

中文导读英文版

不断进取的信念
顽强奋斗的精神
百折不挠的勇气
坚忍不拔的毅力

Walter Sherwood's Probation

沃尔特的考验

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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北京

内 容 简 介

Walter Sherwood's Probation, 中文译名为《沃尔特的考验》, 由美国著名教育家、小说家霍瑞修·爱尔杰编著。主人公沃尔特是一个聪明、善良、机灵的少年, 他从小养尊处优过着贵族式的生活。在大学就读的他, 热衷于参加社团、交友、聚会等, 对学习似乎并不感兴趣。一天, 沃尔特突然收到监护人的来信, 来信告诉他一个震惊的消息——他破产了。失去生活来源的沃尔特不得不离开学校, 独自一人开始了坎坷的谋生之路。他先后做过保险代理、办公室职员、药品推销员、教师等, 年轻的沃尔特经历了无数坎坷, 经受了生活的考验, 同时也渐渐变得成熟起来。一年之后, 当小有积蓄的沃尔特回到家里的时候, 却惊喜地得知他并没有破产。原来他的监护人设下这个“骗局”, 目的是为了让他改掉一些坏习惯, 重新回到追求上进的生活。

书中所展现的励志故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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前言

霍瑞修·爱尔杰（Horatio Alger，1832—1899），美国著名教育家、小说家。一生共创作了一百多部以“奋斗、成功”为主题的励志小说，其代表作有《菲尔是如何成功的》、《小贩保罗》、《衣衫破烂的迪克》、《赫可特的继承权》、《乔伊历险记》、《沃尔特的考验》、《格兰特的勇气》和《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》等，这些小说被译成多种文字，在世界上广为流传。

霍瑞修·爱尔杰于1832年1月13日出生在马萨诸塞州的一个牧师家庭。自小受到良好的教育，19岁毕业于哈佛大学。他做过家庭教师、记者，1868年开始从事文学创作。在其作品中，爱尔杰塑造了一系列出身卑微，但依靠自身的勇气、信念和努力，终于获得成功的少年形象。这些形象也是对“美国梦”的生动诠释，激励着一代又一代人。正因为如此，爱尔杰被数届美国总统赞誉为“美国精神之父”，人们将他与马克·吐温并列为“对今日美国影响最深的两位作家”。

在中国，爱尔杰的作品也广受读者的欢迎。目前，国内已出版的爱尔杰作品的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译爱尔杰作品中的经典，其中包括《菲尔是如何成功的》、《小贩保罗》、《衣衫破烂的迪克》、《乔伊历险记》、《格兰特的勇气》、《沃尔特的考验》、《赫可特的继承权》和《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅

前言



读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，这些经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 沃尔特·舍伍德的信

Chapter 1 Walter Sherwood's Letter



沃尔特给他的老监护人厄泽克尔·麦克医生寄了一封信，而他的上一封信刚刚寄去两天时间，所以当麦克医生的管家南希·斯普莱格把信送到医生书房的时候，医生有些疑惑。六十多岁的麦克医生戴上眼镜开始读沃尔特寄来的这封信。读信的时候，医生的眉头开始皱了起来，看上去有些心神不宁，显然，这和信的内容有关。信上说，大学里生活所花的钱比他想象得要多，他加入了两三个体育社团，同时他的同学们又在为扩建图书馆捐款，他父亲给他留下的钱用得差不多了，所以他需要他的

监护人——麦克医生再寄给他一张一百美元的支票。

看过信之后，医生的思绪纷乱，他担心沃尔特会养成乱花钱的习惯，尽管沃尔特的父亲给沃尔特留下了一大笔遗产。沃尔特是一个十七岁的大学生，他很聪明，很招人喜欢，但是他不善于克制自己，喜欢享受生活。在大学里，沃尔特热衷于体育运动，但是学习一般。

医生萌生了一个想法，他要在沃尔特不知情的情况下，去欧几里德弄清沃尔特在学校的表现。需要说明的是，沃尔特·舍伍德是欧几里德大学二年级的一名学生，这所大学坐落在欧几里德小镇的中心。医生对南希做了交待之后，便出发了。当天傍晚，医生到达了小镇。他来到欧几里德旅馆，在登记时，他并没有说自己是医生，并且说自己来自三十英里外的小村庄，而不是阿尔巴尼。这是因为医生不想引起人们的注意或者说医生不想引起沃尔特的注意。

"Here's a letter for you, Doctor Mack." said the housekeeper, as she entered the plain room used as a library and sitting room by her employer, Doctor Ezekiel Mack.

"It's from Walter, I surmise." This was a favorite word with Miss Nancy Sprague, who, though a housekeeper, prided herself on having been a schoolmistress in her earlier days.

