

## A MORNING IN PHYSIC'S LECTURE ROOM

8:30 A. M.—A few straggling students begin to file into the lecture room and fall drowsily into their seats. Audible yawns begin to disturb the tranquillity of the scientific atmosphere produced by the presence of three worn-out storage batteries and a broken galvanometer. Striding into the foreground and mounting the rostrum comes a distinguished appearing individual, whom we would fain recognize as Count Keyserling were it not for the smudge of Rock Island diamond dust caressing his cheek and the vacuum tubes protruding from his vest pocket. Both eminent scientists have one point in common, however,

in that the razor is shunned as a thing accursed, a fact that the face of any true physicist will verify.

The windows are opened wide in the belief that cool, fresh air is good for minds in the heat of furious activity. The role book appears, after audible comments on the temperature of a Chicago blizzard and the prevailing lack of B. T. U.'s in the neighborhood of the speaker, and the slaughter commences. Out come the fraternity lists, and as the names are called, "Heres" are cried and the brothers names chalked off. Congratulating the class on the perfect attendance, though puzzling over the unaccountable presence of many empty seats, the professor delves into Faraday's ice pail and pulls out a new get-rich-quick scheme.

Now the Physics Lecture Room is subject to the frequent and prolonged howls and gurgles, puffings and snortings, of passing trains. According to the editor's count, made as a Sophomore, no fewer than sixty trains pass in that one hour. When this uproar is coupled with the earnest exhortations of science, the result is pandemonium and an auditory free-for-all. All the scientific quacks from Newton to Colvert are run the gauntlet of Pop's scathing harangue under the competition of freight trains, limited trains, work trains, accommodation trains, suburban specials and one-lungers. The snores of those who have given up the struggle of separating the chaff from the wheat finally produces a drowsy hum, punctuated by the roar of escaping steam and the voice of the lecturer. On and on it goes, till the 9:20 alarm sounds the end of the battle. It is authentically reported that at one time there was a student who actually did try to accomplish the impossible. He gave his whole heart and soul to the task, sitting in the front row and striving to keep the lecture, the passenger trains, and the general uproar in separate and distinct pigeon-holes in his mind. After three days of sincere endeavor, he broke down under the strain and was carried to the Country Home for the Feeble Minded.

