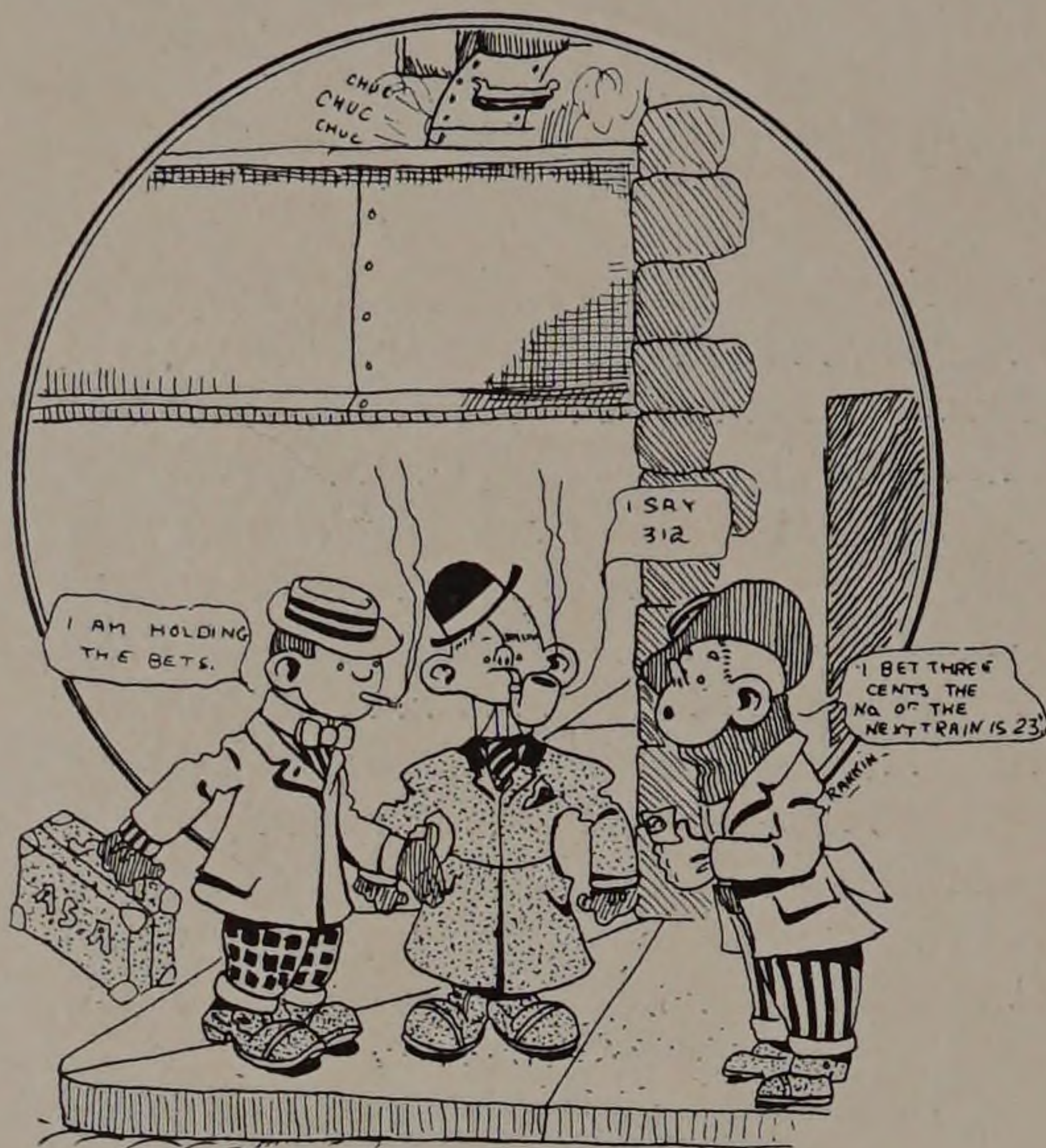


THE INTEGRAL



The Curbstone Gamesters.

"Oi did," says Rooney, "but oi don't belave ut. Sure, there's Tim Doyle sinds his niphe down t'take op th' carse in ut an' they garantays t' graddywate him as a full thrimmed Commical Ingyneer an' shtart him aff wid a job at a good figure. Oi thought Tim had some sinse wanst, but it's me own opinion now thot he ought t' be taken out t' whayre the bist parrut av the popylation is vacant lots and thin coaxed t' dissapear-r over th' hill."

