



UP IN THE AIR

One morning early last March, Professor Holmes decided to give his class in Fire Insurance Schedules a quiz. It happened that the day he set for the quiz was extremely windy; fate was with the students.

After the quiz, Professor Holmes tucked the little quiz books under his arm and started out the front door of one of the entrances to Chapin Hall. As he opened the outside door, the playful wind seemed to gain in fierceness, catching the quiz books he held under his arm and sending them sailing into the air along Federal Street. Professor Holmes, like the good little lad he is, started in pursuit of the flying epistles, because he knew if he did not capture the little booklets, he would have to pass every member in the class and this would never do, for the students were exceedingly dumb along the lines of insurance; he simply had to get them back.

Running madly to and fro, chasing orange bits of paper up and down the street, he was cheered by the students of his class for his efforts, but all of them silently prayed that he would be unsuccessful in his attempt; and he was.

Judging from the number of good grades in the course, quite a few of the yellow-backs must have reached the happy hunting ground before their time.

And so, my children, never curse the weather man—it may be for someone's benefit.

“It never pays to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain—
Why, rain's my choice.”