

A Matter For Physical Research.

(Continued from page 3.)

rented a Faust masquerade costume down at the little second-hand book store on Main street, and got some theatrical red light powder, the kind that burns in a shovel with a crackling noise.

"Then we climbed down the fire escape and sneaked through the Junior's bedroom window. The performance was going on in the next room and we almost got there too late. The place was pitch dark, but we could hear Yonkers repeating a lot of mournful incantations, and every once in a while the rest—we found out that there were three afterwards, salaamed or something in response.

"Finally he says: 'I summon thee to come forth, Elhia!' and Fothergale lit the powder and the show began.

"Yonkers seemed self-possessed to our disappointment, and even had nerve enough to ask me some questions in Latin. That phazed me for a moment, never having taken the stuff—but Fothergale whispered something in my ear and I repeated it, spreading my hands out impressively just as the light went out. I never saw fellows more scared in my life as the other two were then, but Yonkers seems to have taken it the hardest after all. I kind of wish it hadn't happened. But anyone who'd take anything like that seriously is a fool—don't you think so? But it was kind of rough, I admit. Jove!" and he slammed a book back on the shelf and the two walked down the rubber matting.

Needless to say I was just boiling, and didn't know just what to do first. I must tell the president, I decided, and was almost up to the office when I realized that we Juniors might not get of scott free. I'd have to tell Prexy what we were doing at that late hour. So taking all things into consideration I decided to go back to Billy and think awhile, but I had not idea of telling him. But that's just what I did do.

Dr. Angy told me when I went in that he had taken it upon himself to wire Billy's father in Indianapolis. I hadn't thought it as bad as that, but when I looked at Billy I knew that he was worse than he had ever been. He lay so white and lifeless except when he jumped occasionally, pressed his head between his palms and asked as pathetically if something or someone wasn't pulling his hair.

Dr. Angy shook his head solemnly and said the boy was raving in delirium, but I knew he was sane, and as soon as the doctor had left and the nurse had gone down for his dinner I had an evil impulse, perhaps, you may say, and acted upon it. Billy might die from the shock the truth would necessarily give him. I was perfectly aware of that, but I leaned over and stroked the white hand and tried to say it quietly, but it came like a cannon ball—it seemed to me.

"Billy, that stuff's all bosh—you know you didn't really believe in that old books, do you? I can tell you something which will make you laugh at yourself for ever believing such truck."

But he drew his hand away with a sigh, and turned over on his side with his back to me. "I know your intentions are O. K.—but Lanny—you make

me tired." He ended in a whisper.

Nevertheless, I told him the whole story from the Sophomore's point of view and he lay quietly listening until I came to the witching scene itself, when he turned over against me and burst out passionately:

"Oh, Lanny, you're stuffing me!" "I swear by anything you want me to," I answered, solemnly, "that it's all straight goods."

He didn't say anything more, but lay quietly looking into space. I sat breathless on the edge of the bed, fearing I had killed by dearest friend, and when the doctor came in two hours later I was still sitting there; for Billy was fast asleep with his hand closed over mine.

It was the next evening at dusk when Mr. Yonkers arrived. He had been snow-bound for a whole day and night of horrible suspense. He came into the room without knocking and must have stood there a full moment hating to see his boy, when Billy's laugh rang out from the adjoining room. I had just been telling him how Professor Foreman had fallen on the ley lab steps.

We heard his steps and I turned on the light just in time to see Mr. Yonkers standing dumbfounded in the doorway. He didn't stay there long, but went for Billy with outstretched arms.

"Glad you happened in, father," said Billy jovially, though somewhat taken aback by the unaccustomed greeting. "Sorry can't be more hospitable," he went on apologetically, "but I've been playing sick lately. Hi, Lanny! Kindly remove that tray from the chair, so father can sit in it."

That night I wrote another letter to Billy's uncle, which was on my own hook, and full of joyful things.

Circular Letters Being Prepared.

Circular letters are being prepared by Professors G. E. Barber, H. B. Ward, Rosa Bouton, C. R. Richards and T. M. Hodgman, to the interested teachers in their respective summer school courses, setting forth the advantages of these and the need felt by the University or more thorough cooperation on the part of the public school teachers with the University. The Junior Normals, recently established have seduced the teachers of the state from their former dependence upon the University summer school, especially the teachers in the western part of the state, and yet it is undeniable that the University can and should lead the educational forces of the state.

Band May Go Along.

From present indications it seems that satisfactory arrangements can be made whereby the band will be able to accompany the University excursion to St. Louis during the summer session, on June 25th. The idea of making a tour has been practically given up, but a scheme has been devised for keeping the band together. It is hoped that concerts may be given at Lincoln and Wahoo and perhaps at Ashland, and that the proceeds will partially suffice for the expense of keeping the band here.

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