

brate, in consequence. THE HESPERIAN was, as usual, pretty badly in debt, and it was suggested that an entertainment be held for its benefit. The board of editors consisted of Charles Sumner Allen, Amos Griswold Warner, Conway George McMillan, Will Owen Jones and Samuel Dick Killen. They were given full power in the matter, and went to work with a will. But things did not pan out so well as they expected. Everybody was busy and no one really wanted to assist. It was difficult to get the proper inspiration for such an undertaking. After caucusing nightly and flunking daily for two weeks they evolved a programme that promised to fill the bill, but it could not be prepared in time for Charter Day. Then the societies were asked to give up their meetings on the following Friday evening. They agreed to do so, but the entertainment could not be made ready and it was postponed for still another week. By that time the public were prepared to believe that something extraordinary was to be given, which, indeed, was the case. A German play had been in rehearsal for three weeks and it was an excellent one. Preceding it on the programme was to be a realistic scene from the life of the HESPERIAN, which, if completed as proposed, could not fail to make a sensation. A few minor numbers were to be added and the University orchestra was engaged to furnish the music. Altogether the outlook was bright, and the managers confidently looked forward to glory and ducats as a result of their labors. But they were disappointed. Less than a week before the eventful evening their prospects had successively fallen with dull thuds, leaving them nothing but the German play, and even that sole support gave signs of failing them. But that editorial board was a brainy one. The members looked cheerful and assured the public that their show was coming on nicely, and that all would be ready on time. Every night they worked like beavers and spent the days in thinking until Warner's manly brow grew wrinkled and Allen's hair began to fall out in bunches. It was too late, however. The brilliant ideas that were wanted did not come, and three days before the date the workers were utterly prostrated by the intelligence that the German play had also lain itself down to die. One brief session of the board was spent in frenzied scheming, but to no purpose. An entertainment could not be given, and the board had to acknowledge their inability to get up a show, or commit suicide individually and collectively. The latter alternative would have been preferred, but a sudden inspiration saved the lives of those promising young men. They turned their entire attention to advertising and lying about the wonderful things that were to be seen in the chapel on the evening of February 25th, 1885. It was announced that it was to be an entertainment for students only and that city people were to distinctly understand that they came at their peril. But they came, of course. Everybody came. The chapel was full of expectant folks who paid fifteen cents and two-for-a-quarter for their tickets. The rest of the tale is soon told. McMillan, who presided at the door, quietly vanished as soon as he had secured the money. Warner and Killen handled chairs noisily behind the scenes and rushed across the stage in ostensible preparation for the first act. During the overture they quietly slid down a rope and vanished. Allen and Jones gravely passed from the orchestra to the shelter of the curtains, after the overture was finished, gave the signal for the remaining musicians to begin "Many are the friends who are waiting to-night," stuck a huge bill on the wall, and followed their brother conspirators out of the window and down the rope, and with them commenced rapidly making tracks with heels toward the University. "Many are the friends who are waiting to-night" was played through three times—some accounts say five—but still the curtain did

not move. There was an ominous silence all around, which soon was replaced by several hundred indignant remarks when a man in the audience went up and pulled back the curtain, revealing the following startling announcement: "Performance postponed on account of sickness and stage-fright. Tickets good hereafter. Watch newspapers and small bills. We told you to stay away; don't you wish you had?"

The Nondescript wasn't there when this portion of the programme was enacted, but he is informed that a sight of the faces that left the chapel immediately after was worth a small fortune. The young men escorted their ladies home and then held a mass meeting to consider ways and means. The condition of the artesian well was discussed, also the distance to the big city well, and then it was agreed that the water was cold enough in the noble Salt. Following this came a yearning to meet the editorial board of THE HESPERIAN, but the gentlemen composing that organization did not like to be disturbed at that hour of the night and had taken precautions to avoid such a calamity. The mass meeting adjourned about midnight, at which hour Warner was patting down the mud between here and Roca, Killen was waiting at the foot of the B. & M. yards for a freight train, and the rest of the gang were secreted in various houses throughout the city, quietly sleeping the sleep of the just.

This closes our chapter of Charter Day history. The future historian who finds a yellow copy of this issue of THE HESPERIAN among the faded papers and half-burned books that he digs from the ruins of the University, is hereby informed that he can rely upon all he reads in these columns as being the double-distilled essence of truth.

DEEP AND DARK.

In Poehler's after the contest. Party of lumps of clay discussing decision over half stews. Enter Ham Eddy and lady, taking seats near the door, evidently without attracting the attention of Frank Wheeler, who at once begins one of his characteristic anecdotes. "Ham Eddy must be broke to-night. He rushed up and borrowed a dollar of me just as I was coming out of the chapel. Said he had to have it. Didn't say what he wanted it for but that he just *had* to have it, so I gave it to him." Then in a horrified whisper, "*Gee-ru-sa-lem!* There he is now! How long has he been here?" It was done with the skill and finish of an expert, and caused cold chills to creep all over Mr Eddy, though he struggled to retain his equanimity, and began an animated conversation with his companion about the relative generalship of Grant and Erasmus. The gang soon tired of watching his discomfiture, and adjourned to the sidewalk to plan for a new campaign. An idea was finally evolved, but the difficulty in its execution lay in the fact that it required money. A protracted collection resulted in the accumulation of ten cents. Laden with the wealth, the elongated member of the class of '85 betook himself to the A. D. T. Office where he found an ununiformed boy and carefully drilled him in the star parts of the new tragedy. In a few minutes he returned. The gang ranged themselves around the sidewalk in picturesque groups. The victim was pointed out. The boy marched in. "Mr. Eddy, mother wants that dollar that you owe her for washing, 'cause we haven't any meat in the house for Sunday." Expostulation. Boy firm. Indignation. Young lady meditates fainting. Proprietor called. Boy well trained, and still clamors for the dollar. Bounced gently but firmly, receives his dime, and retires happy. Oysters finished in the midst of a silence and gloom dense enough to put out the electric light. Carriage called and curtain falls on first act. Conclusion of play later.