

"Huh! I think you ought to turn 'em over to the Bryan authorities for theft," said Prof. Spunce.

"But really," interposed Prof. Peewee, "I don't think that the boys are as bad this year as before. On my last analytics examination I positively know of twenty-seven men who did not receive one particle of help."

"How do you know that?" he was asked, for it was very hard to believe such a thing of the Senior and Junior classes.

"Because," answered Prof. Peewee, "twenty-seven blank papers were handed in."

At this moment the eminent Doctor Dabfort Prown arose. As he rose from his seat his importance was felt. Resting his hand heavily upon the back of his chair he began with calmness and deliberation.

"When I hear of all of these funny things being said, I feel that I am called to say something. When I was a boy, —it's only a short sketch so you all may resume your seats" (for several members had made a break for the door). "When I was a boy, ponying was to me a regular nightmare. Did people pity me? Nay, they gave me the horse laugh and said that I was bug house. I admit that I was a little buggy, but I didn't kick and kept driving on with mulish perseverance for I couldn't bridle my desire one bit, so"—

"Move that we adjourn," fairly yelled the member in the corner.

"And I second the motion," said Professor Snagle, who