his hands. By his side stood a tall, shivering student, whom the Chancellor soon recognized as Williams.

"For Heaven's sake," gasped the Chancellor, rushing up, "You'll catch your death of cold."

"Nothing of the kind," Calvin M. responded, waving his hand and stepping back a few paces to get a good start. "We must beat Missouri in track this year, without fail, so I'm giving Williams here a few touches on the pole vault. Williams is a good man but he hasn't got quite the proper form. Now, watch this."

Then Prof. Woodward got off with a spring and cleared twelve feet with ease. "Now, you try it, Williams," he said, coming back with cheeks glowing. "And be sure to turn just at the top."

Seeing the Dean of Engineering so well and diligently employed, the Chancellor slipped into the Dental building. The sound of heavy pounding greeted his ears. He wondered at first and didn't know what to make of it, but realizing it came from above, he quickly made his way to the fifth floor. There he saw Dean Kennerly down on his knees adjusting a newly planed door on its hinges.

"Good morning, your excellency," cried the Dean. "This is the work of some of your rounders over in the Freshman class. We had to put in a new door, and to be sure it was done right, I did it myself."
"I am certainly gratified to see such self sacrifice," said the Chancellor, his heart beating with joy with his observations thus far.

"Oh, it's not self sacrifice," said Dean Kennerly, blandly, hitting his thumb with a hammer. "The Freshies will pay all right. I've already sent in a bill for $150.00 for a six dollar door and thirty cents worth of whitewash destroyed. You think they'll pay up all right don't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dr. Chaplin, smiling and turning to go, "they will see that you get it"—adding, when the door closed—"in the neck."

At the Art School he was told that Director Ives was up in the Life class. So he journeyed up the stairs and found the Director dressed in a garb of black mourning, and a little polk bonnet on his head. Around him were ten or a dozen pupils busily at work on the canvas.

"Why this masquerade," said the Chancellor angrily, "when you should be at work?"

"You see," replied Mr. Ives, "the washwoman that was to pose this morning didn't show up, so I had to fill the bill as best I could. But here, I mustn't talk or move a muscle. I'll lunch with you at the Delicatessen at noon. By the way, would you mind brushing a fly off my nose."

"Yes," thought Dr. Chaplin, as he wended his way across the street, "I am certainly fortunate in the co-operation of such practical and energetic minds."

At the door of the Medical Department across the street he was told that he could not see Dr. Luedeking, and had to disclose his identity before he could be admitted. He found the Dean in the chemical laboratory perched on a large stepladder and trying to drink out of two bottles at a time. He was shocked beyond expression, for the Doctor's face told its own story. He was in the last stages of an awful "spree." The lines around his face were purple, and his stomach was badly swollen.

"To think that I should live to see this!" gasped the Chancellor, looking around for a good place to faint. Dr. Luedeking barely turned around.

"Yes, Winfield," he said, "I am very sorry too that you should see such sad things. These new medicines we have gotten in aren't the proper thing at all. Take this laudanum, for instance. I've had half a bottle and it should have killed me already. It makes me so angry to
think people would do such things." Here he reached for the strychnine.

"Hold, hold, hold," gasped the Chancellor.

"You'd make a fair football rooter yourself," laughed the Dean.

"I teach my classes that there is nothing in medicine like personal in-
vestigation, and I believe it. Hearsay is no evidence. Sir, I mean to see
that every bottle of medicine is of the proper strength and all hinkey
dink, or I'll resign."

Giving him a resounding clap on the back, and with a whoop, the
Chancellor again faced the blizzard holding forth in Locust street.
Gloom filled his heart, however, when he noticed the Law School all
shut up and even the shutters not yet opened. Could it be that Dean
Curtis, of all men, would be the one to lie abed when all his brothers
were at work so tremendously? Sadly he walked down the street,
looked at the Crawford show bills a while and returned. He could not
get his great disappointment out of his mind. No one was to be seen.
Dejectedly turning to go, he was arrested (no freshies, it was not by
a——) by someone whistling merrily "I was only teasing you." Turn-
ing around, he beheld the glad face of Dean Curtis, and a fat, stubby
youth whom he was leading by the hand.

"Good morning, your excellency," he sang out, "won't you come in
and toast your toes awhile?"

The Chancellor only looked at him reproachfully. "Why have you
not been at your post of duty this morning?" was all he said.

"Well, you see Doctor," hastily explained the Dean, "coming down on
the four o'clock car this morning I overheard two men talking of a fellow
who was thinking of taking a law course, somewhere, sometime. Gradu-
ally I gathered that the town was Belleville, Illinois, and at last I got the
name and address. So I went right over and got him to sign up and he
starts in this morning. Let me present Mr. August Adolph Sizzle-
Wiener."

"You may put it down in your little book, Jake," said the Chancellor,
in his office at last, enjoying his malted milk, "that the University has a
great future before it."
Psychology One

When Lillian swept down the stairs
In her latest French creation,
She made my heart jump with a start
Of Cognitive Sensation.

That her soft cheeks were flushing red
Escaped not my Perception.
The dainty Miss made thoughts of bliss
Rush into my Conception.

All ordinary topics were
Fast shunted to the shelf,
I entered in with eager vim
To discussion of the Self.

My Stream of Consciousness ran fast,
I swore her lips divine,
And as the night sped in its flight,
We lost our Sense of Time.

So when the incandescents switched
I stole what I'll not mention,
Alas! the light dispelled her fright!
The lass was all Attention.

For, flushed with anger, thus she spoke
With fine Discrimination.
"I'll have to move, as I don't approve,
Of such close Association."
We fell to Reasoning at that
O'er festival Welsh Rabbit,
"Now mind, no fault with one I find,
But don't make it a Habit."

I told her I could not agree,
And hadn't any Notion.
Lo, I told her there beneath the stair,
The tale of my Emotion.

The question sweet I asked at length
My Memory e'er 'twill fill,
For in accents Psychological,
The answer was, "I will."