

## The Joke Played on the Glee Club

Wherein a Chemical Compound Furtitively Applied Caused Trouble

"Did I ever tell you fellows of the little joke I played on the Glee club? No? Well, I guess I'll have to tell it now."

The old grad tilted back in his chair and wrinkled his forehead reminiscently. He placed his finger tips together and gazed abstractedly at a crack in the mirror on the sophomore's dresser. Suddenly he turned to the sophomore. "Do you know what cow itch is?" he asked.

The soph tried to look innocent, but the old grad only smiled. "I might as well have asked if you knew your name, I guess," he remarked. "Well, it was this way. The Glee club, of which I was at that time a member, was making a tour of several towns in the southern part of the state. We did our best to amuse ourselves while we were not yelling, and the whole affair started one day while we were viewing the sights in Superior, I think it was. I was carrying a large suitcase about with me at the time, and when we paused to watch the construction of the new school house then building I set the thing down and left it for a few minutes. While I was gone some villian stuffed several bricks into it. I carried those bricks around two days before I had sense enough to investigate for the cause of the extraordinary weight of my case.

"I had some very firm suspicions as to who had been responsible for the outrage and determined to get even as soon as opportunity presented itself. That evening I went down to the drug store and bought some cow-itch. I had considerable difficulty in securing the stuff, but finally managed it by assuring the clerk that I wanted it for veterinary purposes. I immediately sneaked back to the hotel and got Frank's night-shirt—Frank was the dub's name who had left the bricks with me.

"I put a pinch of the stuff on the seam just under the arms of Frank's shirt, and hung it back in the closet. I was asleep when Frank came in that night, but within five minutes after he had turned in the whole building was awake. I've never heard such howling since. Of course I did everything possible to relieve Frank, and asked all sorts of foolish and sympathetic questions. He described the symptoms of his attack the best he could between swear-words and seemed to be in considerable pain.

"The thing left him almost as suddenly as it had begun. Of course he was very relieved over this, but was not a little worried as to the cause of the attack. So were all of us, for that matter. Next evening when the same thing happened again, Frank was the subject of a good deal of serious discussion. The disease, however, was of but short duration and seemed to leave no serious consequences, so the matter of sending him back to Lincoln

was deferred.

"But the thing was too good to confine to Frank. One by one every member of the club—myself included, of course—was seized by the same malady. The situation became decidedly pressing. Something had to be done. We consulted local doctors, but they were absolutely unable to relieve us. They were deeply mystified into the bargain. The papers, too, finally got hold of the matter, and we finally cut the remainder of our dates and started for Lincoln in a hurry.

"There was a fellow named Brown in Lincoln at that time who was an old uni man and a graduate of Rush Medical college, in Chicago. He was very popular with all of us, and we decided that as soon as possible after reaching Lincoln we would visit him in a body and get his opinion on our case. So, as soon as our train got into town I managed to slip away from the rest of the fellows and hunted Brown up for a private interview. I explained the whole situation to him, and he was pretty nearly tickled to death. He promised to keep the joke up as long as possible and I hid in his private office to await the arrival of my friends.

They all came up in about ten minutes. Brown acted very glad to see them and seemed to think they were merely there to tell him about the trip. Finally, however, he turned to one of the fellows. 'Say, Bud,' he remarked, 'what's this I read about you dubs being down with some sort of fever?'

"Well, they all pitched in together and began to give him their symptoms. He acted a good deal puzzled at first, but finally went and got the biggest book he could find and read steadily for about half an hour. Then he turned around again. His face was very serious and he spoke in a tone so grave that I could see the fellows shifting uneasily in their chairs. I was peeking through the glass in the door, you know.

"Then Brown began on them. 'Now, Bud,' he said slowly, 'just about what time does this itching sensation appear?'

"Just after retiring,' Bud answered promptly.

"Um—er— You say it always attacks you just beneath the armpits?'

"Yes."

"A very burning, irritating smart, is it not?' Bud only groaned in reply.

"Well, Doc poked around in his library more and then came back.

"What you fellows have,' he said, 'we medical men call "Mexican itch." It is really nothing serious, so far as life or death is concerned; but the worst thing about it is that it is incurable.'

"Well that was a stunner and some of the fellows pretty nearly fainted. The Doc wasn't done, however.

"While no cure has as yet been found for the disease, means of alleviating its consequences have been discovered. I would prescribe a diet of coffee and eggs for a couple of weeks and a bath three times a day. Underclothes must be changed daily.'

"Well, sir, the fellows filed down stairs without a word. With Brown's aid I managed to keep the symptoms present in every one of them, and we had them bathing regularly three times a day for over a week. It was easy enough to deposit the 'itch' where it could work properly when the Doc went around to the fellows' rooms to investigate their condition.

"The end of the semester finally put an end to the fun. It was a good thing for me that it did it, because I couldn't have kept it up much longer, and I'd have been lynched sure if they had found out the part I played in the business. It was a mean affair, anyhow. I'd advise you fellows to leave cow-itch alone."

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