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. Pencils 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 accidentally 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 conscience 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

Betty Ferguson

Prepare for the invasion! This is my slogan as I put the vases, the imported lamp, and the little knickknacks that usually 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 entertained 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 battlefield 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 upholstery 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