

orifices of my mind with potential and kinetic psychology. Verily men are foolish. Imagine O my dairy! just imagine how tenderly lovable, I felt this p. m. as I read the following questions that were to be speculated about by forty speculators.

"Idealism is true; according to idealism everything is a sensation. The dinner that you have just eaten was a sensation. The pencil you are holding in your hand is only a sensation. You are but a sensation. Prove then, by the concatenation of coexisting circumstances and sequences, that a sensation is a sensation and can never be anything but a sensation until the posterior pendant lobe of the hypophysis breaks loose from all bonds and, contrary to the laws of gravitation, seeks to establish a revolution in the encephelon by occupying a formidable position in the substantia nigra."

This was only a starter. Our poor professor, however, seemed to be exhausted, so he stepped down into his laboratory, and after having drunk the contents of a sixteen-cell battery, returned to the fray. He seemed even then a little unsteady.

"Imagine that you had been picking raspberries last summer, and one of those ornaments of insectivora, called the chigger, had formed an attachment for your back. Imagine further that this little insect had burrowed into your spinal chord until he had reached the central canal and then his aspirations had taken a turn for something higher. Provided that the aforesaid chigger had followed the canals of the spinal chord and nervous system, through what hollows would he have passed before reaching the brain, and state his different degrees of happiness at each stage of this journey. How many times a second would his pulse be beating when he reached the calamus scriptorius? How heavy a burden would be resting upon his conscience when he got directly beneath the tela vasculosa? Give his exact atomic weight when he would emerge from the descending ventricle of the cerebrum, and a bove all, do not get discouraged."

After this question had been sprung, just forty sighs escaped and were rapidly placed on paper, one quire sufficing for the operation. At this stage of the proceedings, we had filled two reams and one quire of paper, with speculations and we desired a

change, so the professor asked us a short question. It was, "What do you understand by a noise?" At this moment we heard a great sound in the hall outside. There was one loud voice and three girl's warbles; then just succeeding these, the penetrating squawk of a curly-headed senior's ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye.

"There's your racket, professor," said the spokesman of the class, as he shifted a piece of rock salt from the right to the left cheek. Nobody laughed, for the professor said, soberly, that that noise had become such a fixture of the institution that the chancellor had ordered three petrefied echoes of it placed in the museum alongside of the Peruvian mummies.

Found a parquet seat ticket on the street to-night and so I went to the show again occupying a much more comfortable seat than usual. It was almost compulsory for me to drown my sorrows in the "Fairy's Well." These shows are great educators, better I fear for me than the University has been. O well, exercise of the diaphragm beats exercise of the brain any day.

Saturday—Done! Done!! Done!!!

Scalding tears gush forth upon this pale white sheet. The sweat of my brow pours out to mingle with the rivulets of my sorrow. I have squandered my father's money. He will make me work. No more shows! No more bums! I will have to work! Woe, woe is me! Would that I had worked more with my head! I feel poetic. I am in that mood in which the ancients wrote the classics. Keep back, ye floods of poesy! Keep back! Stay your onward flow! Press not with such resistless force! Alas, I yield. I must give vent to rhyme. Sweep on O verse, sweep on. Here goes:

Break, break, break

On my tender, young head, O Prof.,  
And I would I had crammed for your little exams,  
For now I'm no longer a Soph.

Oh! Well for the conscienceless boy,  
As he pomed his way through to-day;  
O! Well for the studious lad  
As he helped his best girl o'er the way.

And the F's and the C's coming on,  
Give to good and to bad quite a chill;  
But O how I long for the sight of a P,  
And the knowledge that I'm in it still.

Broke, smashed, failed,

In just one short week O Prof.,  
Will my earnest endeavor in days now to come  
Induce you to leave me a Soph?