

ally with decision. There was no one there. Hold! Did I say no one? That is tradition and I am not responsible for tradition. Something was there, and that was an open window, a piece of scantling and a long knotted rope. The program was seen to have reached "part second" scene I, and the two remaining numbers were at once given.

"Well, gentlemen, what is the pleasure of the meeting?"

Prof. Geo. B. Frankforter rose to his full height on a sugar barrel and uttered these words at the top of his voice. It was on the corner of Eleventh and P streets at ten o'clock p. m. A wholesale grocery store occupied the building where the Lincoln Savings Bank now is.

"Committee—! Get 'em—! Helen! Salt water—! Artesian—! Postoffice! fresh! blanket!" was the reply.

"Gentlemen, will you kind—?"

"Blanket! —fresh—! Postoffice—! Artesian—! Salt water—! Helen! Get 'em—! Committee—!"

Prof. Frankforter got down from the barrel.

Then a few choice spirits that had said less gathered about him, and after some consultation divided into four groups and went away. The group that went after Warner were men of muscle. They had to be. But they found nothing for he had gone to Roca. McMillan had also set out for Roca. Those that went after Mr. Killen met him on the street, but he started for Roca before they could approach close enough. Those that went after Jones arrived at his room in time to see him escaping out of the back window. They arrived at the window in time to hear his body go scraping and sliding down the roof of the wood-shed and drop off on the ground with a thud. They arrived at the gate in time to see him just vanishing below the horizon. Jones arrived in Roca first.

Those were the days when we were amused by a story that came to us from the "heroes of the olden time." Prof. Samuel Aughey had been "professor of science." He was

really a remarkable man. He could teach anything. When the professor of Greek got sick, Prof. Aughey heard his classes. When the professor of mathematics got sick, Prof. Aughey heard his classes. When the professor of history or agriculture or Latin or "modern languages and literature" or military science got sick Prof. Aughey heard his classes. He was one of those finely gifted pioneer scientists of the west who accomplished untold amounts of work, and knew everything, and could do anything. He had the entire scientific side of the University on his shoulders, and it is a wonder that he did not make more blunders than he did. Well it seems that some of these "heroes of the olden time" killed a rat one day, cut off its tail, and planted it, large end down, in a pot of earth. Then they called upon Professor Aughey and seriously inquired:—

"Professor, what is this peculiar plant? We found it out near Salt Creek."

Prof. Aughey glanced at it carelessly and said: "Gentlemen, this is a rare plant for the state. It occurs sparingly in the east in marshy places. It is known as *Steganopodes*, *Phalacrocoracidae*, *Phalacrocorax dilophus*, and I am very glad that I am able to add it to my collection."

This story edified us very much, and in a moment of mental aberration we were led into imitating it. It was the year that we were sophomores, and we were studying entomology. We hunted up a good sized beetle, took off its head, and fastened on the head of a grasshopper. Then we glued a pair of dragon-fly's wings upon its back, and substituted a set of spider's legs. The joinings were artistically made and were absolutely perfect. Then we went with it to Prof. Hicks.

"What sort of a bug is this, professor?"

The professor took it carefully, and looked at it first with his head thrown back, peering over his spectacles and holding it out at arms length. Then he scrutinized it at short range with his head bent down. Then he expect-