

*This is From a Student Whose Home is in Chicago.*

My kid brother and I sleep together; that is we share a bed at home. Usually, when I get to bed along about 1:V.X. after a long evening of study (?) he has been asleep for several hours. Now, that kid has absolutely the most original ideas about disposing himself in a bed, that were ever conceived. In the first place, he must, that's all there is to it, he simply *must* have a pillow on top of his head or he cannot get to sleep. The fact that, in the morning, the pillow will be anywhere from underneath the bed to up on the chandelier, anywhere except where it belongs, has no bearing on the fact that he must have that pillow on top of his head to get to sleep. Having reached the kingdom of Morpheus, he disclaims all further responsibility for his actions. It is well he does for "assault and battery" is the least of the crimes he commits. Grand larceny, as you know, is the purloining of articles valued over a certain sum. Well, Dean Monin, our eminent authority on economics, will tell you that the value of a half interest in a warm comforter on a cold winter night is well above the petty larceny limit. Need I say more? Or can you picture the physical suffering I pass through during a hard winter?

And that's not all. Not by a jugful. Bear with me but a moment more. Everyone, no, everyone but this Incarnation of Infinite Ability to Annoy, realizes that the normal position of the body in sleeping is parallel to the major axis of the bed. The only time that this I. of I. A. to A. can be found in this position is for an instant while changing from one diagonal position to another. I could go on indefinitely, recounting the eccentricities of this slumbrous fiend incarnate; tell you how he waves his arms in dream speeches or playfully pokes his feet into the small of my back, but I must desist for lack of space.

*At Twenty-One.*

This world is not so bad. It seems  
 That work and nerve make real our dreams;  
 That pleasure far outweighs dull sorrow;  
 That muscles are fit for the work of tomorrow,  
 And troubles avoid those that no trouble borrow.  
 I've just turned twenty-one.  
 Life is a joyous thing. Its ways  
 Are smooth and 'lumined by warm rays;  
 While hearts in tune sing thrilling song;  
 And right e'er triumphs over wrong,  
 For Love speeds my willing feet along,  
 And I've just turned twenty-one.

*Justifiable Homicide.*

Mammes—When will I see you again Shaffer?

Shaffer (very wittily?)—About two o'clock next week.

Mammes (indignantly)—I asked you a civil question.

Shaffer—I'm an electrical; I don't have to answer Civil questions.

(Curtain, soft music.)

Smith—What became of that fellow Lightfinger, who was so popular with the girls on account of his taking ways.

Brown—Haven't you heard? His taking ways finally got him into trouble.

Smith—No. How was that? Girl complications?

Brown—Nothing like that. So many embarrassing situations arose out of his inability to differentiate between his own and other people's property, that the deans requested him to complete his education elsewhere.