

## Reminiscences of Upper Classmen

### A Conspiracy Hatched and Perpetrated for a Freshman's Benefit

The Senior sedately wiped away the soup that the inexperienced waiter had managed to slop into his face, and turned to the Freshman with an unruffled smile.

"Well, Mr. Emerald," he said graciously, "I suppose you are prepared to make a very military appearance next Monday. I remember how proud I was of my first uniform. I wore it constantly. When I returned home Christmas I wore it on the train, to the unbounded delight of my small boy friends who met me at the depot. I wore it to church on the first occasion. The dance that was given in my honor was favored with the sight of its brilliance.

"One night in midwinter I went down to the B. & M. depot to meet my father, who had delegated himself a committee of one to investigate the shortage in my financial accounts. As usual, I wore my uniform. It was a stormy evening, and the high north wind whirled clouds of snow into one's eyes, so that, together with the growing darkness, I could scarcely complain of what followed.

"My father's train was late, so I amused myself by watching others pull in and out. I was standing thus, I remember, when the Omaha train came in. It was packed to the doors with passengers, and even before it had stopped they began piling off as fast as possible. Suddenly some one grabbed me by the shoulder. 'Say,' he shouted in my ear, 'when does the Denver train leave?' Before I had time to answer someone else had me by the other arm. 'Director, how long do we stop here?'

"I don't remember what I answered, for just then I saw a fat old lady coming on the dead run for me, frantically waving an umbrella in one hand and a grip in the other. 'Oh, director,' she called, 'am I too late for the Grand Island train?'

"It was too much. I turned and fled. My father put up at the Lincoln that night, and when I met him the next morning I did not wear my uniform."

The Senior paused to dispose of the second course which the waiter had just placed before him. For a few minutes no one spoke and the clatter of knives and forks alone broke the stillness. Suddenly, however, the bashful little Junior turned appealingly to the Senior.

"Oh, Mr. Sage," she exclaimed, "I've been wanting to ask you all morning—what are Japan heads?"

"Why, er— What about them?" the Senior replied in perplexed surprise.

"Oh, I don't know," the Junior answered, while she fidgeted uneasily in her chair under the Senior's inquiring look. "I only read the headlines. That's what the paper said— 'Japan heads for Manchuria.' I didn't know what Japan heads were. Don't you know?"

The Senior coughed slightly and then shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't know what they are. Probably some kind of ammunition."

The Sophomore here managed to get in his share of the conversation. The waiter had just set his pie before him, but he only looked at it gloomily for a few minutes, and then pushed it aside with an air of a confirmed dyspeptic. The sight of the Freshman cheerfully disposing of his seemed to rouse the Sophomore's ire, and he cast a malicious look in his direction as he told the following tale:

"I was in the Co-op the other day," he said, "when a Freshie entered. He hung around for a while, but finally got up enough courage to hunt a salesman. 'I want a copy of Thwaite's American Colonies,' he remarked.

"I'm very sorry," the salesman said politely, "We're just out of Thwaite's. But we have some ordered. They'll be here in a few days. May I take your order?"

"No," said the Freshman, "I can't Thwaite."

The Sophomore paused while shocked glances passed from one to another of his hearers. Then he continued in a solemn, sepulchral tone: "Five minutes later, when the Freshman came to, and the doctor had set his leg and pulled his nose into place, and was now hunting for internal complica-

tions, the Freshman called the salesman to him. 'Friend,' he whispered, 'you have my forgiveness for these mangled limbs—may I say as much for your outraged sensibilities? The pun was a fright, and the punishment was deserved.' But he expired before the furious salesman could reach him again."

Here the landlady gave the signal, and with a mad rush the boarders sought the open air. By what bounds doth hate limit the Sophomore?

### The Last Straw.

With a quick jump, the calf slipped away from the farmer who had been leading it, and sprang out into the barnyard. Its master followed.

"Come bossy," he called alluringly, holding out the pail. But bossy had satisfied its hunger and felt no desire to go back into the stuffy barn. So it merely kicked up its heels impudently. Setting down the pail, the farmer advanced cautiously and the calf promptly skipped to the other side of the yard. Then began an exciting chase. A dozen times the man saw victory—and the calf—within his grasp, but as often it eluded him. In his haste, he stumbled to his knees in a mud hole.

"Drat you!" he cried, as he regained his feet. "I'll get you if it takes all day."

Just then a boy came whistling through the barn. In utter unconsciousness of the scene outside, he called innocently.

"Pa, I think the calf's loose."

His father stopped and turned to reply, but no words came. Open-mouthed and speechless he stood, for once in his life struck dumb by a need for which he felt his whole vocabulary inadequate.

### Freedom.

At last Miss Richards rose from her desk and went to the closet for her hat and coat. This was her last day of school; in three days more she would bear another name and the petty, wearisome round of studies would be left behind forever. She turned for a last look at the room where she had worked so long.

The low afternoon sun crept slowly across the prim rows of vacant seats, and glistened in broken rainbows through the goldfish tank in the window. A radiator at the back of the room gave out a faint whisper of escaping steam and the clock ticked steadily on in silence.

Under one desk was a litter of white scraps. Tearing paper was Fred's special weakness; she had not yet broken him of that. On the board was Billy's last example, still uncorrected, and straggling hopelessly down-hill. The chalk and erasers had been carefully collected, each in their own box. Lena had done that, the last thing before she went home. On the top shelf of the bookcase were ranged the specimens which the children had brought from time to time. On the wall above hung the picture they had bought with the proceeds of their last entertainment. Near it, the white plaster was marred by an ugly spot, where an apple, thrown by Jack, had struck the wall. How manfully he had apologized when she talked to him alone. He was very quick tempered; the new teacher would be likely to have trouble with him at first. Who would come in here to take her place among the children she had loved, in the room she had tried so hard to make attractive, the room that had been her real home these last years? There was a hint of tears in Miss Richard's eyes as she softly closed the door.

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