"Indeed, Nancy. Let me see it. Walter is really getting attentive. His last letter came to hand only two days since. He hasn't forgotten his old guardian."

"Oh, no, sir. He'll never do that. He has a predilection for his old home. His heart is in the right place."

"Just so."

Doctor Mack adjusted his spectacles, for he was rising sixty, and his eyes required assistance, and opened the letter. As he read it his forehead contracted, and he looked disturbed. A perusal of the letter may help us to understand why. It ran as follows:

DEAR GUARDIAN,

You will be surprised at hearing from me so soon again, but I am really forced to write.

I find college life much more expensive than I supposed it would be. A fellow is expected to join two or three societies, and each costs money. I know you wouldn't have me appear mean. Then the students have been asked to contribute to a fund for the enlargement of the library, and almost every day there is a demand for money for one object or another. As it is nearly the end of the term, I calculate that with a check for an extra hundred dollars I can get along. I am awfully sorry to ask for it, but it will come out of the money father left me, and I am sure he would wish me to keep up appearances, and not fall behind the rest of the boys.

I stand fairly well in my studies, and I expect to be stroke oar of the college boat club. Besides this, I have been elected catcher of the college baseball club. I am thought to excel in athletic sports, and really enjoy my college life very much. Please send me the check by return of mail.

affectionately yours, WALTER



Doctor Mack laid the letter on the table, and slowly removed the glasses from his nose.

“One hundred dollars!” he repeated. “That is the second extra check he has written for, this term. Then his regular term bills will come due in two weeks. He is spending more than three times as much as I did when in college. Forty years have made a difference, no doubt, but not so great a difference as that. I hope the boy isn’t falling into extravagant habits. I care for that more than for the money. His father left a good fortune, of which fact he is unfortunately aware, but I don’t mean that it shall spoil him. Now, what shall I do. Shall I send him the check or not?”

Doctor Mack leaned back in his chair, and thought busily. He felt anxious about his ward, who had entered college early and was now only seventeen. Walter Sherwood was a boy of excellent talent and popular manners, but he was inclined to be selfindulgent and had a large capacity for “enjoyment.” His guardian had fondly hoped that he would lead the class in scholarship, but instead of this he was only doing “fairly well” in his studies. To be sure, he excelled in athletic sports, but, as Doctor Mack reflected, this was not generally considered the chief aim in a college course, except by some of the students themselves.

“I wish I knew just how Walter is making out.” thought the doctor. Then, after a pause, he resumed, with a sudden inspiration: “Why shouldn’t I know? I’ll go over to Euclid tomorrow without giving Walter any intimation of my visit, and see for myself.”

It may be stated here that Walter Sherwood was a member of the sophomore class in Euclid College, situated in the town of the same name. If the reader does not find Euclid in a list of American colleges, it is because for special reasons I have thought it best to conceal the real name of the college, not wishing to bring the Institution into possible disrepute. There are some who might misjudge the college, because it contained some students who made an unprofitable use of their time.

“Nancy,” said Doctor Mack at the supper-table, “you may pack a handbag for me. I shall start on a journey tomorrow morning.”

“Where to, sir, if I may make so bold as to inquire?”

“I think of going to Euclid.”

“To see Master Walter?”

“Exactly.”

“You haven’t heard any bad news, I hope?” said the housekeeper anxiously.

“Oh, no.”

“Then he isn’t sick?”

“Quite the contrary. He is quite strong and athletic, I should judge, from his letter.”

“He will be glad to see you, sir.”

“Well, perhaps so. But you know, Nancy, young people don’t miss their parents and guardians as much as they are missed at home. They have plenty of excitement and society at college.”

“Yes, sir, that’s true, but I’m sure Master Walter won’t forget his old home. If you have room for some cookies I will put some into the bag. Walter is fond of them.”

“No, I think you needn’t do it, Nancy. He has a good boarding house, and no doubt he gets all the cakes he wants. By the way, I want to take the boy by surprise, so don’t write and let him know I’m coming.”

“No, sir, I won’t.”

This was exactly what the housekeeper had intended to do, for she presumed upon her long service in the family to write a few lines occasionally to the boy whom she had known from the age of six.

“Of course I shall be pleased to give him any message from you.”

“Thank you, Doctor Mack. Tell him if he catches cold I can send him some camomile. Camomile tea is excellent in such cases. My mother and grandmother used it all their lives.”

“You seem to forget that I am a doctor, Nancy. Not that I object to camomile tea—in its place—though I can truly say that I never hankered after it.”

“How long will you be gone, doctor?”

“I can’t say exactly. You see, Euclid is nearly two hundred miles off.”

“Oh, well, don’t hurry! No doubt Walter will want to keep you with him as

long as possible.”

