

ACT III.

SCENE Academy Hall—Professor and crowd of Academicians.

Prof (Alternately scratching his brows and counting fingers)
Now gentlemen, now gentlemen, let's have attention In this institution no private interests are subserved—we subserved You all know the doors have been stolen. [*General look of surprise*] We must find 'em.

Now, Mr. S——, did you take the doors? Please now, please now just tell the truth, now.

Mr. S——. I didn't steal no doors!

Prof. (*Turns down first finger of left hand, and places forefinger upon the second.*)

Mr. C—— did you steal the doors? Please now, please now.

Mr. C——. No o o! I guess not

Prof. You never plugged up any holes—key-holes?

Mr. C—— I couldn't tell a lie, Professor.

Prof. That's right, that's right [*scratching his brow excitedly*] Please now, please now, tell the truth.

Mr. C—— I think *they* have succumbed to private interests, Professor.

Prof. What, what! [*very excitedly*] I'll meet you in the Press, I'll, meet you in the Press!

[*Questions all the Cads without success*]

Prof. You can go, gentlemen, you can go You're all innocent, and wouldn't touch the property of our beloved denomination, any more than I would

[*Cads retire singing "Huld Land, Syne"*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I Dining Hall—Students eating, laughing, and talking Enter *Praeses*, who pounds the table and calls for order The students look up with amazement on their faces and victuals in their mouths

Praeses. Clowns, loafers, vile conspirators and fiends.

Attend, ye revellers, whose midnight yells
Oft fied my tortured ears Have I not loved
You, fed with milk from Trojan horse,
With honey made by steer born bees, of which
The learned *Vugil* tells? Have I not led
Your simple childish minds to greater themes
Than ye wot of when late ye fed the filthy cow,
Or chamber work performed for the dull ox?
Hark ye, and answer; tell how I've been paid
For all my toil?

[*Praeses pauses for reply, Soph. life from France opens his eyes, expands his chest, and speaks*]

Soph. By thunder!

Praeses.

I hunder! Yes,

Of midnight orgies; and by treasons dark
And manifold! How many turkey cocks
For partridges ye've shot! How oft have wooed
Me from my cot by hideous howls anear
The spot where slept the Virgin Sems!
These floors are smeared with vile tobacco juice.—
Oh, when will end your pranks and your abuse?
Most dread and woeful will your future be
Unless you mend your manners mightily.

[*During this address the look of amazement upon the faces of students changes to that of anxiety and frequent furtive glances cast toward the cooling frog. The Irishie who has a nose "rises to a point of order"*]

Fresh. Respected *Praeses*, what can be the matter?
Say quick, for in the ancient platter
Cold grows the venerable fish on which
To-day we dine.

Praeses.

Com'st thou, ye arrant knave,