iambic feet reaching from Jell Hall to the School of Religion. I didn't expect them to get that one.

I had required a written, notarized statement that they had each studied from seven o'clock the preceding evening until three the next morning, and so I knew they were in no condition to undergo one of my tests. My . . . professor looked terribly haggard. I remember she bothered me constantly by asking me what I had written on the board, pretending that she couldn't read my writing. I took her grade down two points for that! But the one who was really under the weather was my . . . professor. You see it was such a strain for him to have me do the talking, and he was so unused to writing. He probably hasn't done a thing but talk for so many years that he was really suffering. In fact his face was actually red from the effort of holding back his words.

My assistant had frisked the professors for possible cribs before they started. She must have missed one or two, though, because I caught my . . . professor holding out his foot to the . . . professor, and discovered that the date of the end of the war was written on it. When he saw me descending with my horsewhip in hand, he scuffed it off on the floor.

As the time grew shorter, I got a big bang out of their frantic gasps and their furtive looks at one another's papers. It was in some ways a big shock to me as I had previously supposed professors to be so honorable! But live and learn. I know which ones cheated, and they will suffer accordingly. I have arranged for all their classes next semester to be filled with Grade C morons. It may not be much of a change, but at least I can try it out.

Finally the last second had arrived. With concerted effort they wrote down the last word. Pens stopped their hideous noise. They began to breathe like human beings again. I went to the door, unlocked the padlock, and let out my professors. The examination was over.

The Unconquerable Hero

JEAN HANCOCK

"Eek! Bang! Ouch! Don't get excited, Mother; I just skidded on that rug again. Isn't it at all possible to buy a new one? I don't think I'll be able to stand this little specimen any longer."

This rug that I call the Unconquerable Hero resides between the kitchen and the dining room. Of course, the rug always reclines in the doorway—his favorite napping place and my favorite landing place. Betwixt the two of us we do not get along so well. But try to explain this to Mother. The little rag rug is her pet of all the rugs in the whole house since she spent many precious hours stitching him together.

I have thought of several ways by which to avoid the undesirable conflict between the rug and portions of my anatomy. Why could I not put a sign cautioning me, as well as the many other victims, to slow down for the dangerous crossing? Another idea, which might accidently work, is to build a pontoon
bridge over the rug as the Seabees do.
But the best and most sensible idea, I
decide after long consideration, is simply
to move the rug to some desolate corner
behind a nice comfortable chair. I have
also debated many times with my con-
science about quietly slipping from my
room, after everyone is dead to the world,
and building a pleasant bonfire with this
cunning little rug as fuel. But that idea
would bring forth the problem of getting
a new rug, which might not fit in with
the surroundings, either. No, I am
opposed to all these policies and have
decided to meet the rug on his own
battleground with better weapons than he.

The last time I went home, I greeted
my dear enemy, the rug, with a cautious
step. Alas! He heard me coming.
Just as I was gingerly taking the last
steps, the rug rushed from under my feet,
leaving me breathlessly trying to regain
my dignity. This little old rug is still
the Unconquerable Hero ... but he does
not trip me any more. I approach the
kitchen through the hall door.

It Could Happen Only To Me

DELLY FERGUSON

Prepare for the invasion! This is
my slogan as I put the vases, the imported
lamp, and the little knickknacks that us-
ually grace our home into the back of a
secluded closet. Every breakable object
must be out of sight before my eleven
cousins arrive for the annual party that
I, as the oldest cousin, am obliged to have
for them. My cousins range in age from
tiny babes-in-arms to thirteen year old
neophytes, and all of them come to this
party except those who are suffering at
the time from measles, mumps, whooping
cough, chicken pox, or some other plague
of childhood.

At the appointed time they charge
into the house, their lusty young voices
leading the attack. With their arrival
come the problems of keeping them enter-
tained and keeping them from dissecting
the few pieces of furniture that have
been left in the house. I know that each
of these dear cherubs has had the proper
training from the cradle to the present
time, yet they all seem to forget their
careful manners at the precise moment
they enter our house, which is converted
into a combination race track and battle-
field as my beloved cousins spring into
action. More and more the action drifts
toward the clash of the two opposing
armies that are battling it out across the
sofa in the living room. They have
taken the expression “over the top” quite
seriously, and they proceed to go “over
the top” of the sofa. I had visions of a
broken spring popping through the up-
holstery at any moment. As I saw the
children mauling both themselves and the
furniture, I realized that something must
be done to halt the ever-growing tussle,
so I hauled out the Pin-the-Tail-on-the-
Donkey game. They were reluctant to
give up their glorious fight for a quiet
game such as this, but the promise of a
prize finally induced them to concentrate
on the game. Said game was not as
quiet as I expected. Three year old