

The Other Side

"Gorbeau."

(With apologies to Victor Hugo.)

An hour before sunset, on the evening of a day in the beginning of October, 1815, a man traveling afoot entered the little town of D—. He wore a red cloth about his neck, tied in a hard knot. He stopped and looked around. The staff he was carrying slipped out of his hand, and fell to the ground. He looked behind him. He looked first to one side and then to the other. He frowned darkly, picked up his staff from where it had fallen on the ground, and walked on. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind and dripping with sweat. He wore a coarse yellow shirt, fastened at the neck by a small silver anchor. Evidently a mariner or a man connected with the sea. His trousers were of coarse, blue cloth, white on one knee, with holes in the other. He paused a moment to wipe out the dust from his sleeve. A bird on a fence on his right was singing its evening song. He stopped and listened. He drew forth a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his brow. He coughed slightly. The chill breath of a passing breeze caused him to shudder. He said: "It is getting cold." He started as if from a dream, and went on. He was making his way into D— by the same road by which, seven months before, the Emperor Napoleon went from Cannes to Paris. He stopped before a shop.

The street lamp was burning dimly. He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth something. He turned it over in his palm, and gazed at it. He held it out at arms length and it glittered. He looked at the setting sun and then at the street lamp. Then he meditated.

Lamps were all lighted an hour before it was necessary. Five sou worth of oil wasted on each lamp. Five lamps makes twenty-five sou. Enough to keep two people from starving and to furnish them food for two days.

An annual waste of 12,775 sous. The extravagance of the government.

Twelve thousand, seven hundred and seventy-five sous—Four human souls. An abominable state of affairs!

What is necessary?

Light.

Light makes whole.

Light enlightens.

Let us return to that cry. Light! and let us persist in it. Light! Light! Who knows but that these opacities may become transparent. Are not revolutions transfigurations? Proceed, philosophers! Teach, enlighten, kindly, think aloud, speak aloud, shout, cry out, dance up and down, shriek, tear your hair, tear off green branches from the oak trees, make thought a whirlwind.

What is the key to this secret?

Economy.

Aught else?

Sympathy.

The man turned toward the shop. He entered and with his two sou piece he bought a biscuit. He sighed. One-half he broke off and devoured, the other half he put in his pocket.

Forty years ago the solitary pedestrian who ventured into the unknown regions of La Salpeviere and went up along the boulevard as far as the Barriere d'Italie reached certain limits where it might be said Paris disappeared. It was no longer a solitude, for there were people passing; it was not the country, for there were houses and streets; it was not a city, the streets had ruts in them; not a village, the houses were too lofty.

What was it then?

It was an inhabited place where there was nobody.

It was a desert place where there was somebody.

It was a material place that did not exist.

It was a corpse full of life.

It was an animated body devoid of life.

It was a horsemarket.

The man strolled on. His name was Gorbeau. He was somewhat known, and had taken several prizes when a youth at college. Once he was heard to say: "I hope I will not see '93 twice." Men looked serious when he said these words. They were bold words. Some deny that he dared to

say them, but most people assert that he did say them.

He stopped before the gate of a lattice fence surrounding a garden. He inserted a key in the lock and opened the gate. This is where he lived. The house was his own. He worked in the garden in the morning. He owned it, too. The house and garden cost him 500 francs.

He lived alone.

He did his own house work. He cooked his own meals. Sometimes he would pick an apple off one of his trees and hold it up before the eyes of the street gamins.

"Which one of you said your prayers this morning?" he would ask.

The gamins would hang their heads. The man would smile and eat the apple.

He once said: "The French revolution is a mess of scamps." We shall hear of him again.

J. R.

Sing, O Muse, of the baleful wrath  
Of the prof. in polycon,  
Who finds he's wandered into class  
Without any necktie on.

One of the professors in the University is authority for the following anecdote and vouches for it as a part of his own experience. It happened when he was teaching school in a small town some twenty years ago. One day one of the leading members of the board of education made one of his frequent visits, and in response to the professor's earnest solicitations rose to make a few remarks to the children. For a moment he stood in perfect poise and swept the faces of the pupils with his eyes. Having made a careful survey of the room, he smiled blandly and clasped his hands tightly. Meanwhile the pupils sat in suspense, with their hands folded and their eyes riveted on the face of the speaker. Finally the speaker—his spell broken—commenced:

"Children," he said, "I love to look into your beautiful faces." Pausing for a moment in order that they might fully digest his words, he resumed:

"Now, children, what shall I talk about?"

Whether he expected an answer to this question or not, it is difficult to determine, but it is safe to say that the good man was shocked, when a voice from the remotest corner of the room piped up:

"Talk about two minutes and then sit down."

Visitor (at domestic science department).—"Will the head of this department be in this noon?"

Fair Cuisiniere.—"Can't say, Miss B—. She's just gone up town for lunch."

An Indirect Incident Effect. A basket ball team just passed along, looking demoralized and beaten; which signifies that they have just met Nebraska.

First Co-ed—"Tom beat all the rest of his class in the physics test."

Second Co-ed—"That's nothing. Charley beat his professors in the lit exam."



The Cupids think the two have actually fallen in love.

The following colloquium occurred in the class of a professor of mathematics who believes in drilling the facts into the students:

Professor.—"Of what is zero the cosine?"

Student.—"Of ninety degrees."

Professor (greatly gratified).—"That's correct. Now, of what is zero the sine?"

Student.—"Of 'thunderin' cold weather."

Instructor.—"What is the most powerful agent in bringing works of value into public notice?"

Freshman.—"The book agent."

Senior Co-ed.—"What was the most pleasing feature about the debate the other night?"

Junior Co-ed.—"The decision of the judges."

Senior Co-ed.—"I didn't see anything especially pleasing about that."

Junior Co-ed.—"Well, it certainly was pleasing to the Juniors."

Mother Earth certainly displays feminine attributes, in that no one is able to definitely determine her age.

Professor (lecturing)—"One defect in a nation's policy does not contaminate the whole. Suppose, for instance, I had an apple with a rotten spot in it. Would I throw the apple away? No; I would cut the rotten part out and eat it."

Sophomore (Interrupting)—"What would you do with the sound part, professor?"

Why not all be Shakespeares?. Professor (to class in English literature).—This is the way Shakespeare makes a play:



Father.—"I'm afraid Dick isn't getting along very well at the University."

Mother.—"Oh, yes, he is. Why just in his last letter he wrote that the registrar often calls him over to his his office to consult with him."

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