



G. S. ALLISON

painfully injured when an audion discussion exploded. For a time it was feared that Professor Finnegan had suffered permanent damage due to spontaneous combustion; Doctor Thompson explained that the trouble was caused by the low frequency of the radio discussion, which produced much heat but very little light.

Happily these sad cases now occur no more. True, the battle still rages, perhaps with less fury than before, but the innocent bysitter is protected from injury. All have developed a case-hardened exterior against which the cacophony impinges harmlessly. Professor Schommer, with his usual passion for exact justice, insisted that the tireless talkers should have had the cyanide instead of all the other members, but his prescription called for an entirely different method of administering it. At all events comparative peace now reigns and Professor Perry, encased in his bullet-proof shell, peruses his favorite week-end journal in complete serenity.

Early in the present year, Mr. Peterson, for no reason whatever except an inherent agitating proclivity and a general distrust of professors, began to campaign for a business administration in the club. His platform was: A business man for president and a Scotchman for treasurer. Mr. Peterson, skillful politician that he is, conducted his campaign so successfully that Mr. Allison was chosen for president and Professor Moreton for treasurer. Now there is no doubt that the president conforms in every particular to the platform on which he was elected, but how about the treasurer? From long acquaintance with him the club historian does not hesitate to affirm that, with the exception of the insignificant detail that he was born in Ohio, Professor Moreton qualifies in every way as an excellent Scotchman, and a fellow countryman herewith salutes him. True to his racial characteristics, the new treasurer sent out bills for dues the day after his election.

Historians, perhaps, should never prophesy, but philosophers may. Inasmuch as philosophy is the present historian's avocation, a prediction may be ventured as to the future of the Faculty Club. Radio has now become a recognized part of the life of the modern man, as much so as the automobile in his garage or the steam radiator in his home. Wonderful as its future developments may be, it is likely that even professors will be able to retain their equilibrium. If so, the club members may look forward to many peaceful hours together, under the efficient management of their business administration.