

FACULTY CLUB

applauded by the onlookers at any or all times. Otherwise conversation, discussion, or argumentation waxes supreme. Subjects, political, economic, social, historical, or technical are brought before those assembled generally by some insidious character, and are discussed by both those informed and those uninformed. One subject gives way to another in rapid succession. You can help yourself to any or all of them either audibly or silently. Yours is an unfettered, a free state or existence in a very beclouded atmosphere, however.

But there is a villain in every story. He enters the room, casts a furtive glance at those present. A peculiar grin comes over his face. It bespeaks evil. He moves stealthily over to a steel cabinet and procures several envelopes, which he deftly fingers. Oh, yes; he is the collector of internal

revenue, R. V. P., and this is the first of the month, his accounts are prepared, and he is setting forth to exact tribute from the unsuspecting victims for the tobacco and billiards which they have enjoyed during the previous month. He moves slyly around the room, eyeing his prey, lest he try to escape. But little or no chance of that. He is upon him, and presently "Eighty-seven cents, please." Having relieved him of a goodly share of his worldly possessions, he passes on to further appease his appetite through the discomfiture of another of his brethren.

The magazines are tossed back to the table. The radio is turned off. The conversation dies down. The congregation dwindles away. They are returning to their various duties according to their schedules. Few remain in the FACULTY CLUB.

