

The Home-Stretch Dash.

BEING A LIVELY DESCRIPTION OF THE LAST OF THE FOUR GREAT HEATS IN THE
SENIORS' FINAL EXAMINATIONS.

MOST Worthy Reader! Of the many human events which take place on this chunk of matter known as Earth few, if any, are as marvelous in character or stupendous in outcome as the one which I am about to describe.

It is in the closing days of April that divers announcements and bulletins proclaim the coming of the Seniors' Final Exams.

Simultaneously begins the noise of active preparation. Seats in the various theaters are vacant. The billiard-ball cuddles itself up in its pocket and enjoys a much-needed rest. Pretty girls, that erstwhile had the protection of a strong arm, and an educated touch to guide them over the slippery places, go home from prayer-meetings alone. And the student's lamps flicker low as they burn the midnight oil. Tremendous influences are at work, that sooner or later are destined to stir up a direful commotion.

At last the mighty day is ushered in. The clock in the City Hall tower strikes out in vigorous tones the hour of eight. The student body is assembling. Groups of Seniors gather together in the halls, to discuss the probable terms of the race, and plan a movement.

Slowly, but with increasing symptoms, the whole fearful truth dawns upon the minds of a hundred valiant men. And out from their throats proceed such yells as to shake the building unto its foundations. The motive power of the Institution is now in evidence. Champing at bits, and the trampling of hoofs on the marble floor, may be heard above the rending roar of the tempest.

The passers-by on Court Street and Central Avenue, frightened by the strange noises and the swaying of the building, flee in all directions, believing that the world is coming to an end.

The great telescope in the Observatory out on Mt. Lookout, wheels around of its own accord, and points directly to the College Building, to witness the rare phenomena.

The Ohio River suddenly becomes agitated, and huge waves dash upon the banks with such unspeakable fury, that all steamers and river craft pull into port.

Even the German Band, disheartened at being outdone, throw away their horns and take to their heels in breathless terror.

One by one the terrible Seniors file into Taylor Hall and take their places. It is a matter of only a few