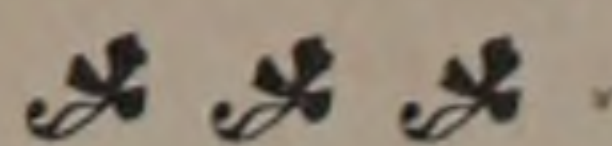
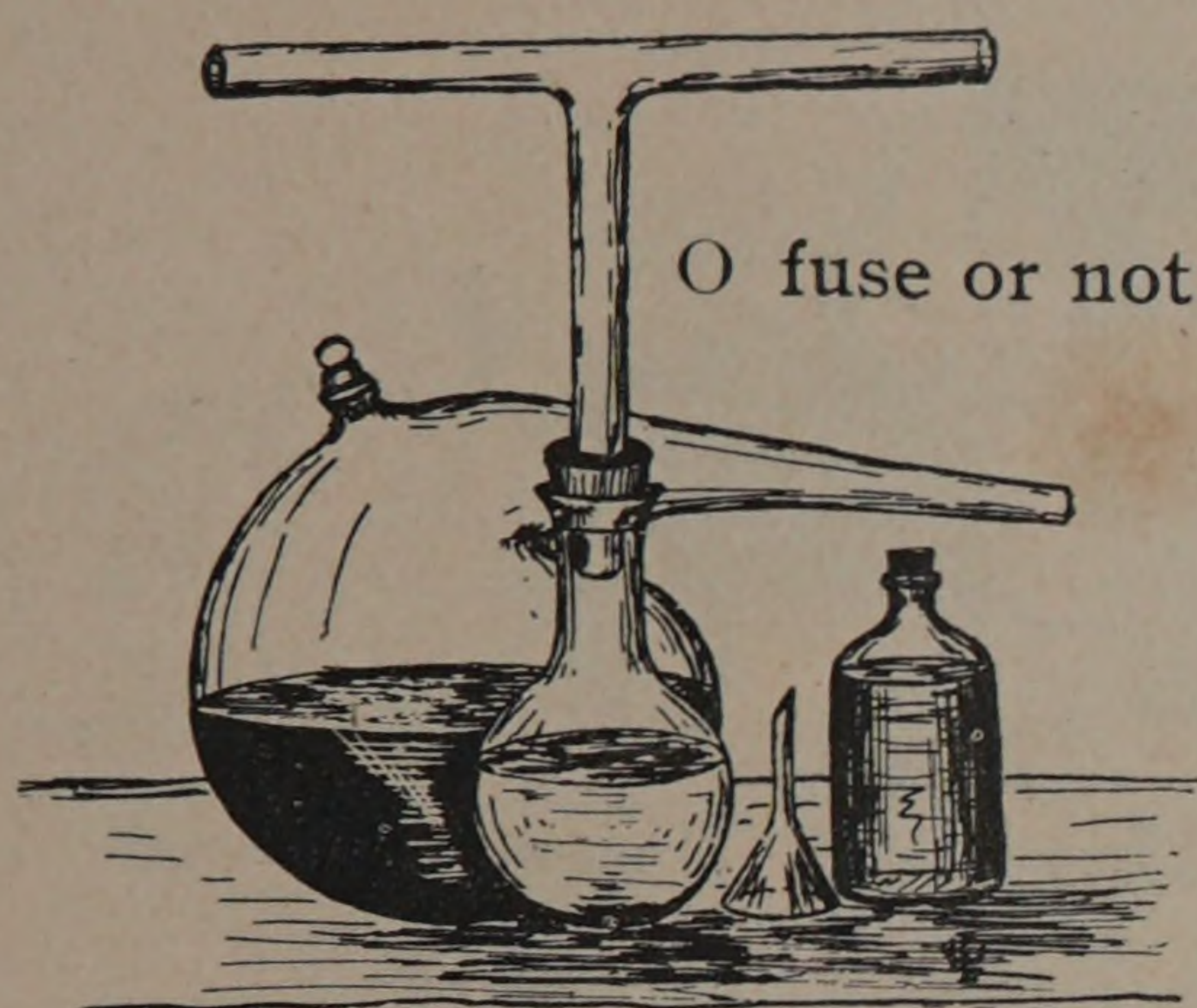


Student's Soliloquy in the Chemical Laboratory



O fuse or not to fuse, that is the question:

Whether 'twill be better in the end to mix this unknown with
 Na_2CO_3 and KNO_3 and fuse,
 Or to throw it in a beaker and, by adding acid, thus get it
 into solution—to dissolve—to test.

No more;—and by these tests to say we break up
 This unknown, and find out all the acids and bases
 That are in it—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To dissolve—to fuse—
 To fuse! Perchance to break the dish. Ah! There's the rub;
 For by that fusing, what increased laboratory fees we may find,
 When we have shuffled out of this chemical lab.,
 Must give us pause. These are the thoughts
 That make tedious so long an afternoon;
 For who would fool with hydrogen generators,
 Solutions which will not precipitate,
 Precipitates which will not dissolve,
 Unsatisfactory tests,
 And the sarcastic smiles that the meek student
 Of the haughty professor takes,
 When he himself might a good time have
 By slipping out of the chemical lab.?
 Who would work for four long hours,
 To grunt and sweat under a cloud of fumes,
 But that the fear of failure at examination time,
 When unanswerable questions will puzzle the brain,
 Makes us rather bear the ills we have
 Than fly to others that we dread more?
 Thus discipline does make slaves of us all;
 And we students who might otherwise try to get through without labor,
 Stand glued to our desks and with test tube in hand
 Vainly look for a satisfactory reaction.

MAMIE T. GREEN.

