

of the Cotnerites and part of the State delegation left the hall. At about six o'clock, however, the business was transacted.

The election for the ensuing year: Mr. Moss, of Wesleyan, president; Mr. Morton, of Doane, vice-president; Mr. Pulis, of U. of N., secretary. Mr. House, of Doane, was recommended to the Inter-state Association as president for next year. Mr. Andress, of Doane, was selected as float delegate, and Mr. Finch, of Cotner, as regular delegate to the Interstate Contest.

Gates College, after considerable discussion, was again taken into the association, so that from this time forth the president will not be so potent.

The affairs of the State Association were shown to be in very bad condition and a tax was resort to. Then, at 6:15, after a four hours' session, the meeting adjourned.

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REDUCED.

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The other morning one of the University professors and a state senator were walking up Eleventh street, towards the University.

A creature passed by them and hurried on—a creature really, of mysterious age, for his pants and coat were of different fit; about his head he wore a large bandana; his feet were shod in moccasins; instead of mittens, he wore a pair of dirty, white gloves.

"Why, who is that odd looking man?" exclaimed the senator.

"I—I don't know, he walks like one of my boys. Come, let's hurry and catch up with him."

A moment later, the professor cried, "Good morning, Mr. Blank." Then involuntarily, "What is the matter, you're—dressed so—queer?"

"Oh, nothing, professor, nothing," and he began to whistle as though unconcerned.

"No, but tell me, really, what is the matter?" urged his teacher.

"Well, Professor Dash, to tell the truth, I'm reduced."

"Reduced! How."

"Stolen, sir, all the rest of my clothes have been stolen, and now I am reduced to these. I really don't know what I'll do if—"

But the professor and the senator were too sympathetic, and the boy too cold to talk any longer. Besides, the second bell was ringing.

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IN DUNKLEN STUNDEN.

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When the frontal convolution of my sad encephalon

Groweth weary with the Vergil I have slowly stacked thereon,

And my conic sections piece themselves together like a dream

All the flanges of the semi-circularis in between.

When my history has hid itself forevermore to stay  
Where the gyrus hippocampus major winds its weary way—

And I've filled each waiting fissure from Rolando to the last

With the "English" of the present and the future and the past,

When I've crammed the subarachnoidean spaces one and all,

Till I cannot tell candatus from calloso-marginal,  
Then I wonder, sad and weary, who in earth or heaven can find

An original idea in my mind.

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Old graduates of Yale will be surprised to learn that the "Lit" prize will not be awarded this year, because not one of the essays, handed in was "worthy of consideration." The *Evening Post* remarks: "That a university with an undergraduate academic department of over 1,100 students, cannot produce a single literary effort worthy of consideration for a prize, indicates either a very low order of intellectuality among the students, or a very general indifference to such honors." The real explanation is probably "indifference," thanks to the athletic craze which makes gods of men of knotted muscles and looks with contempt on intellectual accomplishment.—Ex.