“I don’t feel so sure of that,” thought the doctor shrewdly. “Boys are not usually so fond of the society of their guardians, though I don’t doubt Walter has a sincere regard for me. He is a warmhearted boy.”

Doctor Mack was no longer in active practice. Three years before he had selected an assistant—a young Doctor Winthrop—in whom his patients had come to feel confidence, so that when he wanted to go away for a few days there was no serious objection. Unlike some elderly practitioners, Doctor Mack did not feel in the least jealous of his young assistant, but was very glad to note his popularity.

“If any one calls for me, Nancy,” he said, “say that I am away for a day or two and they can’t do better than go to Doctor Winthrop.”

“There are some that like you best, sir.”

“No doubt, no doubt! They’re used to me, you know. There’s a good deal in that. Any that please can wait for me, but my advice to them is to go to Doctor Winthrop.”

Nancy packed the doctor’s handbag, putting in a change of linen, a comb and brush, an extra pair of socks and a couple of handkerchiefs. Then, seeing that there was plenty of room, she slipped in a small box of cookies and a little camomile. The doctor discovered them soon after he started on his journey, and with a smile tossed the camomile out of the window, while he gave the cookies to a poor woman who was traveling with a couple of small children in the same car as himself. So that Nancy Sprague’s thoughtfulness was not wholly lost, though the intended recipient did not benefit by it.

Doctor Mack had to wait over at a junction for three hours, owing to some irregularities of the trains, and did not reach Euclid till rather a late hour in the afternoon. He went to the Euclid Hotel, and entered his name, E. MACK (without adding M.D.), and substituting Albany for the small village, thirty miles away, where he made his home.

“Strategy, doctor, strategy!” he said to himself, “I have come to spy out the land, and must not make myself too conspicuous. I am traveling, as it were, incognito.”

第二章 麦克医生得到了一些信息

Chapter 2 Dr. Mack Gets Some Information



麦克医生入住的这家旅馆的生意受益于欧几里德大学的存在。医生在旅馆里认识了一个叫詹姆斯·霍顿的年轻人，他是旅馆的工作人员，因为父亲过世而放弃了自己上大学的计划，但是他一直在努力学习。在攀谈中，詹姆斯提到了沃尔特·舍伍德，他说沃尔特很受欢迎，但是他学习并不努力，尽管他本来可以成为最优秀的学生；而且沃尔特是班上花钱最多的学生。詹姆斯还告诉麦克医生，沃尔特当晚要在旅馆内请客，而这要花费三十美元。麦克医生恰好住在将要聚餐的房间的对面，詹姆斯告诉麦克医生，他可以通过门上面的气窗看到聚会的情况，所以医生决定要看一看这些大学生的聚餐。当然，他不会让沃尔特看到他。

通过气窗，麦克医生看到学生们陆续到来，他也看到了沃尔特，听到了他讲话的声音。沃尔特向参加聚餐的各位同学表示欢迎，并且说到了学习的种种不快，在笑声中宴会开始了。这一切，麦克医生都看在了眼里。

The Euclid Hotel was distant about half a mile from the college buildings. It would hardly have paid expenses but for the patronage it received from the parents and friends of the students, who, especially on public occasions, were drawn to visit Euclid, and naturally put up at the hotel. Then the students, tired, perhaps, of the fare at the college commons, dropped in often and ordered a dinner. So, take it all in all, Euclid Hotel benefited largely

by the presence of the college. No students, however, were permitted to board there, as it was thought by the college professors that the atmosphere of the hotel would be detrimental to college discipline and the steady habits they desired to inculcate in the young men under their care.

“I wonder,” thought Doctor Mack, after supper was over, “whether I had better go round to the college and make an evening call on Walter?”

He was tempted to do so, for he was fond of his young ward and would have enjoyed seeing him. But then he wished, unobserved, to judge for himself whether Walter was making good use of his privileges, and this made it injudicious for him to disclose his presence in the college town.

He strolled out into the tavern yard, and observed a young man engaged in some light duties.

“Good evening, sir.” said the young man, respectfully.

“Good evening, I suppose you are connected with the hotel?”

“Yes, sir; but I would rather be connected with the college.”

“Then you have a taste for study?”

“Yes, sir. I began to prepare for college, and had made some progress in Latin and Greek, when my father died, and that put an end to my prospects.”

“That was a pity. Has it destroyed your taste for study?”

“No, I spend an hour after I am through work in keeping up my Latin and Greek, but of course I make slow progress.”

“Naturally. Now I have no doubt there are many students who do not appreciate their privileges as much as you do.”

“I know it, sir. There are pretty lively boys in college. Have you a son there?”

“No.”

“I didn’t know but what you might have.”

“What do you mean by lively?”

“I mean they care more to have a good time than to get on in their studies.”

“What do they do?”