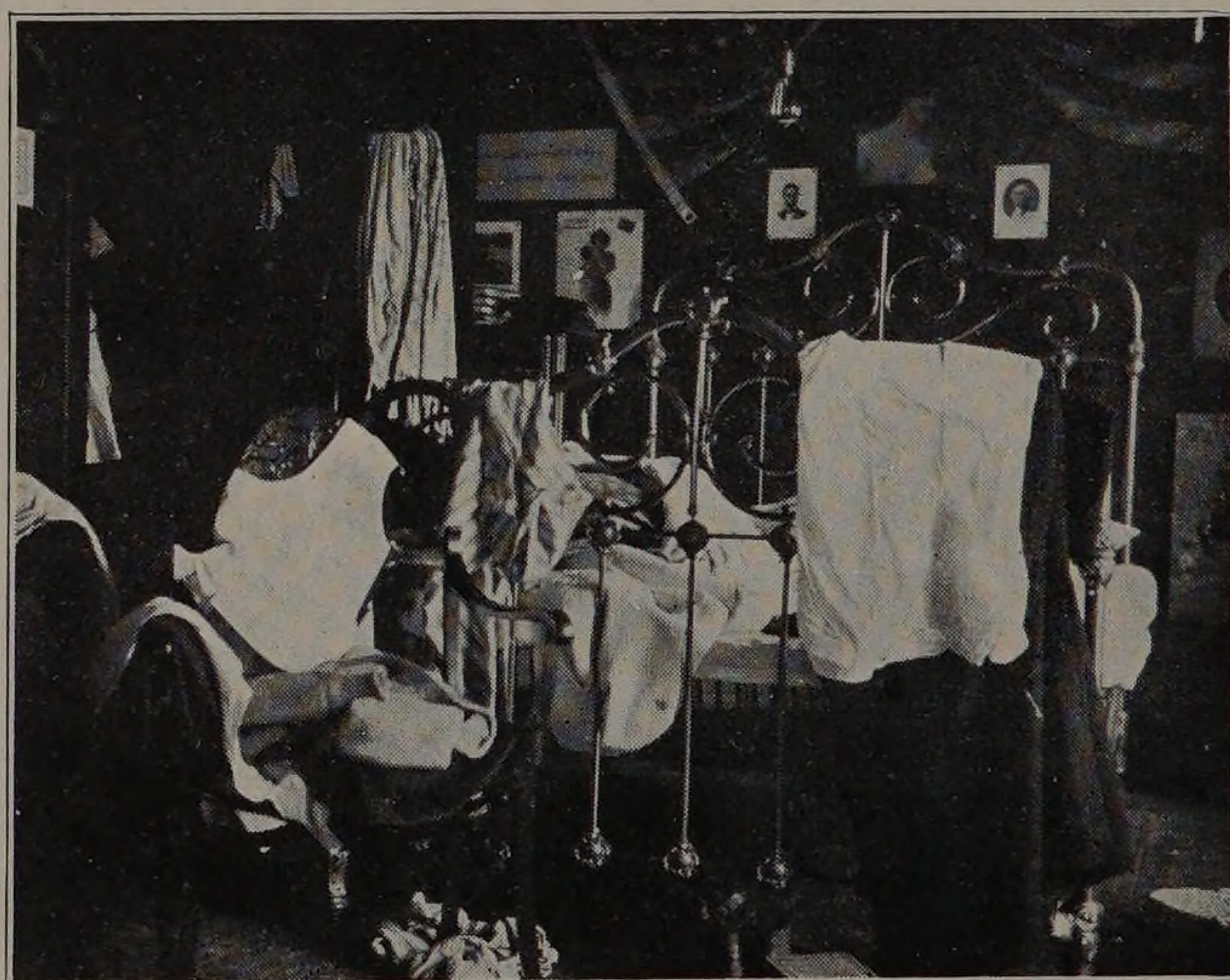
"Sure, oi wint down thayre wid Tim wan day whin th' kid had bin shtudyin' about a year, and we finds him in a room wid fumes as t'ick as a curtin, coffin' and snazin' and spittin' in grate stoile, whoile he was afther trying t' mix up some cracker dust with a cup and shtick he called a morthar and pesticator-r and bilin' some pink sody pop in a bayker. Th' little felly next him had some sorrut av a grane stuff that he was afther holdin' up forninst me and makin' it turn yallar by dhroppin' some little pills in ut. 'Tis a pretty thing fer him oi was a visitor, th' little shpalpeen. Sure, we hadn't been thayre foive minutes before I sees the felly across the table back away an' yell 'look out!' Thin there was a bang and somthin' whisthles by me face and lands on Tim's nose. 'Down with the Boers!' he yells and jumps across th' table, and whin the shmoke clears away I sees him sittin' astride of a little pot-bellied Dutchman and thryin' t' push his nose into the floor. Sure, it tuk three av us t' dhrag him aff. Tim was afther takin' th' kid out av school thot day, but he let him compleate his coorse, and now he's worrukin' fer the Chimickle Worruks washin' bottles an' corrukin' and labelin'. Sure, 'tis not tin thousand a year that oi see in ut from hear-r."

Misdeal

What the youthful mind will not think of it's of no use to say. The Academyites are now instituting a goo-goo eye game with the aid of the engines that pass along the Lake Shore tracks. To play it you get a pocket full of pennies and five or six other fellows. Then everybody guesses the number of the next train. Three fellows read it as the engine flies by, an average reading is obtained, and the proceeds of the ante are given to the nearest guesser.

Mr. Rooney on Chemical Engineering

"Did ye see," says Googan, "thot them Chimickle Inginayrs do be makin' tin thousand dollar-rs a year in New Yorruk?"



"THE COLD GRAY DAWN OF THE MORNING AFTER."