St. Peter and the Professor.

St. Peter: "Who standeth without?"

Professor: "Your most humble servant —

St. P.: "Knowest thou not that no one is admitted here without a close examination into his past life?"

Prof.: "I pray thee, dear sir, examinations are not in my line, and I might “fail to pass” the pearly gates if by that means alone I am to gain entrance here."

St. P.: "Not in thy line, did I hear thee say? Whence comest thou, man, that thou hast had nought to do with examinations?"

Prof. (meekly): "From The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, most pellucid Saint, have I come."

St. P.: "Thine heart is indeed most hard; thou canst scarcely credit me with belief in such direct falsehood. How camest thou, man, to have learned such an art? Ah! I had, for the moment, forgotten that thy home was in Boston, the center of all culture and art. And so thou hast lied to me! What grace canst thou expect from me?"

Prof.: "Fain would thy kneeling servant explain the cause of such an unprecedented state of affairs."

St. P.: "And dost thou, on thy life, suppose I can listen to more of thine unclean art? What thinkest thou I am, mortal? A being to be fooled in an unwise way? Thou dost act more after the profession of a book agent. But I will hear thee speak! Proceed!"

Prof.: "By a Faculty vote of that great Institute whence I come, the professor who makes out an examination in any subject is not allowed to tutor the young and innocent scholar before the examination. Now, forsooth, these many moons have I witnessed my assistants growing fat by the bleeding of these innocent lambs, for these instructors are not debarred from tutoring by this most unwise vote of the Faculty. As thou knowest, I am not gifted with more brains than the law allows, but I conceived the plan of having my assistants make out the examinations while I instruct the erring youths at $3 a head per hour. And now, most reverend saint, dost thou not see the justice in my plea to be admitted here without any test as that of which thou hast just spoken?"

St. P.: "Thou hast said well, and right gladly do I open these portals unto thee; such geniuses deserve a good reward. Enter!"

—— A REQUEST. ———

"On their own merit, modest men are dumb."

Come, some one tell me how to woo!
I never wooed before.
Pray, what’s the proper thing to do
If you like May and May likes you
But you want something more?
Come, someone tell me how to woo!
I never wooed before.

No doubt you’d ask her for a kiss,—
I would if I knew how;
And call her May without the Miss,
Ah me! if ignorance be bliss,
It surely isn’t now.
No doubt you’d ask her for a kiss.
I would if I knew how!

"Then tell her of your love,” you say!
It can’t be done, you see.
It sounds well—but one luckless day
I tried so hard to say “Dear May!”
And ended with “Dear me!”
"Then tell her of your love” you say;
It can’t be done you see!

So here I am in this sad plight,
And doubtless here will stay;
I’m like a soldier in a fight
Who knows his tactics are not right,
Yet will not run away!
So here I am in this sad plight
And doubtless here will stay.

Come! Is there naught that I can do?
And doubtless here will stay;
I’m like a soldier in a fight
Who knows his tactics are not right,
Yet will not run away!
So here I am in this sad plight
And doubtless here will stay.

Come! Is there naught that I can do?
Or must my last hope flee?
Alas I never learned to woo!
Pray that such fate be far from you,
And, if you can, help me!
Come! Is there naught that I can do?
Or must my last hope flee?

— Trinity Tablet.