



THE PERFECT PROF AND HIS PRIZE PUPIL

(A scene on the third floor of Machinery Hall, sometime during the morning. In the center foreground is a very worn-looking desk, with a liberal sprinkling of foot tracks on the surface. Chalk and erasers lie scattered everywhere, and occupying the tiers of seats, is one of the brainiest classes of Fire Protects that ever entered Armour. Professor Winston has just entered, bowed to the hisses and catcalls, and, opening his brief case, pulled out the previous week's quiz books. The stage is set,—enter the villain.)

Fred Payne (arriving on time)—
“Good morning, dear professor.”

Winston (gazing eagerly as though at a long-lost friend)—“Why, good morning, brother. I trust that noth-

ing disturbed your peaceful slumbers last night. You seem a trifle wearied, one might even say that those hollow circles under your eyes denote a heavy date the previous evening.”

Fred—“No, no. I assure you that I am in the best of condition. And how are you and your two little baby buntings?”

Winston—“In perfect health,—in perfect health. The very image of hale and hearty childhood. I'm so proud of their resemblance to their father. Well—well. Do be seated. If the class is all here, we shall proceed.”

The class in unison—“In attendance, dear teacher.”

Brother Winston—“Fine. Fine. Now Brother Payne, you may proceed to the board and demonstrate entropy.”

Fred—“But sir, alas, due to an almost unavoidable circumstance, I left my copy of the Steam Tables at home, and was unable to study on the ‘L’.”

Bro. Winston—“Tut—tut. Now that is too bad. But perhaps your explanation of heat of evaporation would be enlightening.”

Payne—“I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid that it wouldn't.”

Winston—“Now, now. This will never do. A member of several honor societies and a leader of the school! I'm afraid that you don't take yourself seriously. Consider the example that big men like you and me set for a school,—the responsibilities that rest on our shoulders. It's gigantic, this task of upholding school tradition. Here I am required to greet each man by the title of brother, or the faculty's reputation for facetiousness would be ruined. That reminds me,—my daily dozen! (Business of jumping on the desk and waving his arms in a poor imitation of a cheer leader in action.) A big seven for Brother Payne, make it BIG! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, RAH,—Payne, Payne, PAYNE! YEAH....”

Fred (Sotto voice)—“Some day....some day.... (Aloud) Thank you, dear Professor, thank you.”