

LITERARY.

THE FACULTY MEETS.

(With profuse apologies to the honorable members of the faculty.)

J. R. T.

David Frankfurt Bouston rose. He was calm, very calm. He was a man who always held his head, and lost his heart, for when he smiled his head shone radiantly. "I guess," he said, "that we are all present or accounted for (to use the words of our professor, Smidt,) so now we are prepared to consider this magnanimous problem, this overwhelming—er matter which determines whether this grand old college shall rear its head above all the other universities of the world, or fall to the dust under the crushing heel of humiliation. That problem is"—he paused.

The whole faculty turned pale from fearful anxiety and gasped in horror. "Tell us! O tell us what it is," cried they as the cold perspiration streamed from their brow.

"That problem is," here David pointed his finger, not exactly threateningly, but impressively, "the honor system.

An expression of disgust ran through the audience. There were cries of "Hot air", "Windy", and one member