“Well, some of them belong to societies, and have a good time whenever they meet. Frequently they give little suppers at the hotel here, and keep it up

till a late hour.”

“Do the faculty know of this?”

“They may surmise something, but they don’t interfere. Of course, it pays Mr. Daniels, the landlord, for he charges a good round sum, and, as there is no other place for the boys to go, they must pay it. There’s going to be a supper here tonight.”

“Indeed!”

“It is given by one of the sophomores, Walter Sherwood.”

“What name did you mention?” asked Doctor Mack, startled.

“Walter Sherwood. Do you know him?”

“I know a family by the name of Sherwood,” answered Doctor Mack, evasively. “what sort of a young man is he?”

“I don’t call him a young man. He is only seventeen or eighteen—one of the youngest members of the class. He is very popular among his mate.s—a regular jolly boy he is.”

“Does he stand well in his scholarship?”

The young man laughed.

“I don’t think he troubles himself much about studies,” he replied, “from all I hear; but he is pretty smart, learns easily, and manages to keep up respectably.”

Doctor Mack’s heart sank within him. Was this the best that could be said about his ward, the son of his old friend?

“Do you think he is dissipated?” he asked, uneasily.

“Not that I ever heard. He is fond of having a good time, and drinks wine at his suppers, but he isn’t what you would call intemperate. He would do better work in college if he wasn’t so rich.”

“So he is rich, then?”

“He must be, for he spends a good deal of money. Pendleton, one of his classmates, told me that he spent more money than any one in the class.”

“That is why he needs so many extra checks.” thought the guardian soberly.

“I am sorry he doesn’t make better use of his privileges.” he said aloud.

“Yes, sir, it is a pity. If he didn’t care so much for a good time he might

stand at the head of his class—so Pendleton thinks.”

“If he were a poor boy, now, you think the result would be different?” asked Doctor Mack, thoughtfully.

“Yes, sir, I have no doubt of it.”

“When does the supper commence?”

“At half past eight o’clock.”

“How long will it keep up?”

“Till near midnight. The landlord makes it a point to have them close before twelve. I hope they won’t disturb you, sir.”

“Are they likely to make much noise?”

“Well, sir, they make speeches, and do a good deal of singing. Then, college songs are naturally noisy.”

“Yes, so I hear.”

“What is the number of your room?”

“Number nine.”

“Why, you are nearly opposite the room where they will have their supper. I am afraid you won’t stand much chance of sleeping early.”

“Oh, never mind! I shall get an idea of what a college supper is like.”

“So you will. If you open the transom over your door you will have the full benefit of all that goes on.”

“That will suit me very well.” thought Doctor Mack.

“If you would like to be farther away, the landlord would no doubt change your room.”

“Oh, no,” said the doctor hastily. “It will suit me very well for once to listen to college songs and get an idea of how college boys enjoy themselves.”

“A very sensible old gentleman!” thought James Holden. “Some men of his age would make a fuss.”

A little before the time when the students were expected to arrive Doctor Mack shut himself up in his room, taking care to open the transom. He had ascertained from the young man, his informant, that supper had been engaged for twelve, and that the price charged per plate was two dollars and a half, all to be paid by Walter Sherwood.

“That makes thirty dollars,” he reflected. “No wonder Walter writes for

extra checks. I am wondering this thirty dollars is to figure as a contribution to the library?"

From his window he could see the students as they approached the hotel. Finally he caught sight of Walter, with a college friend on each sides with whom he was chatting gaily.

"What a change!" thought Doctor Mack. "It seems only yesterday that Walter started for college, a bashful, unformed boy, full of good resolutions, and determined to distinguish himself in scholarship. Now he has become a gay butterfly. And what is worse, he has learned to deceive his old guardian, and his chief aim seems to be to have a good time. What can I do to change his course?"

The good doctor's face assumed a thoughtful look.

"I can tell better after what I shall hear tonight." he said to himself.

It was not long before the guests were all assembled and the feast was to begin.

Some one rapped for attention, and then Doctor Mack recognized the voice of his young ward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am glad to welcome you to this festal board. After spending ten or a dozen hours in hard study (laughter and applause), we find it pleasant to close our books, to relax our learned brows(more laughter), and show our appreciation of the good things of life. As Horace, your favorite, says 'dulce est desipere in loco'. That is what has brought us here tonight we want to 'desipere in loco'."

"So we do! Good for you!" exclaimed one and another.

"I regret," Walter continued, "that all the professors have declined my urgent invitation to be present on this occasion. Professor Griggs—the professor of mathematics—said he would not break away from his regular diet of logarithms and radicals." Great laughter.

"I have expressly requested Mr. Daniels to provide no logarithms tonight. They don't agree with my constitution."

"Nor with mine!"

"Nor with mine!"

Echoed one and another.