

"Get something under her and lift her up,— she's not working right."

There was a frozen silence, with ripples of giggles breaking the ice.

The lady-President said,—

"Ladies, I'm afraid"

And the loud-speaker shouted,—

"Stick a crowbar under her and get a purchase on her"

"Ladies, I must ask someone"

"She's full of ashes, heave her up and shake the ashes out of her"

"Ladies, will someone please"

"It's her tubes,—they're not connected"

Then there was a click! Someone with emergency brains had cut off something. And in the dead silence that followed, I was able to begin my lecture on "Recent Advances in Human Knowledge."

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Such incidents unfortunately are few. Next time I go on a lecture tour I'll carry my own plumbers, and my own barbers, and my own resurrection men, and have a good time all the time.

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But to return, one final moment, to my college audiences. I found that college men—years out of college—grave and dignified, heavy and tiresome, are never tired of hearing again the old yarns of their college days and losing weight and dignity as they listen. . . . It is a solvent that