

CHARLES HEBER CLARK,

(Max Adeler.)

Is well known to the public through his humorous sketches. He is a member of the *Phil. Bulletin* staff, but he contributes to several papers. His two books are "Out of the Hurly Burly," and "Elbow Room." In reply to a letter asking for a sentiment on education, he evidently finds himself in an unknown channel, for he sends the following short letter:—

"MR. EDITOR.—I haven't a sentiment upon the subject of school anywhere about me, and as there are lying around here no available sentiments belonging to any other man, I must ask you to excuse me.

Yours,

CHAS. HEBER CLARK."

Robert Burdette, the Burlington *Hawkeye* man, is off lecturing. His business partner sent a note saying that Mr. Burdette would write a sketch for the QUARTERLY, but up to the time of going to press it has not come to hand.

As madness and genius are nearly allied it was determined to have a sketch from the renowned Geo Francis Train, to serve as a dessert to the letters of the funny men. Mr. Train is around lecturing at present, but, was caught on the wing by a friend of the QUARTERLY and the following is the result:—

"SIR,—I know I hold the power of life and death, and that is absolute dictatorship through *Psychelegie Eidutive*. If you want my Psychology to bring you health, prosperity and happiness, in addition to attending my lectures on week days and sermons on Sundays, you should subscribe for my paper which will report the essence of these independent mass meetings. I wish that no acquaintance or friend will shake hands with or speak to me when I leave the hall as I wish to reserve my magnetism, electricity and longevity;

all children rich or poor are invited to call on me, but their parents or nurses are requested not to draw on my Psychology by remaining with them.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN."

THE THREE STUDENTS.

Blink, Jinks and Brad, are three Coll. Inst. students. They board in different parts of Hamilton; they live on mush and milk principally and consequently are constitutionally hungry; but living was cheap and they looked cheap as well. Some wicked person in the Institute wrote the following letter three times:—

Dear—,

Meet me in the parlor of the Royal Hotel, to-morrow, Saturday, at 11. I have ordered dinner for three, myself and — will be there. Say nothing about it to any one and we will have a big time.

Yours —.

One was filled with Blink in the first blank, and Brad and Jinks in the other. Each of the three students got an invitation for dinner on Saturday at the same hotel, at the hour of 11, and each thought the other was to pay for the dinner. Of course they met; for the first hour they were the jolliest crowd in Hamilton; after 12 their mirth began to wane and they looked anxiously for the coming of the dinner. They were resolved that nothing should mar the pleasure of the feast so none of them had indulged in the luxury of a breakfast. As one o'clock struck Blink remarked that he always DID hate those stylish late dinners. Jinks asked him why he didn't tell the waiter to hurry then. Blinks replied that that was Brad's business, while Brad indignantly asserted that Jinks was the man to attend to that. Howling discord soon became a fourth guest by the

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