



"Huh, You think you are smart, don't you? For two cents I'd smash your copper plate. But that's a good one on me."

The bell rings, and the class marcher, Large, attempts to call the roll. "Class Ten——shun; answer to your names properly, men, Smith, J."

"He ain't here, but his brother is!"

"Folk H."

Folk, trying to imitate a rooster, gets choked and has to be pounded on the back.

"Hudson, E!"

"He just went up the street in a hack!"

Parnelle starts a song, "O, I WENT DOWN——", and the class join in, much to the distress of Large.

"Cut that out, fellows! Act like civilized beings, even if you are not."

"Say, Otto, I know what you won't eat for dinner!" yells out Neeley.

"What?"

"Breakfast and supper."

"Oh golly, does he call that a joke? Poor Neeley! He is cracked, something is missing in his upper story."

"Solomons G, the floor's dirty; being's you are the class janitor, sweep it out!"

Solomons G sweeps industriously until Polk comes up and attacks him with another broom. A broom fight ensues.

Hogan attempts a song, Oh, I had a little pig, uh, uh, uh" The fight is forgotten and the walks rocked with that stirring song.

"Men, I tell you! I've got to finish calling this roll", exclaims the desperate class marcher.

"Easterling."

Easterling, who, at that moment is busily engaged trying to keep Folk F. from untying his shoe, does not hear him.

"EASTERLING!"

"HERE! here, darn it! cut that out, Faber!"

"Well, don't holler so loud, son."

"I won't, father."

"Ten minutes up, Otto!" says "Jake" Smith.

"There hasn't been but three minutes, "Jake" Smith, and you know it."

A light springing step is heard on the stairway and Sauls announces in an awed voice that it is Captain Carroll.

"Well, don't act as if you are going to die, Sauls!" Gene Brabham exclaimed. "But I am! I haven't cracked a book," answered Sauls.

"Cheer up! the worse is yet to come." Capt. Carroll enters and the class is called to attention. The class marcher reports—"Sir, Smith J., and Hogan, absent!"

"We aren't absent, Capt. Carroll, we're here."

"Well, why didn't you answer so I could hear you?" exclaimed Large.

"Capt, this lesson for today certainly is hard."

"No, no! Doc, on the contrary, I rather think it is easy. I shall call on a few of you, men. I shall start with Mr. Hudson."

"Sir! I didn't have much time to study last night, but I will try."

"Mr. Hudson, what is the moral of this poem?"

"Well, er——let's see! Oh, it is don't get married to but one wife at a time, isn't is, Captain?"

"Good! your hard studying is very encouraging to me. We had that lesson a week ago."

"Mr. Solomons L, what is the moral of this story?"

"I am unprepared Captain, my eyes worried me last night."

"Mr. Berry?"

"The invisibility of the bonds of matrimony."

"Fine! Mr. Berry, but let Mr. Folk H, make it a little clearer."

Hugh had to be aroused out of a beautiful day-dream of his girl, so the question passed on.

"Mr. Hogan, what is the name of our heroine?"

"Evelyn, sir!!!

"You are a little confused, aren't you? It is Elaine."

"Mr. Large, why did Elaine commit suicide?"

"Because she was in love, Captain."

"Indeed! do all people in love commit suicide?"

"No sir! They usually go to the penitentiary for life....Get married! The bell rings and Capt. Carroll leaves the room. The dignified Seniors start arguing among themselves as to who made the highest mark in English that day.